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IMPEACHMENT.

The Senate Refuses Testimony Relative to Cabinet Conferences.

Examination of Secretary Welles and Postmaster-General Randall.

The Case Closed for the Defence--Argument to be Commenced on Monday.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, April 18.

The Court met at 11 o'clock for the first time since the trial began. After some preliminary questions from Senators with reference to the question pending, the argument thereon proceeded. It was taken up by Mr. WILSON for the Managers, who consumed nearly an hour in a careful, logical and legal argument, going somewhat into the general merits of the case, but devoted especially to showing that the Constitution entrusted the Executive power exclusively to the President; that he could not divide nor divest himself of that responsibility, nor could he in mitigation of any violation of law that he had been advised, by either his Cabinet or any one else, that it was unconstitutional; that he must execute the laws in obedience to the mandates of his official oath and the Constitution, and that if he failed therein, or violated the laws, he did so on his sole responsibility, and at his own personal risk of the consequences. There was vicarious atonement for the King through his Ministers, but there was none for the President.

Mr. WILSON'S speech was listened to with very close attention by the Senate, and the subsequent vote evidently showed that it had some weight. Mr. CURTIS replied in a tone that indicated some impatience at Mr. WILSON'S remarks, reiterating the positions assumed yesterday, that the evidence was entirely competent, as showing the intent of the President, in contradiction to the intent charged in the first and second articles. The Chief Justice then gave an opinion at some little length, admitting the evidence. Substantially on the grounds taken by Mr. CURTIS that it was competent as going to show the intent of the President in refutation of the intent charged in the articles. The yeas and nays were demanded by Mr. HOWARD, and the decision was promptly overruled, the evidence being rejected by a vote of yeas 20, nays 29; 9 Republicans, including the West Virginia Senators, voted yea. Mr. SUMNER did not vote. Messrs. DOOLITTLE and DIXON as usual, voted in the affirmative; they are almost the only Senators who have acted exclusively as partisans throughout the trial. Some of the most extreme Radicals, including SUMNER, STEWART, and others, have frequently voted in favor of the accused on these interlocutory questions.

THE RE-EXAMINATION OF SECRETARY WELLES.

Secretary WELLES was then recalled at 1:50, and was asked whether at these Cabinet meetings, when Mr. STANTON was present, the question whether he came within the Tenure of Office act was discussed. This was objected to, then briefly argued, and admitted by the Chief Justice. The Chief Justice was again overruled, and the evidence rejected by a vote of yeas 22, nays 26, Messrs. SHERMAN and SPRAGUE voting yea, there being changes from the former vote, and Messrs. SUMNER and CONKLING not voting. Mr. EVARTS then proposed a third question of a character similar to the previous ones, to wit: "At these Cabinet meetings, between the time of the passage of the Civil Tenure bill and the removal of Mr. STANTON on the 21st of February last, was it considered that a proper regard for the public service made it desirable that upon some proper case a judicial determination of the unconstitutionality of the law should be obtained?" To this the Managers again objected. Mr. BUTLER stated that he understood the last two votes of the Senate to mean distinctly, if they meant anything, that the Cabinet discussions could not be admitted as evidence showing the President's intent, and then pleaded in justification of his acts. This put the question squarely before the Senate, and they voted it down emphatically; ayes 19, nays 30. This was a great triumph for the Managers, and a heavy blow for the defence. It deprives them of the most important part of their testimony as to the President's intent, which it was intended to show by the Cabinet discussions. The congratulations on the part of the Managers and the members of the House were very earnest, and the commotion on the floor of the Senate was so great that a recess of half an hour was ordered at 2 o'clock. It is decidedly the most important ruling yet made in the trial. On reassembling after the recess, Mr. EVARTS asked Secretary WELLES whether at any of the Cabinet meetings in the time specified, a proposition to resort to force in getting possession of the War Office was suggested. The Managers of course objected, and the arguments which followed were remarkably brief, as they did not occupy more than ten minutes. The yeas and nays were then called on the admission resulting yeas 18, nays 26, so the question was not admitted. The witness then passed into the hands of General BUTLER for cross-examination, when Mr. WELLES testified that he had never received a commission as Secretary of the Navy from President JOHNSON, and was acting under the appointment of President LINCOLN. BUTLER then asked whether THOMAS was still acting as a Cabinet officer, but the defence objected that the question was not proper in the cross-examination, and it was withdrawn. BUTLER then, as usual, attempted to disconcert the witness by showing him that the Attorney-General could not have had an engagement at the Supreme Court on Saturday, the 22d of February, as he swore yesterday, because the court did not sit on that day. He then proceeded to elicit the ground on which Mr. WELLES based his statements to the President regarding the movements of troops, and in doing so drew out the fact that Mr. WELLES had heard that on the 21st of February all of the officers of the garrison were requested to assemble at Gen. EMORY'S headquarters (for the purpose of receiving orders for the observance of the 22d as a holiday. This then was the startling movement of troops which alarmed GIDEON.

THE TESTIMONY OF EDGAR WELLES.

EDGAR WELLES, GIDEON'S son, was next called and proceeded to testify that a lady first gave him the information regarding the threatening movements of the troops which he communicated to his father. He further testified that his father sent him to the President with the startling news, but he failed to get an audience. He was then dismissed.

THE REMOVAL OF FOSTER BLODGETT.

After the last witness had been dismissed, Mr. EVARTS announced that Messrs. SEWARD, McCULLOCH, BROWNING and RANDALL, of the Cabinet, were present for the purpose of giving testimony on the points which they intended to prove by Secretary WELLES, which were overruled by the Senate. He, nevertheless, called Gov. RANDALL, and proceeded to ask him, after the usual preliminary questions, about the case of FOSTER BLODGETT, Postmaster at Augusta, Ga., who, it will be remembered, was one of the witnesses for the Managers. Gov. RANDALL replied that BLODGETT was suspended by his order and without the knowledge of the President, on complaints, both verbal and written, that BLODGETT had been guilty of misconduct in office. The Managers objected to the introduction of the papers offered, because they did not include the complaint itself and merely related to the official act of the removal. Mr. EVARTS stated, in effect, that they proposed to prove by the papers that the President was not responsible, as the Managers had charged, for the removal of Mr. BLODGETT, and Gen. BUTLER insisted that if any papers in the case were admitted all of them should be. Finally the objection was withdrawn and the papers were received. They consisted of orders issued by the Postmaster General suspending BLODGETT because he had been indicted for perjury, and appointing a special agent to take charge of the office, pending further action by the President and Senate. Gen. BUTLER then proceeded to cross-examine Gov. RANDALL by asking by what authority he had suspended Mr. BLODGETT, when he replied that he was not justified either by special or general statute, but by the law of necessity. Gov. RANDALL proved to be the best match for BUTLER that he has met during the trial. His answers were terse and pointed, and he refused several times to gulp down half a dozen subjects in one question, but consistently claimed that he had suspended BLODGETT because he thought he was dishonest.

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET AND THE TENURE OF OFFICE BILL.

Before Mr. RANDALL left the stand, Senator SHERMAN submitted the question whether the application of the Civil Tenure act to Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet officers was considered in the Cabinet after its passage. The objection was raised that the question was included in the previous rulings of the Senate, when Secretary WELLES was on the stand, and the Managers requested that the last question objected to in his examination be read as sustaining their position. The roll was called without debate—yeas 20, nays 26—so the question was not admitted.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE CLOSED.

Mr. EVARTS then announced that the defence had closed their evidence. but added that it was possible that on Mr. STANBERY'S recovery he might be inclined to offer some additional testimony which he had under his charge especially, and of which the counsel present knew nothing.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday, April 18.

The Court was opened at 11 o'clock. Pursuant to the order of yesterday the Managers and members of the House were successively announced. Mr. STEVENS was not present at the opening.

Senator STEWART moved to dispense with the reading of the journal.

Senator DRAKE objected. The journal was read.

By the direction of the Chief Justice the question pending yesterday was read as follows:

THE CABINET'S ADVICE TO THE PRESIDENT.

We, the counsel for the President, offer to prove that the President, at a meeting of the Cabinet, while the bill was before the President for his approval, laid before the Cabinet the Tenure of Office act for their consideration and advice to the President respecting his approval of the bill; and thereupon the members of the Cabinet then present gave their advice to the President that the bill was unconstitutional, and should be returned to Congress with his objections, and that the duty of preparing a message setting forth the objections to the constitutionality of the bill was devolved upon Mr. SEWARD and Mr. STANTON, to be followed up by proof of what was done by the President and Cabinet up to the time of sending in the message by the President.

Mr. Manager WILSON rose to speak, when Senator JOHNSON submitted the following question to the counsel of the President, in writing:

"Do the counsel for the President understand that the Managers deny that the statement made by the President in his message of Dec. 12, 1867, in evidence as given by the Managers at page 45, No. 9, of the official report of the trial, that the members of the Cabinet gave the opinion last stated as to the Tenure of Office act, and as evidence offered to corroborate their statement, or for what other purpose is it offered?"

Senator HOWARD submitted the following question to the President's counsel:

"Do the counsel for the accused not consider that the validity of the Tenure of Office bill was purely a question of law, to be determined in this trial by the senate, and, if so, do they consider that the opinions of Cabinet officers touching that question is competent evidence, by which the judgment of the Senate ought to be influenced?"

Senator EDMUNDS asked whether the argument on the part of the Managers might not be continued while the counsel were considering the questions.

The Chief Justice replied in the affirmative, and Mr. CURTIS said they would prefer that course.

MR. WILSON'S ARGUMENT.

Mr. Manager WILSON rose and said: As this question confronts one of the most important questions involved in this case, I wish to present the views of the managers respecting it with such care and exactness as I may be able to command. The respondent, by his offers to prove, doubtless as a foundation for other Cabinet advice of more recent date, that he was advised by the members of his Cabinet that the act of Congress upon which rest several of the articles to which he has made answer, to wit: "An Act regulating the tenure of certain civil officers," passed March 2, 1867, was and is unconstitutional and therefore void. That he was so advised he has alleged in his answer. Whether he was so advised or not we hold to be immaterial to this case and irrevalent to the issue joined. The House of Representatives were not to be entrapped in the preparation of this replication by any such cunning device, nor by the kindred one, whereby the respondent affirms that he was not bound to execute the act because he believed it to be unconstitutional. The respondent affirms that he was not bound to execute the act because he believed it to be unconstitutional

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN THE SPRING.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

Happy footsteps, to and fro
Through the fresh green copses springing;
Happy laughters, whispers low,
Chiming with the streamlet's singing.
Twittering birds and voices clear,
Budding violets, brightening eyes;
Spring of life and Spring of year
Blending under April skies.

Branches arching over head,
Brave in Spring tide's bright array,
Glittering flecks of sunlight shed,
Like strewn jewels on the way.
Primrose, virginal and pure,
Gallant crocus, bright and bold;
Red anemone, secure
In his mosses' clinging hold.

Blue forget-me-not, that gazes
On her own eyes in the river;
Great convolvulus, that raises
Blossoms where the willows quiver.
All these gems of nature lay
Scattered broadcast on your road;
Youths and maidens, while you may,
Take the boons by Spring bestowed.

Never Summer's lavish glory,
Never Autumn's tender sadness,
Breathes the Spring-time's wooing story,
Gives the Spring-time's fearless gladness.
Blight amid the fruits will creep,
Thorns amid the roses sting;
Fresh to gather, sweet to keep,
Are the buds that bloom in Spring.

JUNO AND PHILLIS.

A STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

From Temple Bar for April.

PART I.

I.

A wide green lawn shaded by rich branching cedars, by dark clumps of beeches, and splendid, broad-leaved chestnuts — a terrace with parterres of gorgeous-hued flowers, where, on the marble balustrade, a magnificent peacock spreads his Argus eyes in the glowing sunlight — a handsome stone mansion turreted and castellated. And yonder sits the fair Châtelaine. Half reclined on the silken cushions, the trailing silk and lace of her dress sweeping the soft turf, she casts her splendid languid eyes sometimes over her fair possessions, sometimes down on her white jeweled fingers, and more seldom still on the open book lying in her lap. A liveried servant comes presently across the grass.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but the young person is here."

"Very well. I will come," the beautiful Châtelaine makes answer; and in the tone of those few words one reads at once perfect refinement—perfect repose.

She waits a few moments, as though to finish some train of thought a vulgar communication from the outer world had broken in upon. Then she rises, full of languid grace, and moves with lingering step across the lawn—

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

In face, in form, in gait, there is stamped such pride, such a grand scorn, a conscious majesty, as great Here herself had scarce surpassed. She paused a moment before the window; then, with one glance of superb disdain, she enters and confronts her rival. Her rival? Yes, this slender girl with the soft white skin, the blue eyes and simply twisted knot of golden hair, this girl attired in a humble cotton gown, is the rival of an imperial beauty robed in the purple, and wearing the majesty of rank and breeding on her splendid brows. Juno and Philis have met at last. Passing strange that between such a pair there should be rivalry! Would you not say that the man who could fall adoring before the shrine of this queenly beauty and pride would reck little of an innocent simple child, with wistful eyes, and only her stedfast faith and purity for dower. The one must be to a man something to protect, to fondle, to cherish; for the other he must count the world well lost.

II.

Lady Helen Dundas was the daughter of an impoverished Irish Earl, who, in his young days, had squandered with splendid selfishness his patrimony, flashing with meteoric rapidity through the great world of fashion. With ruined health and fortunes, an ailing, discontented wife, and one child—a daughter—he betook himself to continental life, and visited alternately those cities of refuge where the impecunious may flee when their own country becomes too hot to hold them.

Lady Helen grew up among scenes strangely bitter to her imperious pride. She craved to take her own place in that El Doradian world her injudicious mother was never weary of lamenting in her ears, and chafed like a chained eagle at this disreputable Bohemian life. But her father, being wrapped in a garment of utter selfishness, was profoundly indifferent to the comfort or welfare of any but the one adored self. He had become used to continental living; the brightness, the languid *far niente*, the cheap luxuries, suited him infinitely better than a struggling, shameful poverty in England, an agonized attempt to keep his head above water among a proud set who had long ago forgotten what he had been, and would only regard him now with supercilious indifference. And had he not known that life? plumbed it with the plumb-line of youth, strength and credit—sounded its depths and shoals, been stranded on the reefs of luxurious folly and extravagance, and engulphed at last in the quicksands of satiety and ruin? It was unfortunate for Helen, certainly, "but we all have our cross to bear," murmured the Earl, with well-bred resignation, as he sipped his coffee and c asse, and listened to the brilliant strains of the band that played in the pretty gardens of the Kursaal. Lady Helen, dreaming of diamonds, of position and power, clenched her taper fingers, and let the great tears roll down upon her poor faded silk, feeling fiercely resentful at being ogled by admiring petit maîtres, or, worse still, by British snobs. Longing for London or Paris, she loathed all the petty cities where her young life was spent. She would tread with impatient steps the white glaring Geneva pavement, and stand angrily on the wooden bridges, looking down at the rushing blue waters of the Rhone, or the calm sapphire Leman. The sweet country drives, the visits to spots hallowed by the memories of great men, the sight of Mont Blanc, rosy tinted in the sunset, gave her no pleasure, filled her with no admiration. She detested the French watering places, with their expanse of shining sand, their cloudless blue skies and picturesque fishermen and women. She abhorred still more the homely German towns, full of ugly fraus with plaited hair, but most of all she detested the false glitter, the trumpery shams of the gambling places. At last they went to Rome, and here she grew a shade more contented. There was a little society, actually people with whom they could mix; and at Rome she met Mr. Dundas, a man of sixty, well-bred, of good family and rich. Rich? Yes, rich! And, oh! the music of that word in Lady Helen's ears! He proposed for the hand of this splendid young Juno, with the magnificent eyes and shabby dress, and was accepted at once with effusion. Did she care for him?—was she won by the first tender love that had fallen to her dull lot? By no means. Mr. Dundas was not fascinating, did not look a day younger than his twelve lustres; was, in fact, five years older than his fiancée's father, and had a bad constitution. Ah! but he had ten thousand a year; and, besides the entailed estate, a handsome property to settle upon his bride, an entrée into the best society, and was not that sufficient to buy five feet six inches of beautiful womanhood, a pair of lustrous eyes, a mouth carved like Cupid's bow, and an imperial tournure? Lady Helen, at all events, was perfectly satisfied with the bargain, and fulfilled her share of it by entertaining her husband's friends, attiring herself in the most magnificent and costly apparel, and creating a perfect furore in London. That was precisely what Mr. Dundas desired, but he paid the price of his life in a year, for two seasons of triumph and unceasing gaiety. Well, dying was the most complaisant action the good old gentleman ever performed, and I am sure his lovely widow appreciated it thoroughly. At two and twenty she flashed again upon the world, like some bright star, received homage and adulation enough to have contented an Empress, and enjoyed it to the full. When my story opens, she was recruiting, at her country seat, from the fatigues and pleasures of the London season.

III.

Lady Helen had promised to herself a month of rest and quiet before commencing her round of country-house visiting; she had looked forward to this time of leisure with fancied enjoyment; had bethought herself of green lanes, of shaded gardens, of wild canters across the common, and drives through the sheltered beechen and nut avenues. But three days—three Summer days—passed only, when the imperial beauty's heart chafed for "some men to govern in this wood," and she felt a strange craving after that homage which had wearied her just a little when it was so freely—so incessantly bestowed. And there was a new want in her life—a want that grew and increased daily, spreading itself into every fibre, every vein, until it engrossed her waking and sleeping thoughts—the desire to love. Was it not passing strange that this strong nature—passionate, proud, willful, exacting—should never yet have felt any power superior to her own—never have known how it was possible for a woman to soften and tremble, to fear, to doubt herself even, in that divine happiness which, even at its greatest height, can never lose Psyche's poisoned drop of doubt? Lady Helen had never loved, never felt aught but a passing fancy; the more men loved her, so much the more capricious, exacting and supercilious she became. It pleased her well that she could torture them with vain longing, that her smiles could raise them into happiness, her frowns make them unutterably miserable—that they would have given up everything in the world for her sake; but that did not touch her heart—it only fanned the flame of her intense pride.

The fourth day after her arrival in the country, there came a visitor to Annesly Court—came riding up the long avenue a handsome stranger, golden-haired, blue-eyed, stalwart. Lady Helen was sitting beneath the shadow of the great chestnuts, and thither, across the soft green sward, he came to her. She rose slowly as he approached, with her own languid grace, seeming to his eyes a queen by right divine.

"I must introduce myself, Lady Helen," he said, "since, although I am your nearest neighbor, I have never been so fortunate as to meet you before. My name is Lambart—Fulke Lambart."

"Sir Fulke Lambart? How glad I am to see you at last."

"Lady Helen's voice had an habitually caressing tone when she spoke to men, that flattered them subtly, imperceptibly; that gained her more slaves than her beauty.

"I only heard yesterday that you were at Annesly Court."

"I came four days since, congratulating myself upon shaking off the trammels of society, and full of ardent aspirations after pastoral enjoyments; and already my short experience has wearied me, and I hail the advent of some one from the outer world with delight."

"How glad I am to have chosen such an opportune moment for my first visit. We hear so much of first impressions, and perhaps, since circumstances have so far favored me, you may be tempted to let me use the privilege of such near neighborship, and come often to see you."

"I accept the challenge at once," laughed Lady Helen, in her silver tones. "I shall always be glad to see you. Now tell me why you were not in town this season."

"To tell the truth, Lady Helen, I do not care very much for London seasons, and a better reason still was that a hundred and one affairs connected with the property kept me at Ashleigh. You know, when poor Sir Giles died I was with my regiment in India, and could not sell out for some little time. On my return, six months ago, I found things had been badly managed and a great deal neglected, and, of course, when such is the case, there is nothing like personal supervision."

"But how have you amused yourself? Every one has been away until this month. Perhaps, though, you don't feel women's society necessary to your existence," remarked Lady Helen, lifting her dark eyes slowly to Sir Fulke's handsome face. A slight flush there, a certain expression of embarrassment puzzled her, and she thought petulantly: "I trust he is not going to be married; that would be too provoking, now I have only him to count on for amusement during the next three weeks."

"A long dearth makes one all the more appreciative, he answered, softly, looking at his beautiful neighbor with a glance of undisguised admiration. "After my long isolation, I fancy myself suddenly transported to Olympus. The illusion is complete," he added, smiling, as the peacock, his magnificent tail outspread, came strutting across the lawn.

"I see you have not forgotten the ways of the civilized world in your persistent retirement," laughed Lady Helen. "Your pretty compliment does honor to both head and heart."

"Then let my heart have all the credit," was the gallant reply. Somehow men could never resist making love to the proud beauty so long as they were with her.

The afternoon wore away so swiftly and pleasantly that neither noted how it passed until the shadows had left the grass, and the red reflected light shone upon the lower branches of the great chesinuts, and on the faces of Sir Fulke and Lady Helen. It might have been a scene enacted long ago in Arcadia in the golden age—this picture, where on the green sward, among the crimson flush of roses, the sunlight falling on their splendid faces, and the broad luxuriance of ancient trees forming a grand background, stood those two, on whom the great godmother Nature had lavished her best gifts. Lady Helen's hand was in Sir Fulke's. He held it a moment longer than courtesy demanded; regret was in his eyes, a subtle languor in hers.

"I may come again soon?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Do come," she answered, softly. "I shall always be glad to see you."

He turned and left her, crossing the grass to the house; then he mounted his horse and rode slowly down the broad avenue. But the spell was broken now that the eyes of the enchantress no longer lingered on him; the smile left Sir Fulke's handsome mouth, a frown deepened on his brows, and, putting spurs to his horse, he rode home fast in the twilight.

IV.

Nearly six months before Sir Fulke, coming fresh from active service, having seen nothing for a long time of womankind, had fallen in love with pretty Dorothy Wilde. In the years that were past he had tasted the sweets of all the gay world calls pleasure to the core; now he hardly cared to go back to it, but when his uncle died, and he inherited the fine property, rather pictured to himself the delights of pastoral life, and the comfort and dignity of seigneurship over the broad acres of Ashleigh. But he soon found that there was a great deal of real work to be done before he could enter upon this *otium cum dignitate;* affairs had been mismanaged, the receipt of rents was lower than his computation told him they ought to be, and he had very strong suspicions of knavery on the part of the head steward and bailiff. So he began to look into things himself, and gave notice that he would attend to all business matters, and receive applications personally. One morning as he sat in the oak wainscoted library, a petitioner was brought to him in the shape of a slim graceful girl, with golden hair and very wistful, frightened blue eyes.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," she began, trembling, so that she could scarcely stand.

Sir Fulke rose with quick courtesy, and placed a chair for his unwilling visitor.

"Tell me what I can do for you," he said, kindly; "don't be afraid to ask anything."

It is odd how easily men's hearts are melted, and how considerate they become to a lovely woman in distress. But this great and unexpected condescension on the part of the grand seigneur, whose majesty had seemed so awful in the eyes of pretty Dorothy, disconcerted her more than ever, and she felt a foolish inclination to cry.

"I hope, my Lord," she began, with an exceeding tremulousness of voice—"I hope you will not think I want to impose upon your kindness. I will work day and night to pay it—I will, indeed."

"I am sure you shall do no such think if I can help it," exclaimed Sir Fulke, with a keen glance of admiration at the pretty, troubled face. "But come, tell me all about it, or shall I guess? You are a little behindhand with the rent."

"Indeed, my Lord, it never happened before; but my mother has been dangerously ill, and the doctor has ordered nourishing things, and work has been scarce. All the ladies are gone away to London, and I do not earn so much from the farmers' wives."

"You shall pay me when you like and when you can," interrupted Sir Fulke, kindly. "I know my poor uncle was not a very harsh landlord, and I may venture to say you shall not be worse off by the change. Where do you live?"

"Rose Cottage, if you please, my Lord."

"And where is that?"

"The last house in the village, Sir; at least the first from here."

Sir Fulke would have been well content to prolong the interview with his lovely tenant, but she hastened to quit the presence that was still awful to her, and retired, possessed by a gratitude that seemed quite disproportionate to the young man.

That morning he made many inquiries of his housekeeper relative to Dorothy Wilde, and had no difficulty in eliciting her history from the good-natured, garrulous old woman. She was the daughter of the organist, who had died three years previously. Her mother, a most respectable person, had been bedridden almost ever since, and Dorothy worked at dressmaking for the ladies and farmers' wives about. She was most superior, Mrs. Hawes said, and such a good daughter. It was her (Mrs. Hawes') belief that the poor girl lived on a dry crust sometimes to get wine and things for her mother.

Sir Fulke was horror-stricken.

"Send them off some wine at once, Hawes," he exclaimed, "and some—I don't know what things sick people fancy, you know—and hem—couldn't you—I should think you might find some work for the girl to do here. It doesn't matter about it wanting to be done, only just to let the poor thing earn a little money; and, look here, mind you pay her well."

"Should I give her one and ninepence a day, Sir?" interrogated Hawes.

"Good heavens!" cried the young man, aghast. "One and ninepence a day?"

"She mostly gets one and sixpence a day and her beer."

Sir Fulke stood petrified at the idea of this lovely creature working her fingers to the bone for one and sixpence a day and her beer. He was about to burst out with, "Give her five shillings, ten, a sovereign a day if you like," but as it suddenly occurred to him that such conduct might arouse the suspicions of honest Hawes, he forebore to make the remark, and merely said, "Give her what you like; only be as liberal as you can without seeming to do her a favor."

Somehow after this the young Squire happened to meet Dorothy very often, sometimes coming through the park, or near the village. Dorothy began to lose that excess of awe which had overcome her at their first meeting, and to leave off calling him my Lord. She wondered now how she could ever have felt so terrified at those kind, handsome eyes. She did not know anything about heathen mythology, so she could not compare him to Apollo or Adonis, or any of the Olympian gods; could not think of his curling yellow hair as Hyperion locks, or his brow as Jove-like; and, not being *au fait* with the light literature of the present day, could not be reminded by him of heroes, deep-chested and thin-flanked with columnar throats. Ah, but if she had known it all, he could not have been more splendid, more of a hero in her eyes than he was now. That foolish little heart was growing to have but one thought, one great longing; the thought was of the last time she saw that glorious face, the longing was for the next time she would hear the deep voice and see the glad tender smile again. And Strephon thought he would never tire of watching this pretty Phillis among the sylvan glades, though he was not quite sure that he would like things to continue exactly as they were now. He could not reconcile himself to the Lord of Burleigh's idea, but she was such a dear, innocent little darling that—but why have thoughts about the future when the present was so charming? But ever since Eve ate the apple, or Pandora looked into the box, things can't go on pleasantly just in the same way for any length of time together, and, not having the benefit of our experience, Sir Fulke and Dorothy had to find this out for themselves.

On one of the bright June evenings, so long and full of sunshine that it deceived the pretty singing birds to stay up until unheard-of hours, Phillis came lingeringly along the green path which led through the Ashleigh woods. There was scarce a cloud in the sky, scarce a breath of air to ripple the leaves; the slanting yellow sunlight came pouring through every opening in the spreading branches, shining across the grass, upon the wild strawberries nestling in the bank, the blue Veronica, the golden Celandine, and the bold foxglove, shining, too, on Dorothy's bright hair as she pulled off the broad-brimmed hat and let it dangle by one string from her fingers. About this time—by accident—Sir Fulke comes wandering along from the opposite direction, and presently the lord of the manor and his fair tenant meet at the stile.

"How do you do, Miss Dorothy?" says Sir Fulke, extending his hand, and Phillis put her small fingers shyly into it—shyly, but not at all as though overpowered by the condescension.

"I have not seen you for three whole days," says Mars, looking at the village maiden with some complaining in his eyes, "and I have been here every evening."

"I was working for the housekeeper at Annesly Court. She is getting the house in order for Lady Helen."

"What a shame such pretty little fingers should ever have to do any work!" says Sir Fulke, looking down at the hand he still detains with gentle force in his strong grasp.

"Oh, I shouldn't be happy at all without," responds Dorothy, simply; "you can't think how dreadful it is to have nothing to do all day, Sir."

"Can't I, Miss Dorothy?" says the young man, with an amused smile in his eyes. "I'm afraid I ought to have a profound conviction of the dreadfulness of being idle, if personal experience counts for anything. I suppose you believe in Watts, when he says—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm sure it's true for poor people, but then, of course, it's different for gentlefolks."

"Is Watts your favorite poet?" asks Sir Fulke, still smiling.

Dorothy responds by an arch glance.

"Oh, Dorothy!" breaks in the young man suddenly, "don't keep calling me Sir. And I wish you'd let me call you Dolly—it's such an awfully pretty name, and you are just one of those dear little helpless creatures it suits."

The vivid scarlet comes flushing over poor Dorothy's cheek and brow, and she says, with some confusion:

"Please Sir—Sir Fulke, I think, if you won't be offended, I'd rather you didn't."

"Of course I won't be offended," he says, coming a little nearer and looking down into the shy, blue eyes, "but won't you really let me, Dorothy? Am I too bold?"

There is as much pleading in his tone as if he were asking some favor of a queen, Dorothy thinks, and she becomes more shy and confused than ever, divided between the fear of refusing and her sense of the proprieties.

She looks so bewitching in her shamed perplexity that Sir Fulke, utterly forgetting everything but her pretty innocent face for a moment, stoops suddenly, puts his arm round her, and kisses the sweet rosebud mouth. She springs from him with hot, flushing cheeks, the great angry tears welling into her eyes, and stands panting, but wordless, in her indignation.

"Oh, Dorothy!" exclaims Sir Fulke, penitently, "I am so sorry. I couldn't help it."

"What have I done to make you think so of me?" bursts out poor Dorothy with sudden passion. "I thought you were a gentleman." And she turns to go, with streaming eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dorothy," cries the young man, quite dismayed at the consequence of his imprudence. "I swear I never had a thought of insulting you."

"I ought to have known a poor seamstress was no company for a fine gentleman," says Dorothy with bitterness.

"Nay, Miss Dorothy, if you say such things, it is you who are unkind," Sir Fulke answers, and with many words and protestations he at last pacifies her, and she goes away home. But she is still bitter at heart, and comes no more for rambles in the Ashleigh woods, nor takes the road through the lanes to the village; and Sir Fulke, awaiting her impatiently evening after evening, seeing she comes not, chafes at her absence, and is furious. At last, he begins to see that he loves her—cannot live without her; he discovers that she is capable of being made a perfect lady, is a woman any man might be proud to call wife, and, presently, comes to the conclusion that the Lord of Burleigh wasn't such a fool after all. He says to himself that these innocent simple maidens are the truest type of womanhood—that in country life, such as he means to lead to the end of his days, a man does not want an accomplished fine lady-wife; in short, this young man makes reason subservient to desire, and behaves pretty much as men in love have always done since the first great decadence of the race. So it came to pass that, finding no occupation for his idle hands, he took the idea of making a grand lady of pretty Dorothy, and proceeded to carry it into execution by proposing marriage to the little village maiden. Ah! what a glimpse of Paradise those heaven-blue eyes caught when the grand seigneur, who had seemed so immeasurably far above her, came and asked her, quite simply, to be his wife! But she besought him that it should not be known just yet, that for a little while things might continue as they were; she should go on tending her sick mother and working for the people about. Dorothy was very shy; she could not bear to be lifted up as a mark for all the eyes and tongues of the village just at once. Sir Fulke consented, at last, to the soft pleading—consented a little ungraciously and with manifest impatience.

Thus matters stood when the master of Ashleigh paid his first visit to the beautiful Châtelaine of Annesly Court, and it was with a certain vague regret for having allowed himself to be so dazzled by her fascinations that made him put spurs to his horse and ride so impatiently back to Ashleigh. Lady Helen was beautiful, charming in conversation, perfect in culture and refinement, a woman to adore, to go mad about, at least for some men, but for him she was too much a woman of the world, and he preferred the charms of innocence and simplicity. They were not so stirring to the blood, perhaps, but oh, much more lasting more satisfying in the long run! How on earth was it he couldn't get Cleopatra out of his head?—certainly he was not coveting for himself the rôle of Mark Anthony. He would not go to the Court again for some time: those dazzling women were apt to unsettle men's feelings, although their influence was only transient. And so, riding homewards in the twilight, Sir Fulke made many virtuous and sensible resolves.

V.

Lady Helen did not go in at once after her handsome visitor had departed, but sat under the chestnuts, with thoughtful brow, a well-pleased smile parting her curved lips. She would be able to endure life at the Court for three more weeks, since this meeting had revived her flagging interest in pastoral pleasures. Sir Fulke Lambart was very handsome; how she liked that tawny yellow hair, the bold blue eyes and stalwart frame. There was some pleasure in subduing those great strong men; she would enjoy his playing Hercules to her Omphale, and of course he would fall desperately in love with her. Then Lady Helen went in to dinner, and was more affable and conversational with her middle-aged companion than her wont.

The next evening she mounted her horse and rode out toward the Ashleigh woods. She was well pleased when she caught sight of Sir Fulke on horseback too, coming toward her. She reigned in her steed and greeted him with laughing eyes, but his manner seemed changed since yesterday, his salutation was almost cold, and he did not offer to join her in her ride. When they parted an angry flush overspread the fair Amazon's cheeks, and a dangerous light came into her eyes. She was piqued in earnest: a new feeling crossed her breast for this man who slighted her. She had deigned to choose him for her slave, and he showed no sign of pleasure or even acquiescence in her choice.

An hour later, returning the same way, she saw in the distance Sir Fulke dismounted, holding his horse by the bridle, standing to talk with a slim fair-haired girl. There was a side path in the lane, and Lady Helen turned sharply into it, her heart swelling with anger and her pearl-white teeth clenched in the pouting underlip. This, then, was the secret of his indifference! but the proud beauty did not choose to be balked so. The following morning she dispatched a groom to Ashleigh with a note asking Sir Fulke to dine at the Court that evening. The answer came. Sir Fulke greatly regretted that an engagement would prevent him having the honor of dining with Lady Helen. Believing he purposely avoided her, she was furious. She rode out as usual in the cool of the evening, and this time took her way across the common and beyond the village. Her heart was full of anger and discontent. She rode moodily along, unknowing how to wage her warfare further. Soon she turned her horse, and came slowly back through the village and into the green, shady lanes. This was not a frequented path; the grass had grown all over it, even in the two great cart-ruts that gave the only sign of traffic. There came a turning in the lane, and Lady Helen suddenly drew herself erect with a haughty flush on her proud face, as a *tableau vivant* met her eyes—the living impersonation of Faust and Marguerite. Faust was bending slightly over his yellow-haired Gretchen with the modest downcast eyes, and the glowing sunlight shed its ruddy warmth over that vivid picture of keen young life. Marguerite held no daisy, plucking its leaves to count, he loves me—he loves me not—nay, that seemed just now assured beyond all assurance; but in her breast was a great white rose among the knot of blue ribbons. A mad sickening anger came into Lady Helen's heart as she was forced to pass Sir Fulke and his village inammorata. To turn back would be an avowal of her bitter pique, and she passed them with an indifferent salutation to Faust. The color deepened on his handsome face; he felt indescribably provoked that Lady Helen should have seen him thus, more especially since he had declined her invitation. Juno rode homeward, half maddened by the insult she had received, and feeling an impotent desire for revenge. She scarcely uttered a word during the dreary dinner; in vain her companion sought to find conversation. Mrs. Horne was a well-meaning woman, utterly devoid of tact, very much in awe of Lady Helen. "I am sure you must find it very dull here, after being used to so much society," she ventures, presently.

"No, I do not," is the icy response. "Perhaps you judge me by your own experience."

"Oh, no, Lady Helen, I assure you! I am quite fond of the country, and enjoy a garden beyond everything. Only I think people who are used to much gaiety feel quite lost somehow, and that makes them get into mischief."

"Get into mischief!" repeats Juno, opening her splendid eyes in astonishment, and thereby disconcerting her *vis-à-vis*.

"Of course, I was thinking of gentlemen," she says, in dire confusion; "indeed I was reminded of it by hearing about Sir Fulke Lambart."

"What of him?" interrogates Juno, haughtily.

"It does seem a great pity—such a handsome young man, too—to be thrown away like that."

Juno feels a sudden chill creeping over her.

"You speak in riddles," she exclaims, impatiently.

"Mrs. Jessop told me," says the companion, hurriedly, "Sir Fulke is actually engaged to be married to a dressmaker in the village."

"To be married?" repeats Juno, with a scornful curl of the lip.

"Yes; there is no doubt it's true: he has asked her to marry him, and makes no secret of it. They are often about together."

This, then, was the explanation of the living picture in the golden setting. Pity there should be no Mephistopheles to complete the scene. Some great believer in unseen spirits might well have conjectured his presence now lurking softly behind Lady Helen's chair.

Lady Helen was not a good woman, not tender-hearted nor pitiful. Pride and jealousy exercised their cruel sway over her, making her bitter and hard against any one who dared dispute her power. Why could she not leave this poor little village maiden to her dream of bliss; what wanted she with Sir Fulke, who could count half a score of lovers richer and better born? but the thought that she, who had been a queen even among the beauties of London, should be slighted for the sake of this rustic Gretchen, maddened her, and made her feel merciless toward her unconscious rival. War to the knife! And *après*? When she had conquered—for she would conquer—what was to be done with Sir Fulke?

Juno took for her motto, *Væ victis!*

[To be concluded next week.]

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.—The question of *Hamlet's* madness has been much discussed and variously decided. High medical authority has pronounced, as usual, on both sides of the question. But the induction has been drawn from too narrow premises, being based on a mere diagnosis of the *case*, and not on an appreciation of the character in its completeness. We have a case of pretended madness in the *Edgar* of "King Lear;" and it is certainly true that that is a charcoal sketch, coarsely outlined, compared with the delicate drawing, the lights, shades and half-tints of the portraiture in *Hamlet*. But does this tend to prove that the madness of the latter, because truer to the recorded observation of experts, is real, and meant to be real, as the other to be fictitious? Not in the least, as it appears to me. *Hamlet*, among all the characters of SHAKESPEARE, is the most eminently a metaphysician and psychologist. He is a close observer, continually analyzing his own nature and that of others, letting fall his little drops of acid irony on all who come near him, to make them show what they are made of. Even *Ophelia* is not too sacred, *Osrick* not too contemptible for experiment. If such a man assumed madness, he would play his part perfectly. If SHAKESPEARE himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in *Hamlet*, why should it be beyond the power of *Hamlet* to reproduce them in himself? If you deprive *Hamlet* of reason, there is no truly tragic motive left. He would be a fit subject for Bedlam, but not for the stage. He might have pathology enough, but no pathos. AJAX first becomes tragic when he recovers his wits. If *Hamlet* is irresponsible, the whole play is a chaos. That he is not so might be proved by evidence enough, were it not labor thrown away.

This feigned madness of *Hamlet's* is one of the few points in which SHAKESPEARE has kept close to the old story on which he founded his play; and as he never decided without deliberation, so he never acted without unerring judgment. *Hamlet* drifts through the whole tragedy. He never keeps on one tack long enough to get steerage-way, even if, in a nature like his, with those electrical streamers of whim and fancy forever wavering across the vault of his brain, the needle of judgment would point in one direction long enough to strike a course by. The scheme of simulated insanity is precisely the one he would have been likely to hit upon, because it enabled him to follow his own bent, and to drift with an apparent purpose, postponing decisive action by the very means he adopts to arrive at its accomplishment, and satisfying himself with the show of doing something that he may escape so much the longer the dreaded necessity of really doing anything at all. It enables him to play with life and duty, instead of taking them by the rougher side, where alone any firm grip is possible,—to feel that he is on the way toward accomplishing somewhat, when he is really paltering with his own irresolution. Nothing, I think, could be more finely imagined than this. VOLTAIRE complains that he goes mad without any sufficient object or result. Perfectly true, and precisely what was the most natural for him to do, and, accordingly, precisely what SHAKESPEARE meant that he should do. It was delightful to him to indulge his imagination and humor, to prove his capacity for something by playing a part: the one thing he could not do was to bring himself to *act*, unless when surprised by a sudden impulse of suspicion—as where he kills *Polonius*, and there he could not see his victim. He discourses admirably of suicide, but does not kill himself; he talks daggers, but uses none. He puts by the chance to kill the King with the excuse that he will not do it while he is praying, lest his soul be saved thereby, though it is more than doubtful whether he believed it himself. He allows himself to be packed off to England, without any motive except that it would for the time take him farther from a present duty: the more disagreeable to a nature like his because it was present, and not a mere matter for speculative consideration. When GOETHE made his famous comparison of the acorn planted in a vase which it burst with its growth, and says that in like manner *Hamlet* is a nature which breaks down under the weight of a duty too great for it to bear, he seems to have considered the character too much from one side. Had *Hamlet* actually killed himself to escape his too onerous commission, GOETHE'S conception of him would have been satisfactory enough. But *Hamlet* was hardly a sentimentalist, like WERTHER; on the contrary, he saw things only too clearly in the dry northlight of the intellect. It is chance that at last brings him to his end. It would appear rather that SHAKESPEARE intended to show us an imaginative temperament brought face to face with actualities, into any clear relation of sympathy with which it cannot bring itself. The very means that SHAKESPEARE makes use of to lay upon him the obligation of acting—the ghost—really seems to make it all the harder for him to act; for the spectre but gives an additional excitement to his imagination and a fresh topic for his scepticism.—*Lowell, in the North American for April.*

THE TRUMPET SMITH.

From the Galaxy for May.

Day after day, blow hot, blow cold,
At his bench close by the window-sill,
Steadily works the trumpet smith,
Steadily, still:

Fitting the valves of a silver horn
That coils like a snake round his naked arm,
And the valves to the touch of his ready hand
Work like a charm.

"Blow, trumpet smith; ring out one blast;
One tuneful blast I pause to hear:"
But never a note from the bugle-horn
Falls on my ear.

Never a sound of cadent music
That might bring a tear or smile;
The clink of the hammer I hear, I hear
The shriek of the file.

Unto his lips he lifts his pipe
And blows through his teeth an azure cloud;
But never blows he the bugle-horn,
Or soft, or loud.

Unto his lips he lifts anon
The pot-bellied jug of tawny beer,
But never the dumb, vexatious horn
I long to hear.

And when, some night, in the music hall
The great Herr this, or Signor that,
From the silver horn a solo breathes,
Now sharp, now flat.

Gloved hands in ecstasy will beat,
Lorgnettes on the lucky wight will bear;
But never a word of the trumpet smith,
Nor a thought, nor a care.

Bright eyes to the player's clang will flash
Soft eyes to his whispered notes grow dim,
But never "Who forged you wizard horn?
Tell me of him."

"*Sic vos non vobis,*"
Sang the Roman brad of old:
Forge on in the heat, O trumpet smith.
Forge on in the cold!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

From Le Follet.

It is time to commence speaking of Spring toilettes, and yet at this half-season of the year it is always difficult to give any very decided details. Of one thing we may speak positively,—of the short costume being as much or more than ever preferred for walking-dress. Many pretty materials suitable for bright Spring weather are beginning to be shown—foulard in different styles, &c. The wide stripes are much in vogue, and also short dresses are mentioned as likely to be worn once more, after having been so long out of fashion. Indeed, *la mode* sees many changes. But a few years since, women were reproached with endeavoring to imitate the opposite sex in their costume; now it is altogether the reverse. All the late changes have tended to bring feminine toilette more and more to the "Marie Antoinette," the "Watteau," or "Pompadour" style—flowers, laces, &c., all regaining their former favor. Of course, as is always the case, the true woman of elegance knows how to choose what is becoming in every novelty, thus neither making herself eccentric by her total rejection of it, nor by her adoption of it in all its extravagance. Some charming short dresses are made of silk and cachemire, the petticoat or under-skirt being of silk, the upper one of cachemire of the same shade, and the costume completed by a short pelerine tied behind. Without further preparatory general remarks, which are comparatively of little use at this transition season, as our French neighbors call it, we proceed to our list of model dresses.

Spring toilette. Under-skirt of black taffetas, round the bottom a band of violet velvet, studded with large jet buttons and edged with chained fringe. Upper skirt caught up *à la* LOUIS XV. by long patties of violet velvet, also studded with jet buttons and the ends fringed. Tight body, with square berthe of velvet and fringe. Black sash, trimmed at the ends to match. Very short paletot of violet velvet. Violet crape bonnet, trimmed with white blonde. Diadem of flowers.

Robe of poplin of a medium shade. The under-skirt is trimmed with a roleau of satin put on in fancy festoons, the spaces between the scallops being filled with chenille network and tassels; the upper skirt, made long behind and short in front, crosses over and is fastened at the side, the bottom being trimmed round with a bias of the poplin. High body, trimmed with a bias of satin put on to imitate a Zouave veste; a network of silk chenille forms a plastron and also a basque, and is finished off with tassels.

Walking costume of foulard, the under-skirt of a lovely shade of violet, having two gauffered flounces, with two biases forming a heading. Upper skirt of a golden drab, also trimmed with a flounce and bias heading, caught up en paniers at the back with two wide sash ends trimmed round with a gauffered frill. Pelerine with square ends, fastened down by the waistband, forming a jockey on each shoulder, and being left to hang loose at the back.

Walking-dress of apricot colored foulard. Plain underskirt; the upper skirt scalloped, and edged with two narrow biases of satin, one apricot, the other black; in each scallop is also a pattern chain-stitched in black silk. Bows of black satin piped with apricot loop up the dress. Small paletot with very pointed scallops, worked with black and trimmed with apricot silk fringe. Sash with very wide fringe at the ends, and worked in a pattern with black silk.

An evening dress of maize satin, with wide stripes of white silk. Low body, cut square, and tulle chemisette, edged with a wreath of violets. Over the satin skirt is a tunic of tulle bouillonné with a very long train, trimmed near the bottom with three wreaths of violets and primrose, and gold leaves.

A dinner dress of white terry velvet. The skirt, quite plain, with a long train, is completed by a scarf "Sultane," fastened at the side in a large bow, and reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, trimmed round with bias folds of satin, and a rich fringe across the ends. Very low square body, with high chemisette of plaited tulle. Long sleeves of the same, with long hanging sleeves of the terry velvet, edged with satin.

Although the bonnets are, if possible, becoming smaller each month, there is still an effort made by some *modistes* to reintroduce the bonnet of former days; and we doubt not that by skillful hands such elegant *coiffures* will be made of which ladies who no longer possess the freshness of youth, and to whom the eccentric fashions of the present day are very trying, will gladly avail themselves. The very graceful "Mantilla" bonnet, when made of real lace, is almost universally becoming, but is, of course, confined comparatively to the few, as the price of real lace places it beyond the reach of great numbers; it is, however, frequently made of tulle edged with lace, which has a good effect. Care should be taken to choose the flower or ornament to suit the dress and complexion of the wearer. Frequently the bonnet is composed simply of a piece of velvet, crape, or straw, about two inches wide, to which is attached a vail of lace or tulle falling over the chignon and crossing in front. One in this style was of black fancy straw, pointed behind and in front, and trimmed all round with a wreath of oak leaves, and gold acorns falling at the side. Vail of black lace, fastened by a bouquet under the chin.

A chapeau "Louis XVI.," composed of crape and tulle, the crown very much raised on the summit of the head. Strings of lace passementerie, the same color as the crape, ending in a mousquetaire bow. White feather placed at the side, à l'Impératrice.

A chapeau "Marie Antoinette," of black lace, with long scarf forming a hood at the back and crossing in front. Long spray of roses and buds at the side.

One bonnet was made of blue ribbon velvet, about three inches wide, placed flat on the head round the chignon; from this fell a vail of black lace, drawn up at the sides and fastened behind in a loose knot.

A bonnet of tulle embroidered in large bouquets, the barbes also embroidered in satin: in the front of a small aigrette of bird of paradise feathers, which joins one of a larger size at the side.

A bonnet of white tulle Malines, with bow of white ribbon at the back, the ends falling over the chignon, the strings edged with ruches of blonde. Bandeau of white lilac.

Another of tulle cristallisé, bright green, the front and crown bouillonnées. A barbe of blonde of the same green was attached by a bow of rather narrow ribbon. Bandeau of crystal flowers and green leaves.

A bonnet of mauve velvet; barbes of the same edged with white blonde. In front a demi-voile of blonde, fastened by crystal ornaments. At the side a white camellia

ism; SCOTT stirred martial enthusiasm with his metrical romance; CAMPBELL sounded a full blast from his war trumpet; SOUTHEY, in new strange numbers, harmonious though strange, told tales of wonder, bringing tropical splendor to our sunless shores; LANDOR wrote classical verse with copious imagery and original thought; SHELLEY lifted up a song brilliant as that of his own skylark; KEATS, inspired by forms of antique beauty, poured out lays of sweet enchantment, and with a new embroidery enriched old fable; and BYRON uttered his imaginary wrongs in a moan so musical that he constrained the whole civilized world to a sudden sympathy, which, for a time, threw every other form of beauty into the shade.—*Saint Pauls, edited by Anthony Trollope.*

EASTER WEEK.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from Winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the Spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Although it would be presumptuous in the extreme to assert that we shall never be able to navigate the air, we shall not be presumptuous in stating that all the available evidence goes to show that unless some very remarkable strides are made in the science of construction, no successful aerial ship will ever be built. To get off the ground is easy enough, but to navigate a balloon is a very different matter. An aerial ship must act under conditions in no way resembling those under which a sailing frigate or a Cunard liner is called upon to operate. There is, in point of fact, no real analogy betwen the conditions, although there is an apparent and very deceptive analogy. A balloon intended to support even a couple of tons must be of enormous dimensions, and, unlike the ship, it is wholly immersed in the supporting medium. The medium is constantly in a state of violent motion, and operating on a large surface, very great power must of necessity be exerted to resist it—in other words, in propelling a balloon in opposition to a current. It may be urged that ships fight their way against very strong currents in a denser medium than air, but it must be borne in mind that the velocity of ocean streams never even approaches that of air, and thus after all the influence of a water current on a ship is not necessarily greater than that of a moderate breeze on a balloon. A wind blowing at the speed of twenty miles an hour will exert a pressure per square foot of a couple of pounds, or on a balloon of fair dimensions something like 6,000 pounds. To hold this balloon at rest by the aid of a screw or paddles would require a power of not less than 100 horses, supposing the propeller to act without loss, and assuming it to be as efficient as an ordinary screw working in water at least 140 horse-power indicated would be required. This fact effectually disposes of the idea of navigating balloons against a current of air, because they could not sustain an engine of the required power. Ordinary sea currents scarcely exert more force on a ship, if so much; and it is well-known that a limit of current resistance which can be dealt with, even by a full-powered paddlewheel steamer, is quickly reached. We hold, therefore, that nothing whatever is to be hoped from the use of balloons in any shape, simply because the advantage which they confer is completely neutralized by the great surface of resistance which they must offer. And it is obvious that even though we could always command a perfectly still atmosphere, nothing like rapid progression could be effected, because it is the same thing to propel a surface against a resisting medium as to hold that surface at rest while the medium in motion impinges on it. It is, therefore, clear that in flying-machines, properly so-called, the chief, nay the only hope of the aeronautist must lie. Now, it does not appear to have struck any individual who has yet written on this subject that in nature there is no analogy for a large flying-machine. In the region of thin air we find no parallel for the whale, or even the smaller shark. Big birds, in the fullest sense of the term, there are none, and never have been save in fairy tales. Sinbad's roc was a mechanical impossibility as far as we can see. The condor is in all probability the largest bird that possessed the power of flight, and it measures but some 15 or 16 feet across the tip of the wings. The ostrich cannot fly, and neither could the diornis, an antediluvian bird of enormous dimensions. Searching a little further, we find, on the other hand, that the smaller birds greatly exceed in power of flight those which are larger. Humming birds are always on the wing. The Persians believed that they had no legs, as they are hardly ever seen to perch. The swift and the swallow probably excel all other birds in their mastery of the air. Those who have handled either know what a tiny thing it is. Hawks of small size easily beat the eagles in their own domain as far as the power of long-continued flight is concerned. We may rest assured that there is some reason for such facts, and it is possible that the reason is this: the power of the pectoral muscles of a swallow is greater weight for weight, than that of any other muscle known; and it appears that as the size of birds increases, the power of the pectoral muscles does not augment as rapidly as the weight and dimensions of the body and the surface exposed to the air. In heavy gales the big birds are all helpless creatures; but it must be a heavy gale indeed that can drive the sea-gull or swallow to seek a resting place in the soles of its feet. These facts bear strongly against aerial navigation by machines, but they are not to be taken nevertheless as evidences of the existence of insurmountable difficulties. They teach us, however, that it will not do to go on for ever expecting, Micawber-like, that "something will turn up if we only study the birds and their doings properly. We may learn a good deal from the flight of birds, but not enough to teach us how to fly. What, then, it may be asked, do we suggest? In what do we think the great difficulty in the way of the would-be aeronautist consists? Our answer to both questions may be given in a very few words. We find the members of the Aeronautical Society spending their time a good deal in speculating on the action of birds' wings, and how imitation wings can best be made. This is all very well in its way, but it is not enough. If we properly understood to-morrow not only how to make wings but how they ought to be used, we should be as far as ever from flying. The paramount reason why no successful flying machine has yet been made is simply that we possess no means of putting wings in motion with a force adequate to the required object. Very rude models have been made by which weights, comparatively heavy, are easily lifted off the ground by the action of a rotatory screw. To carry out this idea further, and by enlarging the screw to provide means of carrying up the weight of several men, presents little difficulty, but having got our screw, where are we to find the power to work it? Fancy Gulliver in Brobdignag, tied to the stem of a whirling toy, such as may be had in any of the shops dear to children. Let this toy be impelled by Glumdalclitch's hand, and can we question that Gulliver would ascend? But five or six members of the Aeronautical Society, without the aid of a Glumdalclitch, might as well try to lift themselves in baskets as to fancy that they could, by their own manual power, impart enough velocity to a sufficiently large screw or extended pair of wings to raise themselves into the lower regions of the air. Have we anything better, weight for weight, than manual labor? The first thing to be provided is a machine capable of exerting vast power without weighing much. Possibly, as we find suggested in the pamphlet before us, an engine weighing twenty times the horse power would solve the problem forever. We will not say that such a machine cannot be produced, but we confess we are at a complete loss to understand of what it is to be made. Perhaps others can enlighten us on this point. We shall probably return ere long to the consideration of the sayings and doings of the aeronautical world, and meanwhile we beg to assure the members of the Aeronautical Society that they have our very best wishes for their success. If we have given them in this article a single useful hint we shall be infinitely pleased.—*The Engineer.*

LITERARY BORROWING.—Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When SHAKESPEARE is charged with debts to his authors, LANDOR replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." And we must thank KARL OTTFRIED MULLER for the just remark, "Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew." So VOLTAIRE usually imitated, but with such superiority that DUBUCQ said: "He is like the false Amphitryon; although the stranger, it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." WORDSWORTH, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in his conversation and writing. If DE QUINCEY said, "That is what I told you," he replied, "No; that is mine,—mine, and not yours." On the whole, we like the valor of it. 'Tis on MARMONTEL'S principle, "I pounce on what is mine, wherever I find it;" and on BACON'S broader rule, "I take all knowledge to be my province." It betrays the consciousness that truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. And inasmuch as any writer has ascended to a just view of man's condition, he has adopted this tone. And in so far as the receiver's aim is on life, and not on literature, will be his indifference to the source. The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship. It never troubles the simple seeker from whom he derived such or such a sentiment. Whoever expresses to us a just thought makes ridiculous the pains of the critic who should tell him where such a word had been said before. "It is no more according to Plato than according to me." Truth is always present; it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles. But the moment there is the purpose of display, the fraud is exposed. In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent. Always some steep transition, some sudden alteration of temperature or of point of view, betrays the foreign interpolation.—*Emerson, in the North American for April.*

DOGGISH INSTINCTS.—The dog is, indeed, an imitative creature in a still deeper sense than the catching of outward peculiarities, as the ape does. It is claimed, even, that his brain is remarkably active, which is shown in the vividness of his dreams, and in his nervous sensitiveness to discordant sounds. We never cease to wonder at fresh manifestations of his intelligence, and a record of the authentic anecdotes of this kind would fill a library. His besetting sin is sheep-killing; and the disposition is hereditary. Vice marks certain families as distinctly as in our own race. A neighbor of mine had obtained what had every appearance of being a puppy of superior qualities. After having him a short time, what was his surprise, one morning, to see the little fellow bring home a large lamb in his mouth, which he had caught in a flock half a mile distant. In afterward discovering the dog's pedigree, however, he found that he was of a family addicted to vice. But what can be more tempting to a dog who has been kept in the dull restraints of respectable society, where every impulse has been curbed by decorum, than to plunge into a flock of these superstitiously timid sheep, and have a wild carnival with his old instincts! A remarkable fact connected with such cases is, that the dog who will bring a hare or woodchuck to your door with an open countenance and asking the reward of praise, will manifest a consciousness of the wickedness of this deed almost as vividly as a human creature could. He will take a very circuitous route to the scene of his debauch, in the night generally, or in a fog; and will exercise the ingenuity of a murderer in effacing all evidence of his crime. He will rub himself in the snow until no blood remains. Fibres of wool in the teeth, however, are strong circumstantial evidence; and a jury of farmers, in such cases, is not famous for leniency. The relish for this forbidden game is so strong that there is believed to be no remedy but—to use the farmer's form of sentence—"to cut the dog's tail off close back of his ears!"—*Putnam's for May.*

CHURCH BELLS.—How little any of us know about our bells; only, perhaps, some of the older ones among us say that bells used to sound sweeter, that there were better ringers in the old days, and that the bells then were made with more silver in them. This latter reason DENNISON (who is one of the authorities on church bells) declares to be a vulgar superstition. But every one is quite right when they say there are no bells like the old bells; but I hope, some day, the young bells may be made more like the old ones, and then when our great grandchildren sit and listen to their sweet notes, they will wonder, as we do now, at our old bells. What tales of the past these bells could tell them! But this will be in the ages to come, and in the meantime what can we learn about our own beloved bells? and what histories can they tell us? Small bells were of ancient origin, and we read in Exodus of the bells and pomegranates worn on the high priest's dress; yet large bells, such as our church bells, are never spoken of among the Greeks and Romans. They are supposed to have been invented by PAULINUS, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about 400 A. D., whence the Nola and Campania, of the Lower Latinity. They were probably introduced into England soon after their invention, for BEDE mentions them about the close of the seventh century. Bells, both ancient and modern, have been applied to sacred purposes. There has been much controversy as to what the ancients called bells, for they have been called by ancients and moderns by a great variety of names, viz.: Petasus, Colon, Nola, Cloca, &c. The Greeks had bells, for at Athens the priest of Prosperpine used a bell to call the people to sacrifice; but it is not possible to discover when bells were first used in Christian churches. In the East the people were informed of the hour of DIVINE service by means of a rattle or beating on wooden boards with a hammer, and this custom was long retained. An author tells us that the signal for DIVINE worship was given by a trumpet, and ENGONNTUS ANSALDUS is of opinion that all signals of hours were given by trumpets among the ancients, and bells were not introduced into churches until the sixth century. BEDE first mentions them 680 A. D., and, certainly, after that period they became common and were often made the subject of pious donations, both here and on the continent.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

WHAT IS A TEAR?—The principal element of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours; "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish bones. Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night, although less abundantly during sleep, they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears, and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this he has only to notice, unpoetic as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.—*Chamber's Journal.*

RELIGION IN THE HOME.—It is said that marriage is a lottery, and that no one can tell beforehand what the one party or the other may turn out. It matters not whether this sentiment owes its origin to the unhappy victims of inconsiderate passion, or to cynical celibates who purposely disparage the "vow and covenant" of "holy wedlock" and stand contemptuously aloof from its sacred obligations; the contrary is, in most cases, the undeniable truth, that marriage is no lottery, but a step deliberately taken, of which the consequences "for better or for worse" may be reasonably foreseen. What people turned out to be when surrounded with the responsibilities of married life is only the fuller development of what they were before they entered upon it. The marriage state possesses no mysterious power to transform the character of either party. The smiles and sunshine of bridal seasons create no permanent element in which future years are to be spent. A man's habits and sentiments, which have already fixed themselves and made them what he is, will inevitably reappear in his new home, and give their coloring to its condition and prospects. Experience lends its sanction to the maxim that they who stand highest in the esteem and endearments of their own family are best fitted to enter upon the sacred duties of married life. The habits of home life may be regarded as a tolerably safe and easy test of character. It would keep many a young woman from entering upon a perilous career, for which no amount of future regret can make amends, to remember that he is likely to prove the best husband who secured a high position for himself in the affectionate esteem of his father's house; and in making his selection of a companion for life, if in that great event he shall possess the wise discernment to choose one whose sterling virtues already adorn her home and augment its happiness, he is not likely to be disappointed if he transfer personal accomplishments like these to flourish in a still happier and more congenial soil.—*Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, in the Quiver.*

SLANDERS ON BOYS.—I hereby indignantly declare that I believe boys to be a much maligned and much misunderstood class of the community. They are the Ishmaelites of polite society; everyone's hand and voice being against them. "Expensive," complains paterfamilias, spectacles on nose, mournfully turning over the leaves of his ledger; "noisy, careless," moans mamma, gazing in despair upon a pile of torn trousers and worn socks; "idle, disgracefully idle," declares Dr. Birch, from the depths of his experience; "vulgar," pronounces Lady Clara Vere de Vere, with the languid contempt so becoming to that sweet female; "irreverent," squeaks the old dotard Mrs. Grundy, looking down ruefully at her despised apron-strings; "troublesome, meddlesome, mischievous, restless," responds a chorus of tutors, governesses, nursery-maids, old bachelors, daddies, flunkies, and such like. To which, add the wise judgment of a certain ancient lady, much approved of by other old women of both sexes, viz.:—that all male animals between the ages of ten and twenty-one should be shut up and carefully preserved in glass cases, where they might only be seen, and not heard, and not required to be whipped nor scolded, nor give any other trouble to their elders. What a world this would be then, with so much of its small share of innocence and happiness and health taken away! Perhaps it would be as calamitous to shut up all the girls, though some sages have thought otherwise; but for the present I have nothing to do with them.—*A Book about Dominos.*

UNCUT BOOKS.—I wonder will publishers ever learn to send forth books that shall be really finished? Why should I be expected to cut the leaves of the books I read? I speak, because I had lately several books sent me from a library—the leaves uncut. As a rule, the librarian undertakes to cut the leaves of all the works he lends; and at my clubs I observe that some of the servants are set to cut the leaves of the magazines before they are set on the tables of the club for general reading. But then I ask the question, if we—the readers—wish to have the books cut for us, why is it not done by the publishers? Why do these publishers permit themselves to issue unfinished books? What possible gain can it be to them to send forth their volumes in such a condition that we cannot turn over the leaves without a knife in our hands by means of which we can hew our way through them? Why should it be the interest of publishers to put an impediment in the way of readers? It is a very simple thing for the binder to cut the leaves, and I should think that the publisher will make a fortune who will give his readers the convenience of pages that do not require the irritation of a paper-cutter. It is only a question of money. If the margins of books are to be cut the paper selected for them must be a trifle larger, else the margin, when cut, will look mean. One of the most enterprising publishers in London states that the slight increase in the size of his paper which would be necessitated by cutting the edges of his books would cost him £150 a year. Perhaps, however, a publisher would get a portion of this sum back in the increased sale of his books. In the meantime, Mr. BENTLEY, among publishers, deserves all credit and support in that he has begun to send forth a good number of his books with the leaves ready cut.—*Once a Week.*

FASHION IN GARDENING.—The tide of popular favor is, steadily but surely, setting in in favor of the many old-fashioned plants that are now the rejected and despised of our gardens. Old florists and gardeners, as well as many of a more modern date, are pleasantly and confidently anticipating their speedy return to power. The modern system of bedding out is becoming confessedly weak in its capacity to secure variation of design, and consequently stereotyped designs are inevitable, and, naturally enough, wearisome. Not but that skill and resources can yet do much by way of alternating both the subjects employed and the designs executed, but these instances are exceptional and beyond the capacities of the general body of flower-gardeners. In gardening, as well as in many other things, there is a general tendency to strive to be new-fashioned—and foliage plants, ribbon borders and glaring masses of color are everywhere in the ascendant. These are unquestionably good things—worthy alike of the highest æsthetic skill of the artist-gardener, as well as of the devotion of his utmost resources: in their undue preponderance lies their misapplication. In their constant iteration there is something wearisome to the eye.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN ROME.—It was from an instinct of hospitality that we were shown the Conservatorio, and instructed in regard to all its purposes. We saw the neat dormitories with their battalions of little white beds; the kitchen with its gigantic coppers for boiling broth, and the refectory with the smell of the frugal dinners of generations mendicants in it. The assistant was very proud of the neatness of everything, and was glad to talk of that, or, indeed, anything else. It appeared that the girls were taught reading, writing, and plain sewing when they were young, and that the Conservatorio was chiefly sustained by pious contributions and bequests. Any lingering notion of the conventual character of the place was dispelled by the assistants hurrying to say, "And when we can get the poor things well married, we are glad to do so." But how does anyone ever see them?" "Eh! well, that is easily managed. Once a month we dress the marriageable girls in their best, and take them for a walk in the street. If an honest young man falls in love with one of them going by, he comes to the Superior, and describes her as well as he can, and demands to see her. She is called, and if both are pleased, the marriage is arranged. You see it is a very simple affair."—*Italian Journeys, by W. D. Howells.*

A PAUPER'S FUNERAL IN SPAIN.—We were warned of its approach by the sound of loud talking and laughter, and, on looking out, saw a wretched coffin borne by four men smoking cigarettes, followed by a few lookers-on, all appearing equally unconcerned, and preceded by two or three men, who were, I suppose, the mourners, bearing lighted candles in their hands. There was no priest, no pall, no semblance of decency, and by-and-by our disgust was increased to the last pitch by the bearers setting the coffin on the bank, and leaning on it to rest themselves. There is no sort of respect for death in Spain. The body of the pauper is carried to the cemetery in a coffin that belongs to the parish, and is thrust sometimes almost naked into a hole. The priests do not perform burial service except for those who can afford to pay for it; they read a short service over the body in the church; and when once that ceremony is over, there is no more regard for the dead than for a slaughtered horse at a bull-fight. —*Through Spain to the Sahara, by Matilda B. Edwards.*

A MISERABLE BISHOP.—There is at least one bishop on earth who can derive very little enjoyment from his episcopal position. He is alternately petted and tortured, feasted in a royal palace or immured in a royal prison. He places the crown upon a chief's head, and, by the simple act of anointing another, he deposes the monarch he had consecrated. This is the Abuna, or Coptic Bishop of Abyssinia, whose person the Emperor THEODORE guards so carefully that he hides him in a dungeon whenever a Ras of more than ordinary spirit or ambition approaches the imperial residence. To procure the liberation of the English captives in Abyssinia, Dr. BEKE proposed that the English and French Governments should recognise GOBAZYE, hereditary Prince of Lasta, as Emperor of Abyssinia. But to induce the natives to abjure their allegiance to THEODORE, and transfer their loyalty to GOBAZYE, the partisanship of the Abuna must be secured. The success of the plan would depend wholly on his consenting to anoint GOBAZYE as Emperor and actually performing the rite. The moment the Abuna completes the ceremony, the sceptre is believed to fall from the Emperor's hands; and even though THEODORE by force should retain his throne, the legality and prestige of his power are gone. THEODORE seems to have apprehended that the Abuna might be gained over; for, either he closes round his prison at Amba Magdala, a garrison of six hundred musketeers and one thousand spearmen, or he sweeps the unhappy Bishop over steppes and mountains in the midst of his army, and beheads or burns alive any chieftain who contrives to procure a conference with him. The Abuna is always a foreigner, generally an Egyptian, consecrated by the Armenian Patriarch at Jerusalem or Constantinople.—*Dicken's "All the Year Round."*

A WORD ABOUT "BONNIE DUNDEE."—So much has been already said and written for and against GLAHAM, of Claverhouse, that it would be folly on our part to endeavor either to add to his fame as royalist, or to the opprobrium attached to his name on account of the zeal with which he persecuted those who were opposed to the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland. The poet and the novelist have alike done ample justice to the brilliant achievements and loyal nature of the "Bonnie Dundee" of the cavaliers. On the other hand, history and tradition have duly chronicled the dark and terrible doings of the "bloody Clavers" of the opposite party. His career cut short at Killiecrankie, he lies buried in the burial vault of the Athole family, at the church of Blair Athole—no stone marks the spot, and the sight of the vault itself is now very much a matter of conjecture.—*Once a Week.*

LOUISIANA.

Politics in New-Orleans—The Conservative Republican Candidate for Governor—Cotton Fluctuations.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW-ORLEANS, Sunday, April 12.

Within the past ten days a marked change has taken place in the relative position of parties in this City. The nomination for City offices made by the Democratic State Committee was not acceptable to the Conservative citizens. It embraced some who were obnoxious to moral objections, together with many who had made the pursuit of office a profession. So there was a new nomination, with a declaration that no candidate would be voted for who was not opposed to the new Constitution. It required but a short experiment to show that this was a position wholly inconsistent with its own objects. The majority for the Constitution is wholly indisputable. The purpose of Congress to bring in this State under such a Constitution is equally beyond doubt. To vote only for State candidates opposed to the Constitution would be to waste the Conservative influence. The practical view was then adopted to vote against the Constitution as a record of opinion, but to vote for the most conservative candidate for State office. Another argument has been urged on this subject. It is drawn from the experience of New-York. There, one party having control of the State government and another of the City, the State party so amended the charter of the City as to give the to Governor the appointment of many important officers of the City government. The assent of the Legislature was also made necessary to the legality of the City appropriations. This assertion of a power of control by the State over the city government will be applied in Louisiana. It has been threatened by the Republican organ here. To secure, therefore, a just execution of the new Constitution, and to prevent the removal of city officers elected by the people, it is important to secure the election of a Conservative Governor. This has brought the principal American journals around in favor of TALIAFERRO, the Conservative Republican candidate, as the following extracts will show:

From the New-Orleans Times, April 9.

The Democratic State Central Committee, we learn, determined on Tuesday evening to make no nominations for a general State ticket, but to leave the voters they represent the privilege of not voting or of selecting between the Warmoth and Taliaferro tickets. This, we think, is a wise course. The fewer candidates in the field, the better the chance of defeating the Constitution. We fear the Democrats are wasting too much of their strength in a struggle for the spoils, when the great object ought to be to save the State from the disgrace of the adoption of the proposed Constitution.

From the New-Orleans Picayune.

It is our mature conclusion that it is the duty of every Conservative to vote for Judge TALIAFERRO for Governor. It is "Hobson's choice" with us unless, if the Constitution is carried, we wish to be delivered over to the highwaymen who have come here to plunder the whites and work the blacks for their own sole use and behoof, and then return North to enjoy the spoils.

From the New-Orleans Crescent.

WARMOTH is the essential Radical candidate. He is the chosen instrument of the congressional reconstructionists. He is the peculiar representative of vagrant mendicancy and mendicant vagrancy. He is carpet-baggery incarnate.

Between this man and Judge TALIAFERRO the white people have to choose, and there can be no doubt that their choice will fall on the candidate who, if a radical in politics, is at least a sincere and honest man. It is to be hoped that all the opponents of the Constitution will vote for Judge TALIAFERRO, and thus assure the defeat of carpet-baggery in Louisiana.

The new German paper, *Deutche Press*, indorses this ticket. That most respectable and representative paper, the *Bee*, dissents from these views. It maintains that there should be no compromise between principle and expediency. It is of opinion that the Republican Party may be beaten through its own dissensions. It republishes the Democratic State ticket, lately withdrawn, and urges the Conservatives to vote for it. This morning there is a new ticket, composed somewhat of the unsuccessful candidates for the regular nomination. It is called the "Working Man's Ticket." No indication has been yet given how far it may interfere with the regular nominations.

COTTON FLUCTUATIONS.

The recent advance and decline in cotton has taken dealers by surprise. It is very difficult for our merchants or planters to realize all the difficulties of the present situation. We no longer control the markets of the world. New-Orleans is a way station. Her stock of cotton is always much smaller than that of Liverpool. There seems another important element of uncertainty. Foreign factors are extremely anxious to learn the prospect or production of the current crop. They rely upon the crop estimates of the cotton-growing countries. These are always uncertain until the bales are weighed and counted. As the positive results are known, prices fluctuate, and the victims of mistaken estimates suffer accordingly. Thus, the Indian crop was for a time underrated; larger importations affected the price and caused it to recede. The crop of the United States was estimated too highly. Buyers were told that the Red River crop was detained by low water. It has turned out that this crop has gone forward in much larger quantities than was supposed. Then the cotton to be received at New-Orleans was estimated as high as last year, say at 750,000 bales. It has been discovered that more of this crop has gone North by rail than had been supposed. The receipts here are set down as low as 600,000 bales, (against 2,000,000 bales before the war.) The whole American crop is now estimated as low as 2,250,000 bales. So much are the cotton sages disappointed in their calculations.

DEATH OF WM. M. SIMPLE, ESQ.

Mr. SIMPLE, a member of the editorial staff of the *Crescent* newspaper, died on Friday night last, and a meeting of his friends and professional associates has adopted expressions of regret and appreciation. Mr. SIMPLE was a Virginian, at first connected with the Richmond and Lynchburg papers, for some years he was a Washington correspondent of the *Crescent* and other papers, and for some years past he has been one of the editorial writers on the *Crescent*. He was always recognized as a gentleman of ability and worth, and deserved the high reputation attributed to him by his personal and professional friends.

THE DRAMA.

One by one the stars have faded from the dramatic firmament until the sable curtain has fallen upon the Varieties, the St. Charles and the National Theatre. The popular resort at the Academy and Olympic still twinkle with the merriment of the burlesque. The Opera House resumes its performances, interrupted for a few weeks past by excursions of its artists to St. Louis on the one hand, and to Galveston on the other. This has occupied the interval since the *mi-careme*. The success of the detachment at Galveston was very good, better, it is understood, than of that which visited St. Louis. The whole troupe will open at the Opera House here to-morrow night with VERDI'S "Jerusalem," which is soon to be followed by "L'Africane" and some other operas which have not been yet presented. This theatre has produced this Winter some forty pieces. W. M. B.

INDIANA.

The Recent State Election—Republican Rejoicings—Mr. Colfax for Vice-President—Mr. Pendleton Unpopular Among the Democrats.

Correspondence of the New-York Times.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Wednesday, April 8, 1868.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The Republicans of Indiana are highly elated at the very substantial triumphs which they achieved in almost all parts of the State at the Spring elections on Monday last. The Democrats made here and there a few scattering gains; but wherever either party threw down the gauntlet to the other on purely national issues, the Democrats were invariably routed, and beaten even worse than last Fall and last Spring. Especially was this the case in the many close counties, in which the result was looked for by both parties with a great deal of suspense, on account of the light which it would throw on the impending elections for the Legislature; for it is now admitted by most of the Democratic leaders of Indiana themselves that their party will be unable to elect its State and national ticket in October and November next, and that the principal fight will be made in the close and doubtful counties for the purpose of carrying both Houses of the Legislature and of reëlecting Mr. HENDRICKS, whose term is about to expire, to the United States Senate.

In consequence of the unusual importance attached to these Spring elections, the vote in most of the counties was exceedingly heavy. In Lafayette, which was formerly a Democratic stronghold, the Republicans elected their whole ticket by a very heavy majority, and they carried Tippecanoe County, one of the largest and most important in the State, in a very heavy vote, by the largest majority they ever had there. This renders the election of a Republican Congressman by at least 2,000 majority absolutely certain, every county in the district having gone Republican, while in 1866 the Democrats carried four of them, and Mr. ORTH, the present Representative, was elected only by the beggarly majority of 198 votes.

In Indianapolis the vote had of late been so much reduced that the Democrats entertained serious hopes of carrying it. The vote polled there on Monday last was rather light, but the result showed heavy gains for the Republicans. Such was the case, too, in Logansport, Greencastle, Madison, Richmond, Bloomington, Crown Point, South Band, Mishawaka, Huntington, Anderson, Rockport, Rising Sun, Corydon, &c.

The result in the First and Eleventh Districts, now represented in Congress by Messrs. NIBLACK and SCHUYLER COLFAX, was looked for with especial interest. In the First District, which embraces the southwestern counties lying opposite Kentucky, the Democrats, who had hitherto invariably carried it by large majorities, predicted a very heavy decrease in the Republican vote, owing to the radical policy pursued by Congress and the impeachment of ANDREW JOHNSON. The result of Monday's elections did not verify these predictions, the Republicans having made gains in nearly all parts of the district.

COLFAX AND THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

In Mr. COLFAX'S district, the friends of the Speaker had promised unusually large Republican majorities in order to show how great his popularity is in his district, and how ardently his constituents desire his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, for which the Republican State Convention recommended him. These promises were certainly redeemed, for the result of the elections in the Eleventh District presents an almost unbroken line of large Republican gains. The friends of Mr. COLFAX, I should add, profess to be exceedingly confident that he will be nominated already at the first ballot. They claim for him the votes of Indiana, Illinois, New-Jersey, Kentucky, Tennessee and the whole Northwest, and they assert that even Mr. WADE'S accession to the Presidency, in case the Senate should convict President JOHNSON, could not prevent COLFAX'S nomination. As to the candidates from the Eastern States, whose names have been mentioned in connection with the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, they say that there is no prospect of their uniting on one man, and that COLFAX is the second choice of a great many delegates instructed to vote for FENTON, WILSON or BUCKINGHAM. Certain it is, moreover, that the outside pressure at the Chicago Convention will be very strongly in favor of COLFAX'S nomination. His Congressional district is adjoining to the great metropolis of the Northwest, and, aside from the fact that the Republicans of Chicago are nearly unanimously in favor of GRANT and COLFAX, thousands of the latter's constituents will be on hand to shout and work for their favorite candidate.

FINANCIAL.

In regard to financial affairs, it is apparent both in Indiana and throughout the Northwest that the greenback (semi-repudiation) theory, which, a month or two ago, was considered so popular that the late Republican State Convention was silly enough to indorse it in its platform, is fast losing ground, and that in the West, too, a candidate will imperil his popularity by advocating this dangerous doctrine. Our most influential Republican papers either openly denounce the greenback theory, or at least, take good care not to say a word in favor of it; and I have noticed that recently all the noisiest advocates of this theory, who, by advocating it, hoped to secure Republican nominations, were invariably repudiated by the people.

PENDLETON AND BRIGHT.

And, in this connection, I am glad to say that Mr. PENDLETON, the greenback candidate for the Presidency, does not prove, even among our Democrats, as popular as his friends expected he would. His special champion in Indiana, Mr. LAFE DEVELIN, editor of the Indianapolis *Herald*, who, by a little *coup d'état*, succeeded in getting a paragraph favorable to Mr. PENDLETON'S nomination incorporated with the Democratic State platform, and in obtaining for himself the chairmanship of the Democratic State Central Committee, has ever since been violently opposed by a majority of the old Democratic leaders, who are decidedly hostile to PENDLETON'S nomination, and these adversaries of PENDLETON and DEVELIN have now succeeded in ousting the latter from the control of the *Herald*, which has been purchased by Mr. RICHARD WHITE, a nephew of JESSE D. BRIGHT, and it is expected that the paper will henceforth oppose PENDLETON'S nomination and advocate that of Senator HENDRICKS or JESSE D. BRIGHT, for, I am sorry to say, there are still in Indiana a great many Democrats who would rather vote for BRIGHT than any other Presidential candidate. At any rate, the late events show very plainly that PENDLETON can no longer count upon the unanimous vote of the Indiana delegates, some of whom would rather vote even for SEYMOUR than for him.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. ORTH has secured a renomination in the Lafayette District, and that, it cannot be denied, principally by his vote for impeachment. I do not know how it is in other parts of the State, but in Northern Indiana the Republicans are most enthusiastically in favor of the impeachment movement, and a candidate seriously weakens his chances by advocating moderate views on the subject. Up to his vote for impeachment, Mr. ORTH, who was opposed by Major-Gen. LEW. WALLACE, Major-Gen. MILROY, Col. WILSON and other exceedingly able and popular men, it was generally thought could not be renominated; but no sooner had he voted for impeachment than his constituents resolved to renominate him, and in spite of the most energetic efforts of his able competitors who stumped the district, his renomination was indorsed at the primary elections on Monday last by an overwhelming majority.

In the Indianapolis District, Col. COLBURN will certainly be renominated by the Republicans, and the Democrats, since they were unable to prevail upon Jos. E. MCDONALD to accept a nomination at their hands, will probably try to carry into the district, that is to say, support some independent or workingmen's candidate. WILLIAMS and SHANKS will undoubtedly be renominated in their districts, and so will NIBLACK in the First District. The efforts of Gen. WASHBURNE to induce him to reconsider his resolution not to be a candidate for renomination in the Terre Haute District, have thus far been in vain. Messrs. KERR and JULIAN are straining every nerve to secure renominations, but, to all appearance, without any prospect of success. Mr. HOLMAN will be renominated in the Third District, but he cannot be reëlected. W. C.

BOSTON.

Important Decision in Favor of a Bank—A New Park for Boston—The Battle of the Ice Kings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Monday, April 13, 1868.

An important law-suit has just been decided by one of our courts involving the sum of $103,000. The prominence of the parties and the peculiar circumstances connected with the action, render the final disposition of the case one of great interest to the mercantile world. It appears that some time in August, 1866, WM. F. WELD & CO., shipowners and merchants in this city, and CROCKER, WOOD & CO., of New-York, agents of the first-named firm, deposited Treasury notes, bonds, gold, and gold certificates, in all valued at $103,000, in the Marine National Bank of New-York. The case has taken the form of two actions—one for the conversion of the above funds deposited for security and the other for negligence of the custodians. The defendants filed a general denial, on the ground that as a banking corporation they could enter into no such contract as alleged by the defendants; that it is not within the jurisdiction of any court in Massachusetts to act in the matter, but that the action should be brought in the district in which the bank is located. The Court, Judge HOAR, thought, however, that it had jurisdiction, and the plaintiffs were allowed to proceed. According to the evidence on the part of the plaintiffs it appears that the defendants made a special deposit of a certain amount of securities for a specific purpose; two-thirds of said securities belonged to the Boston firm and one-third to the Boston firm. These securities were confined in a trunk by order of the Boston firm. On the 18th of August, 1866, the trunk was missing, together with its contents. Under these circumstances every effort was made on the part of the plaintiffs to find the trunk, and after much search and tribulation it was discovered that some of the bonds had been put upon Wall-street a few days after the deposit was made, and that in the course of a few weeks thereafter said bonds turned up in the Department at Washington. The defendants allege that as it was their practice, they took on deposit a large number of trunks containing valuables, and every morning it was the custom to take these trunks from the vault and place them underneath a desk in the bank. Among these trunks was the one belonging to the plaintiffs. Counsel for the plaintiffs held that whatever might have been the object of the officers of the bank in removing these trunks from the vault, the act was one of gross negligence. The President had been reminded by one of the plaintiffs some months prior to August, that it was unsafe to take such trunks from the vault, and, therefore, it was that he had particularly requested him to keep that certain trunk in the vault, for the reason that the funds were on deposit under the trustee principle. It is therefore that this action has been commenced, to recover that which was lost, either my mistake, or was stolen while left in an exposed position in the bank. The defendants urge that they have no power to make a contract in regard to such deposits; they also deny that the loss was occasioned by any fault of their

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1868.

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To Advertisers.

Advertisers in the TIMES are requested to bring in their notices at as early an hour in the day as possible. If received after 8½ o'clock, it will be impossible to classify them under their proper heads.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

The Senate yesterday assembled in the usual manner, for the further consideration of the impeachment charges. The question under discussion at the adjournment on Friday—whether Secretary WELLES should be permitted to relate what occurred at a certain Cabinet meeting when the President submitted the Tenure of Office act to his Secretaries for their advice—was resumed. Several written questions were submitted to the President's counsel by Senators, after which Mr. WILSON, one of the Managers, read a lengthy argument in opposition to the admission of the testimony offered. He contended that it was wholly irrelevant to the issue whether the Cabinet declared that act unconstitutional or not, the President was responsible for its execution, and any advice given him could not relieve him from that responsibility, or from the consequences of his acts if he chose to violate the law. Mr. CURTIS replied at length in favor of the admission of the testimony as showing what were the intentions of the President, and also that he was sustained in his view of the law by his Cabinet advisers. At the conclusion of the argument the Chief Justice decided the evidence to be inadmissible. An appeal was taken from this ruling, and the Senate overruled the decision of the Chief Justice by a vote of yeas 20, nays, 29. Secretary WELLES was recalled, and the defence offered to prove by him that at the Cabinet session alluded to the question was discussed whether or not Mr. STANTON's case came within the provisions of the Tenure of Office act. This was objected to, and debate followed, after which the Senate, by a vote of yeas 22, nays 26, refused to hear the testimony. The attempt on the part of the defence to prove other matters connected with the Cabinet meetings were equally unsuccessful. EDGAR B. WELLES testified that his father, the Secretary of the Navy, sent him with a message to the President relative to the movement of troops in Washington. Postmaster-General RANDALL testified that FOSTER BLODGETT, Postmaster at Augusta, Ga., was suspended from office by him without the knowledge of the President, in consequence of certain complaints made regarding him. The Senate also refused to permit this witness to relate what occurred at Cabinet meetings. Mr. EVARTS then announced that he believed the case in behalf of the defence was all before the Senate, but possibly Mr. STANBERY, who is still ill, would have something more to offer. Thereupon the Court adjourned.

EUROPE.

The installation of the Prince of Wales as Knight of the Order of St. Patrick occurred in Dublin yesterday.

The suit against GUION & Co., for damages by the explosion of nitro-glycerine aboard the steamer *Europa*, at Aspinwall, has been withdrawn.

Admiral FARRAGUT has sailed from Valetta for Lisbon.

GENERAL.

The Erie Railroad bill, so long pending in the State Senate, was passed yesterday by a vote of—yeas 17, nays 12. The bill as passed was printed in the TIMES yesterday morning. It legalizes the $10,000,000 of bonds issued in February and March, the issue of which has heretofore been denounced as fraudulent, prohibits the consolidation of the Erie stock with that of any other State road, and enacts that no officer of the Central, Harlem, or Hudson River Road shall become an officer of the Erie.

DAVID CRANDALL, a policeman of Troy, New-York, was shot and killed by burglars yesterday morning while on duty. It was discovered subsequently that an attempt had been made to blow open a safe near the scene of the murder, and it is supposed that CRANDALL was shot while attempting to prevent a robbery. Several persons have been arrested on suspicion.

The Virginia Constitutional Convention adjourned on Friday, at midnight, having completed its labors. The members refused to modify the oath of office, as suggested by Gen. SCHOFIELD.

WILLIAM AIKEN, confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, Mass., while out walking with an attendant yesterday, suddenly broke away, and throwing himself upon the railroad track, in front of an approaching train, was run over and instantly killed.

The ship *Albert Gallatin* was struck by lightning in Mobile Bay, on Friday, and immediately burned to the water's edge, and sunk. Her cargo consisted of 3,100 bales of cotton, all of which was destroyed. The total loss is estimated at half a million of dollars.

So far as returns have been received, the majority against the new Constitution in Michigan is 36,743; the majority against prohibition is 10,866, and for biennial sessions of the Legislature is 59,914.

R. S. NORTHCOTT, of Clarksburg, has consented to the use of his name for the Republican nomination for Governor of West Virginia.

Gen. MILES has published a circular to the colored citizens of North Carolina, cautioning them to refrain from controversies and arguments at the polls on the days of the election, and by all means in their power to avoid collisions with those differing from them in views. Gen. MILES says there is a manifest as well as expressed determination on the part of unscrupulous leaders and others to create disturbances if possible, and he urges the colored people to refrain from taking the law into their own hands, and to look to the civil and military authorities for their protection.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, with his family, will pass the Summer in Europe.

There is a strike among the workmen on several of the marble quarries at West Rutland, Vt.

JOSEPH BROWN was sentenced at Hudson, on Friday afternoon, by Judge PECKHAM, to be hanged on Saturday, May 30, for the murder of his adopted daughter ANGIE.

The election in Georgia commences to-morrow and will continue four days. The election in North Carolina begins on Tuesday and continues three days.

GOV. PATTON, of Alabama, in March last wrote a letter to Gen. MEADE, expressing his sense of the injustice of forcing a defeated Constitution upon the State.

The name of AARON A. BRADLEY has been struck from the registration lists in Savannah, Ga., on the ground that he has been convicted of felony in the State of New-York.

The municipal elections in Georgia, postponed by order of Gen. MEADE, will take place in about two weeks after the State and county elections.

The weavers in the Huguenot Mills at North Oxford, Mass., struck for an advance in wages on Wednesday, and their looms are idle. The proprietors are not disposed to accede to the demand.

Three houses in Detroit were struck by lightning on Wednesday night, and one of them was nearly ruined. There were six persons in the house at the time, but none of them were injured.

Four boys broke into the engine-house of the Freehold and Jamesburg Railroad, at Freehold, N. J., on Wednesday night, and firing up the engine Monmouth, started out, made "a run" down the road to Jamesburg, where the water gave out and they left the engine. The latter was much damaged by the great heat to which it had been subjected. One of the boys, who was caught, confessed that it was done for the sake of "having a good ride."

A British bark, with a large cargo of cotton on board, was destroyed by fire at Mobile yesterday.

The examination of WHALEN, charged with the murder of D'ARCY MCGEE, was resumed at Ottawa yesterday, and reporters were excluded. The prisoner was yesterday found to have commenced making preparations to break jail. At the conclusion of the examination, he was fully committed for trial.

The story, by telegraph, of the theft of liquors in Springfield was exaggerated. Three or four drunken men broke into the building containing the 3,000 gallons of liquor stored there, and took away not more than forty gallons.

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS was entertained at a farewell dinner at DELMONICO's, in Fourteenth-street, last evening by the Press. Addresses were made by Mr. Dickens, Hon. Horace Greeley, Hon. Henry J. Raymond, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Wm. Henry Hurlburt, Charles Eliot Norton, Gov. Hawley, Geo. H. Baker, Col. Thorpe, Geo. W. Demers, Edmund de Leon, and others.

That branch of the inquiry relating to the Erie controversy, which was undergoing investigation before A. A. REDFIELD, Referee, was brought to a sudden conclusion for the present, at least, yesterday, by an injunction from Judge DAVIS.

Yesterday, in the Court of Common Pleas, Part II., before Judge BARRETT, the alleged contempt case of JAS. GOULD was again brought up, but, in the absence of Mr. GOULD, the proceedings were adjourned till Tuesday.

A resolution was presented in the Board of Aldermen yesterday, to lay the McGonegal pavement in all streets that are hereafter to be paved with wooden pavement. The resolution was referred.

A resolution was introduced in the Board of Councilmen, yesterday, to widen Broadway, from Seventeenth to Fifty-ninth-street, so as to make it conform to the width of the new Boulevard.

The Indians on the Rampage.

Congress is so engrossed of late, with white men and black men, that red men have been completely ignored; and this neglect, joined to other causes, now gives us the menace of Indian hostilities, as soon as the grass springs. It is true that the settlers and frontiersmen, and many of the westerly newspapers, are habitual alarmists; but the Indian agents, the contractors for Indian goods, and the sutlers and peddlers, go to the other extreme, and suppress war news, for their own ends, crying "peace, peace," when peace there is none. Taking together all the diverse reports, it is clear that before the frost was out of the ground, many of the hostile Indians put on the paint and struck the war-trail. In many parts of the old disputed ground, and especially on and about the road that leads from Fort Fetterman to Cheyenne Creek, they have burned ranches, stampeded trains, plundered coaches, captured cattle, killed settlers, and, in a word, inaugurated as far as the season would permit, the pillaging, scalping, tomahawking, ravaging raids of last Summer. Even the Indian Superintendent procures to be sent into Congress an advance disclaimer of responsibility for what "may prove to be an almost endless war, which will cost millions of dollars to suppress," accompanied by an appeal to the people of this sort—"If we are to have another Indian war this Summer, I do not wish the country to think it was caused by this office."

Now, we still trust there is not so much cause for apprehension of a general war this Spring as last, in spite of the predictions of the Kansas Press that "an unparalleled Indian war" is on the eve of breaking out. In the first place, the last year's results,—in the second place, the present year's prospects,—of the Peace Commission, forbid despondency. But that some Indian depredations will occur, at any rate, and that these may become very grave, unless proper precaution be taken against them, should be well understood.

What, then, shall Congress do with the Indian? That is the recurring question. Mr. ASHLEY may, perhaps, suggest, "Impeach him." But even this panacea, though a bright idea for ordinary legislation, cannot be a universal substitute in legislation for the Sioux, dressed in his breech-clout and bow-and-arrows. There is a remedy which, could Congress apply it, would be sufficient at this juncture—serious and consecutive attention. The Peace Commission made arrangements, last year, for providing or continuing certain Indian appropriations: the time has passed, or is near at hand, for the appropriations to be made; yet nothing is done in Congress about the matter. The best judges of Indian difficulties have told us, as a historic generalization, that the failure of the Government or its official agents to come up to the express terms of their own treaties has produced more hostilities than all other causes put together. How this is in the case of Indian agents, contractors, traders, swindlers and land-sharks in general, the country knows to its cost; but it would be shameful to have Congress remiss in the same direction. Again, one or two thoughtful and excellent plans of Governmental policy regarding the Indians have been submitted to Congress, but have received no attention, owing to the imperious claims of Impeachment, which for the time quenches legislation.

In this perplexing doubt regarding Indian intentions there is one consoling reflection, namely, that the Peace Commission is on the right track. The plan it pursued last Summer is the correct one. We grant that most of its treaties were made with tribes who are no more hostile to us than are the Chinese in San Francisco, and that some of the most dangerous Indians, like the Sioux and Cheyennes, refused or postponed negotiations. But the principle of reservations—the *corral* principle—is undoubtedly the correct one. Gen. SHERMAN's letter to the Commissioners, on being summoned to Washington, exhorted them to stand by this policy. In Congress its wisdom has not been disputed. Whether the new short overland route should be abandoned is another question; but the collecting of all Indians, friendly or hostile, on reserved locations, is the only proper issue of the Indian question. It is the leading of the Indians out of temptation; it is delivering them from evil.

We admit that the Commission accomplished nothing the other day at the North Platte, where they had unquestionably hoped to do something with the Brules and Ogallalahs; we admit that they have done nothing yet at Laramie. But they still have a fortnight before them. RED CLOUD, the great chief, was not to meet them there until the last of April; and SPOTTED TAIL has never been averse to concluding a treaty, after some concessions regarding the new Montana route. The rumors that the lodges under the command of DULL KNIFE and TURKEY LEG were making ready for the war trail are not official; and we believe that, at all events, the Peace Commissioners can so divide and distract the hostile bands as to make the Summer less one of war than of mere casual depredations.

The English Ministry and the Irish Question.

By the arrival of the London papers of the 4th instant, the day after the close of the great debate on the Irish Church, we are enabled to estimate more accurately the exact bearings of the political situation as affected by the division on Mr. GLADSTONE's resolutions. All the important facts have already been transmitted by cable, but the full report of the speeches of the leaders in the House of Commons throws fresh light on the course which will probably be taken by the Government in face of this decisive defeat. The well-defined position taken by Mr. GLADSTONE, and uncompromising tone of all the speeches on his side of the House, fully bear out the conclusion derivable from the telegraphic reports—that a large majority of the House of Commons has decisively and irrevocably placed on record its determination to destroy, root and branch, the established Protestant Church in Ireland. There is an earnestness of tone in all the speeches on the Liberal side, and there are evidences of perfect accord between all Liberal members, which show that the decisive majority of sixty is not likely to be reversed or even materially modified. When Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, High Churchmen, like Mr. COLERIDGE, and intellectual free lances, like Mr. LOWE, all make common cause on a matter of so much importance, and when they are supported by 330 members out of 658, there is little prospect of retrogression.

The attitude taken by Mr. DISRAELI, though absolutely unimportant as affecting the ultimate event, may considerably influence the means by which the final consummation is reached. The Easter Holidays, which commenced on the day after the division, give him and his party full time for consideration. But to judge from the speeches of the members of his Cabinet, they seem bent upon fighting to the last on a line of defence that can prove tenable for a very short time only. While Lord STANLEY's faltering plea for delay seemed to damp the ardor of the Tories, Mr. HARDY's stirring appeal to their ancient prejudices was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. DISRAELI confined himself to repaying with interest all the personal invective heaped upon him during the debate, and obscuring his real position with a cloud of brilliant generalizations. He evidently foresaw his impending defeat, but, beyond the somewhat unusual amount of bitterness of his tone toward his adversaries, there was nothing in his speech that threw any light on his policy or intentions. That he means to fight to the last, however, is evident from his letter to Lord DARTMOUTH, the chairman of an Ultra-Conservative Association, which presented him with an address. He cannot hope to evade or nullify the decision of the House of Commons, and it would now seem that he intends to retain office, until absolutely compelled to resign, to rouse the enthusiasm of his supporters by playing upon their Anti-Catholic prejudices, and to take advantage of every plea for delay that may present itself. Delay, in fact, is his object, and it is quite possible that by desperate fighting on the outworks of his untenable position, he may defer his final and unavoidable surrender until the next session. "Education" of the entire Tory party is impossible on this question, however willing its more enlightened members may be to adapt themselves to the times. It is simply impossible for a Tory Cabinet to accept the decision of the House, or to carry out the policy dictated by it. They will probably fight to the last, and avail themselves of every technical obstacle to immediate legislation. They may even continue in power during the present session, under protest against the vote of a "moribund Parliament," but the ultimate result is just as certain as if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT were to accede to office to-morrow.

Chinese Testimony in California Courts.

For the last few years it has been felt and acknowledged here that, of all our frontier States, California was the one most advanced in true civilization. The old reputation which she had for gambling, adventure and a flashy kind of display, has mostly passed away. During the war we had her magnificent donations to a cause of pure humanity. Since then she has astonished the commercial world by exportations of wheat, showing a permanent agricultural wealth, instead of the former adventurous and speculative mining interest. The accounts of recent travelers show a wonderful improvement in all the best appliances of civilization—the building up of homes, the erection of libraries and clubs, the elevation of the common-school system, and the advancement of the working classes, by societies which shall make them freeholders instead of tenants. In many important respects it has been evident that San Francisco has been quite as far in the van of civilization as our Eastern European capitals. But the recent and deliberate action of the Californian Legislature on a question of almost simple humanity, will tend to somewhat reverse those favorable judgments.

The question has been before this body in regard to an amendment of their "Criminal Practice act," allowing "negroes, Chinamen and Mongolians to be witnesses against white men when an injury to their own persons or property is charged."

The arguments in the Senate seemed to bear on one side in favor of the amendment. Thus the member from Placer County says:

"We are now educating a class of robbers—boys and young men—who have a perfect disregard for the rights of others, because under the protection of the existing law they can commit assaults, and murder and rob with perfect impunity. These robbers even talk of their deeds, and admit and boast of them without fear of being held to account for them. This is because courts have held that other testimony, direct as to the commission of the crime is necessary, beyond proof of the confessions of the criminals themselves. The fact that these men depend upon robberies for a livelihood is well understood, yet they go on without fear of punishment. There have been many men in Placer County, loafing around the mining towns for weeks at a time, idle and without means of obtaining a livelihood, destitute of money, until on a certain morning they would be found to have plenty of money, and at the same time the fact was everywhere known that there had been a robbery committed at the Chinese town in the vicinity. Men would say to them, 'Ah! you have been down calling on the Chinamen again,' and they would laugh and not take the trouble to deny the insinuation—or admit it openly. The want of such law, apart from the losses of the Chinese, has cost Placer County, in futile efforts to punish crime, at least $10,000 during the past year. The Sheriff alone, out of his own pocket, has spent, in the last two years, at least $1,000, for which he has not been reimbursed, in efforts to punish this class of persons. He spoke of a recent case where they robbed, beat and murdered Chinamen, and one of the robbers being caught by them, was now in jail, but likely to be discharged, 'because none but Chinese testimony against him could be procured.'"

Mr. SHAW said:

"He had always been surprised at the difference of opinion among sensible men on this matter of testimony. The true principle would naturally seem to be to admit the testimony of any sane human being who could throw light upon the facts in question. But these continual outrages upon the person and property of Chinamen were disgraceful to our State and our civilization. Admit the truth of the charge made against them—that they are a nation of great liars—then they must, in giving their testimony, confront a jury imbued with this prejudice, not disposed to believe them unless their evidence is corroborated by circumstantial evidence or otherwise. This prejudice may go far to prevent the effect of false testimony. English courts never refuse to swear Chinamen or any other nationality."

Mr. JOHNSON, of El Dorado, said:

"He knew that such a law was necessary, because the same system of robbery and oppression mentioned as existing in Placer County also existed in his own county."

He also said:

"That there was another point to which he wished to call attention; it was that from robbing Chinamen to robbing white men the transition was very easy. He had acted as Judge in his own county, and therefore knew this fact, and alluded to several cases of murderers who had been arrested and convicted of killing white men, who commenced by robbing Chinamen, and were gradually emboldened by the impunity with which they had operated. Therefore to protect our own people we must prevent this impunity for crimes against others. Whatever he might think as to the propriety of limiting the political rights of such persons before the law, they should all stand equal as to the protection of their lives and property."

The only arguments on the other side were that the Chinaman's word could not be depended on, and that he did not know the nature of an oath. The amendment passed the Senate by a large majority, but was afterward defeated in the House. In other words, the State Assembly put itself deliberately on the position that any white ruffian might plunder and murder any half dozen decent and honest Chinese laborers, and unless his deeds were seen by other white men, no court could convict him. We venture to say that no act in the code of the Inquisition, under ALBA, or in the old English system of legal injustice against the Irish, or the laws of the South toward the negro, was more barbarous, cruel and stupid than this provision of the California law of the nineteenth century. It has not the excuse of the Spanish Inquisition, of bigotry; or of English tyranny, the pride of conquest; or of Southern cruelty, the stern necessities of a system of forced labor. It is the pure stupidity of race and caste prejudice.

There never was a laboring class more harmless, industrious and respectable than the Chinese workingmen of the Pacific Coast. All testimony agrees that they are more dependable than the Irish laborers; that they keep their contracts excellently, and that with their merchants "the word is as good as the bond." They are an absolute necessity to the material development of California. Without them no railroads would be built or manufactures carried on, and half of the grain and fruit production of the State would at once be cut off or never be gathered. Every household depends on them, and few have cause to complain of their idleness or dishonesty or fickleness. To drive them out of the State by oppressive legislation is like renewing the French edicts against the Huguenots, or the Spanish toward the Moors. It is to banish the most economical and productive class in the State. And yet hardly an exchange reaches us from the Pacific Coast without an account of some brutal and barbarous violence toward these unoffending foreigners by white ruffians. The act in the Criminal Practice which it is sought to amend is in reality an act to encourage murder and robbery of Chinamen by Spanish or American thieves and cut-throats. And when one thinks what a Californian white or brown ruffian is—the very scum of the *proletaires* of the earth—a man steeped in crime and often a refugee from justice, whose word would not be accepted by his own gang of murderous outcasts, and that his testimony is to be received while the oath of the decent, honest, hard-working Chinaman whom he has sought to murder, is to be rejected,—we may judge what this step of California progress is. A State with such an act in its criminal code is not worthy to be called civilized. Its civilization is but the flashy gilt over barbarism.

For the only argument which can be used against Chinese testimony, that this people do not believe in God, and therefore do not know the nature of an oath, is an argument already passed by modern progress, which holds that all testimony should be received and estimated by judge and jury for what it is worth. Besides the Chinese have oaths or rites which are binding on themselves and which could be employed in our courts.

But whether California chooses to abide by this code of barbarism and bigotry or not, we trust that it will be seen to be the duty of the new Chinese Ambassador—Mr. BURLINGAME—to protest, both in the name of humanity and of the Chinese Government, against the acts of atrocity which we hear of weekly from the Pacific Coast, committed on unoffending Chinamen. Some protection ought to be afforded by international law to these oppressed foreigners, if State law will not afford it. And the public opinion of all just and right-minded men should be brought to bear promptly on a community which can sanction such cruelties and oppressions.

Empty Oaths.

"Taking the oath" has become so familiar a phrase within the past six years that it has passed, with most frequent, pithy expressions, into light regard, and very generally into even a jocose, humorous sense. In its political phase it began by being a solemn form, but was put to such absurd, and even base uses, that it became, finally, a thing of very loose character, so that people walked through it as through an open fence into what they desired. Then Congress, with a view to make it a less penetrable safeguard, built it up into what is called the "iron-clad oath." But that, too, is a thing that bad men, if it is at all desirable to do so, will readily assume and speciously reason into nothingness—if, indeed, they do not treat it with utter contempt.

The same difficulty is often found in courts of justice, where men readily swear to tell the truth, and then present often that view of it only which suits their purposes or sympathies. The fact is, the Divine power of punishment, under penalty of which men so flippantly take their oaths, is too far away to really impress them with the feeling of responsibility to it. Many men never think of God, nor name him, save in thoughtless profanity; many more neither know nor care anything about "the book" on which they swear; others, again, may reason away the binding power of an oath taken in the name of a Being in whom they do not believe;—there are any number of reasons which go, in the minds of men brought to a necessity of taking the ordinary religious oath of law, to do away with the sense of responsibility under which they ought to lie.

True, false swearing is punished by civil society; but how rarely are the breakers of their sworn words put through the complicated and uncertain process of accusation, examination, indictment, trial, conviction and penalty? Not once in probably ten thousand times of the offence. Men often bear false witness without it being suspected or found out, and the reason why this is very natural and very probable, is the insufficiency of the penalty presented to the mind at the time of swearing.

An English paper, discussing the necessity of what it calls a "secular oath," maintains that if every man, before swearing to tell the truth as a witness, "were to declare that he would do so under penalty of seven years' transportation, there is not the least doubt that his responsibility would be present to him during the time of his giving evidence." This is a very practical way of putting the matter, and certainly would provide for the many cases of hardened conscience, reckless daring, skeptical sophistry or philosophical unbelief which might furnish a man with the necessary motive for disregarding his oath. Moreover, were it put in that shape in our political matters, we have a notion that there would be much more respect for honest rebels, and much less favoring of hard-swearing loyalists, than there has been since the war. If every man who had skillfully kept "between the lines," helping both sides as occasion demanded, and who has since taken the iron-clad oath—and office thereby—had been obliged to do it with a proviso of a term of hard labor in the Penitentiary if he spoke untruth, instead of invoking the distant terrors of the other world—there would have been fewer Federal office-holders in the South today: except by a modification of the oath.

We rather like this matter-of-fact suggestion of a "secular oath," and the more we think of it the more we believe in its necessity. A great many men, never troubled with an oppressive sense of moral duty, would find a conscience under impending physical pain. And while a man might perhaps object to society's punishing him because he violated an oath whose binding force he did not recognize, there can be no doubt of society's right to compel truth-telling in its own interest and under penalty of its own displeasure and punishment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It would be well if the indignation excited by the misdeeds and crimes imputed to the Kuklux Klan should result in breaking up *all* secret societies of the same general nature, designed to influence one way or the other the politics and the social condition of the South. Nothing requisite to be done there, to maintain order and law, needs the muffler of secrecy—all can be accomplished, if at all, openly and at noonday. The Kuklux Klan is claimed to be an offset to the Loyal League, and to have been originally started to checkmate the machinations of this latter organization. As to that matter, it is, of course, now impossible to judge; but we must remember that even political societies which may appear not only harmless but patriotic and praiseworthy at the North, may wear a different guise at the excited and terror-stricken South. The true plan is to avoid *all* secret organizations for the political manipulation of the South. They result only in uneasiness and terrorism, in filling society with mysterious and dangerous elements. No pass-words, no grips and signs, no shibboleths and badges, no secret oaths, are required for the purposes of reconstruction; and even the more innocuous of secret societies are commonly perverted by demagogues to private ends.

The Judiciary Committee of the New-Jersey House of Assembly has answered the petition of two ladies demanding female suffrage with a report, read by Mr. CHRISTIE, which refuses to entertain the prayer, breaks into satiric poetry, "and, smiling, puts the question by." It insinuates that two of the sex do not constitute the women of New-Jersey, and can hardly speak for them; and uses the rather disconcerting argument of NAPOLEON in conversation with Madame DE STAEL—to wit, that women deserve most and act best when they bring up their children properly. No hope for the ladies in New-Jersey, apparently. We fear they did not state their case as forcibly as they might. They should have stated that, of 150,000 teachers in the United States, women number 100,000, and asked why the instructors of the American people should not be considered worthy of the franchise. Mr. CHRISTIE could not well quote TENNYSON against such a fact as that.

For once the English Government officers have managed their Fenians in a sensible way. They have taken Gen. NAGLE and some six or seven others who went over to Ireland in the *Jacmel* ship and sent them all back again to their places in some vessels going out of the port of Cork—the feeling on the part of the officials, at parting, being probably that of *Orlando* addressing the melancholy *Jaques* in the play—"God be with you; we do hope we may be better strangers." Now that our neighbors of Canada seem about to have another fit of anger against all "vagrom men," we commend that English mode of strategy to their consideration. Let them send back again all the Fenians they apprehend. No true Fenians would make war on such terms. They would rather stay at home than run the risk of being restored to their families on such miserable conditions of impunity.

A Southern trans-continental railway to the Pacific will soon be running parallel to the Central Utah route. Gen. FREMONT is now in Washington to look after the interests of the Railway and Telegraph Company of Texas, which proposes to make a way from Jefferson, in that State, westward, by El Paso to San Diego, in California; connecting with side roads to San Francisco, Guaymas and other places. The eastern part of this great thoroughfare would terminate at Norfolk, in Virginia, or at some other favorable point south of Washington. Such a road would be scarcely second in importance to the Central Pacific, and play a great part in the reconstruction and restoration of our Southern States.

The London *Times* reads Nova Scotia a grave lecture, and tries to show that the Province does not know half its own luck in belonging to "that glorious Dominion of Canada, which will ere long play a prominent part in the politics of America." Seven years ago, says the *Times*, Nova Scotia was working two coal pits; now she works seventy. She exports two millions worth of her own products, and sends four thousand laden vessels yearly from her ports. This is only her beginning. "It is almost absurd to note the poor items of her petitions to the Imperial Parliament." Under a two dollar duty she can furnish cheaper coal than that from the United States mineral districts; and the gasworks of the Eastern States require Nova Scotian fuel. Atlantic steamers, once accustomed to coal at New-York and Boston, now go into Nova Scotian harbors. "Nova Scotia, the petulant colony, sells $1,000,000 worth of fish to the world every year. Why, therefore, this outcry?" Nova Scotia will have her answer. She loves her own barn better than the house of the Dominion, very likely, and very natually.

The venerable godmother of our Manhattan, the famous Dutch city of Amsterdam, founded, according to the old saying, on *herring-bones*, is about to give herself a renovating touch in the matter of a new canal and waterway to the shore. The ancient North Holland Canal is considered too tortuous and round-about, and it will be abandoned for a shorter mode of communication with the North Sea. The new canal will run through the lakes called the Y and the Wyker Meer, and through a neck of land from which it will be necessary to remove five million cubic yards of earth. Its terminus will be a water-space of two hundred acres, inclosed by two long horns of solid masonry, and the whole design is to be completed in a year. Those swamp-lakes of the Y and the Wyker Meer will be drained and turned into a vast field of twelve thousand arable acres.

NAPOLEON III. thinks of something beside house-building in Paris. The *Constitutionnel* shows what a reclaimer of waste lands and lover of agriculture he is; and a late Paris paragraph describes a military engine of his invention which has a capacity of killing much beyond that of the Chassepôt rifle. It is a sort of portable box like a coffee-mill which takes in a crowd of ball cartridges, and, being wound with a handle, explodes a series of barrels in rapid succession, forty or fifty to the minute—grinding out murder, so to speak, as a barrel-organ man grinds out music, and sending a hurricane of bullets against the enemy. It is a terrible artifice. Perhaps he would tell us this means *peace*, like "the empire." And after all we may be inclined to believe how those inventions that make the work of war more sure and horrible, may probably tend to give men a disgust against such a way of settling controversies.

As we are likely to maintain a good-sized regular army for the future, it is right that improvements should be made in the management of it. Gen. GRANT has given orders for the making of gardens connected with all military stations—things that will furnish an agreeable employment for the men, and also a wholesome variety of vegetables for their diet. He has also ordered the formation of "Infantry Schools" at General Service Depots and Sub-depots, where all recruits may be instructed by non-commissioned officers in the common branches of education—the best answerers at the quarterly examination receiving, themselves, the grade of non-commissioned officers. These innovations resemble some of the regulations of the French military system, and will no doubt be as popular with the men as they will be both morally and physically beneficial to themselves and the service.

The offices of the United States Minister at Paris, and of the Consuls at other places in France have been recently visited by a number of persons who thought they could get naturalization papers for this country in that way. It is a new turn of things that makes those people of the Latin race think of coming among us. The late conscript laws of France have, no doubt, something to do with it, the people being under the impression that the Emperor has some terrible war business in view, and disposed to avoid their military obligations. Another cause would be the great French cable which will be laid, in 1869, from Brest to St. Pierre, Miquelon and New-York. A French immigration would be mainly toward Louisiana and the South, and also to Missouri and Indiana, where a great many French have become settlers. They would be largely engaged in the growing vine-culture of this country, by a natural and traditional turn of mind.

Old Switzerland has undertaken to lecture her Transatlantic young sister. She takes up her parable against our paper currency, and denounces our greenbacks by name, in a good grandmotherly spirit of affectionate warning. The Geneva Chamber of Commerce has transmitted to Congress an address signed by A. DE GASPARIN and about forty other citizens of the Republic, counseling our Government to diminish and do away with paper money, to pay all our debts in gold and silver, and found our hopes of progress and prosperity on the same conventional minerals. This advice is very good, and, no doubt, it would be all the better for us if we could adopt the frugal axioms and simple fiscal policy which served our elder sister from the days of GRUTLI and MORGARTEN. But it is a changed world—thrilled, shocked and stimulated by the electric chargings and dischargings of every day in the year—and every year equal to any cycle of the venerable Forest Cantons. We must live by paper, tempered by nickels, for some little time longer, probably; but we shall certainly pay our debts in heavier and more satisfactory metal.

The Vancouver *Register* has a communication from J. L. MACDONALD, of Steilacoom, in praise of the Alaska fisheries, which are, he says, far more favorably situated than those on the Atlantic side. The climate is much milder; there are no disturbing currents in the sea, no passing icebergs and great ships. The fishermen's outfit is easier, the abundance of California wool enabling the men to be more comfortably clad, while provisions of all sorts are in equal plenty. At the same time, the native Indians, with their canoes, kegs, kits and fish-tackle, cheapen the cost of labor, while for the curing of the cod, halibut, salmon and herrings, a sufficiency of the best salt in the world for the purpose can be had at the Solar Evaporation factories of San Francisco and other places. The men in Congress who hesitate over the payment of the seven millions should read over Mr. MACDONALD's report.

ADOLPH BRAUN, of Dornach, in the Department of Haute Rhin, has discovered an art of reproducing paintings in photographs. He has succeeded in making a great number of copies from a variety of pictures, transferring, so to speak, the colors of the originals. If this discovery is all that it is reported to be, the results may be among the most important ever produced in the department of the fine arts. We may expect to see copies of the finest canvases in the world brought into the public museums and galleries as easily and cheaply as books into our libraries. An invention of the sort would be a great help of that intellectual education which the people everywhere need so much.

The earthquakes are particularly busy this year—to say nothing of the volcanos—in the West Indies, New-Zealand, and Canada. There was a touch of earthquake the other night in Portsmouth and other towns of our near neighbor, New-Hampshire, and we should not be too greatly astonished if we were fated to have a fit of the same telluric ague in New-York. Some persons are of opinion that these subterranean disturbances may have something to do with the strange severity of this winter, which has gone on pelting us with snow-storms nearly up to the gate of Summer.

AMUSEMENTS.

Various Theatrical Notes of the City and the Country.

Strong efforts are being made by the owners of the old *Maison Dorée* property and that adjoining, to sell out to parties willing to erect a theatre on the spot. A couple of our leading managers have the proposition under consideration. The combined property is 70x200.

Mme. MARIETTA GAZZINIAGA was married in this City during the week to Signor ALBITES.

The new Minstrel Hall next to the Academy of Music, will probably be opened by DAN BRYANT and his Ethiopian Serenaders on the 18th of May.

A child of Mr. STODDART, the comedian, died last Monday night. Mr. STODDART, who was in the bill to play the *Mock Duke* at Wallack's that evening, could not act, and Mr. GILBERT took his part.

Miss FANNY MORANT is reported to be engaged as leading lady for Mr. BOOTH's new theatre.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK proposes to continue his Wednesday evening performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—while they continue profitable.

Mme. PAREPA-ROSA is to give a concert in New-Haven to-morrow night.

Mlle. JANAUSCHEK was hoarse, and could not play "Thusnelda" in Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. CHANFRAU, who has been acting in New-Haven, Hartford and Albany during the past week, commences a short engagement at the Newark Theatre to-morrow night.

Miss JENNIE HIGHT—one of the beautiful wild Western stars—is playing *Laura Cortlandt* in "Under the Gaslight," through the State of Illinois.

Mme. SCHELLER has gone to Salt Lake City to produce "Under the Gaslight."

The Richings Opera Troupe begin a series of performances on the 20th inst., in "Martha."

Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL has invested her profits of the past season in a "brown-stone" residence in Fifty-fourth-street, near her present home. She is playing in Chicago now.

EDWIN ADAMS is announced to appear in Pittsburg on Monday evening.

Mr. J. B. ROBERTS is to resign the stage management of the Walnut-street Theatre, next season, and intends to lead a dramatic company on a provincial tour. Mr. W. A. CHAPMAN will have Mr. ROBERTS' place at the Walnut.

HARVEY B. DODWORTH and his "band" give a concert in Albany on the 20th. Since the theatre was burned in Albany Tweddle Hall is used by politicians, minstrels, magicians, variety showmen and showwomen, opera companies and theatrical parties. The Richings Troupe and CHANFRAU occupied it during the past week.

The "Black Crook" goes to the Troy Opera House next week.

The "White Fawn" is in its tenth week in Boston, but is falling off in favor.

Mr. COLLINS, the Irish comedian, has arrived in San Francisco from Australia.

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON, the first *actress* who ever played *Mazeppa*, is spending the rag-end of an eventful life acting in Oregon City.

DE POL's Ballet Troupe, with MORLACCHI and BLASINI, have produced "Biche au Bois" (the "White Fawn") in Cincinnati.

EDWIN FORREST, according to a Boston item-izer, has been forty-nine years on the stage.

The beautiful MENKEN lost one of her husbands last week. He was divorced by a Cincinnati court, after an eight years' suit.

Mr. and Mrs. HARRY WATKINS are acting at De Bar's St. Louis.

"Under the Gaslight" will be played at two theatres in St. Louis next week.

An oriental gentleman named "Abdul Mohadi," is giving a lecture called "Islam is Falling," in the northern counties of this State.

A Mr. L. GITSKEY, of Toledo, Ohio, advertises in a local paper for bids for excavating the lot on St. Clair-street, between Adams and Jefferson, on which an opera-house is to be erected.

Mr. SELWYN intends to produce next week, at his new theatre in Boston, the prophetic drama entitled, "The Spirit of '76; or, The Coming Woman."

The theatre in Little Rock, Ark., has been opened by a strolling company, for the first time in a year.

LUCILLE WESTERN is at the Holliday-st. Theatre, Balimore.

Mrs. LANDER played *Elizabeth* and *Medea*, in Syracuse, last night.

Mr. W. L. FORBES, an old New-York actor, died in Brooklyn last week. He principally acted at the Old Bowery Theatre, and at the Chatham.

Mlle. JANAUSCHEK is to play in Hartford on Monday, for that night only.

The Chicago papers don't think much of the musical audiences of their city. One of the editors says, half the people "don't know a symphony from a sardine."

JOHN BROUGHAM goes from his Brooklyn engagement to Philadelphia.

The only theatre open in New-Orleans at present is the Academy of Music, (or Varieties,) at which Mr. A. H. DAVENPORT is stage manager. A new drama called "The Three Eras" was the most recent novelty at this place. It was written by JOHN E. DURIVAGE. The three eras illustrated are 1860, 1868, 1876.

Mr

BETTY ROBINSON'S personation of *Mrs. Torrens* and Miss DIBDLEE'S *Emma* were really clever.

Miss E. V. PROUDFOOT announces an entertainment of song and recitation for Tuesday, at Dodworth Hall. Scenes from "Macbeth" and the "Love Chase" will be given. Miss JENNIE PROUDFOOT will make her *début* on this occasion.

Mrs. KEMBLE will succeed Mr. DICKENS at Steinway Hall, in a series of readings, the first of which she will give on Tuesday, April 21. Of this course there will be two evening readings and two *matinées*. The plays to be read are "King Henry V.," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Romeo and Juliet." The sale of reserved seats for this series will begin on Thursday morning next, April 16, at Steinway Hall.

The prosperity of the Ethiopian Minstrelsy business in this City is quite a thing by itself. Ever since E. P. CHRISTY established the first permanent troupe in the little hall which was destroyed by fire last week at No. 472 Broadway—where CHRISTY made his fortune, and where DAN BRYANT and his brothers made theirs—the success of good companies giving this familiar but amusing class of entertainment has been assured. The two shining examples of prosperity now running a prosperous career in New-York, all the year round, are the Kelly & Leon, and the San Francisco Minstrel Troupes. From a statement recently made, we learn that the latter have given nearly 900 performances in the little hall opposite Niblo's Garden. This theatre was looked upon as a fatal property until that lively band leased it. The San Francisco Troupe opened there on the 8th of May, 1865, and following that evening gave 366 uninterrupted entertainments. Their receipts for the year 1867 were very nearly $100,000—giving a tidy profit for so inexpensive a business. An evening of much enjoyment may be had by witnessing the grotesque antics that Mr. BILLY BIRCH, Mr. W. BERNARD and Mr. BACKUS, the *farceurs* of this company, indulge in; and Mr. WAMBOLD'S singing is really quite excellent.

Notes of the Drama in Foreign Parts.

DORE has made a portrait of PATTI—which is not liked.

One of the London papers states that Miss LAURA KEENE is to have a theatre fitted up for her there.

The Lord Chamberlain won't consent to the production of any dramatization of "Oliver Twist" in London.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "the Lord Chamberlain, who appears to be powerless to restrain the indecencies of the ballet, is evidently determined to show that he has authority over the literary moralities of the stage. He has interdicted the production at the Queen's Theatre of a version of "Oliver Twist" which has just been prepared by Mr. OXENFORD for Mr. J. L. TOOLE. Another version of the story has frequently been played by the same actor in the provinces."

On the occasion of the bi-secular anniversary of the birth of the musical composer BACH, the population of Eisenach lately affixed a tablet to the front of the house in which he first saw the light, with this inscription: "JOHANN SEBASTIEN BACH was born here the 21st of March, 1685."

Mlle. PATTI has appeared as *Joan of Arc* in VERDI'S opera at the Italiens. A great audience came to see the *Diva* in steel armor. The correspondent of the London *Herald* says: "A bouquet, composed of two hundred white roses and as many sprays of white lilac, was flung at her feet by the Marquis de C——, while another of equally formidable proportions fell from a stage box in her honor. NICOLINI endeavored to raise these floral trophies; with some effort he succeeded, but their weight and enormous dimensions utterly baffled all attempts on the part of *La Diva* to hold them even for a passing moment." The shower of "mere 50 franc" bouquets is said to have been terrific.

There is talk of establishing an insect menagerie at a place called Montsouri. The insects are to be put in cages and kept alive, just like other and more noble specimens of natural history. The gentleman who proposes this mentions 20,000 members of the insect family who could be decently fed and submitted to the public gaze.

The new theatre in London, spoken of for Mr. EDMUND YATES and Mr. BOUCICAULT, is to cost about £35,000.

All actors and actresses of superior position in France receive, in addition to their salaries, an allowance which is called *des feux* (fire money.) The origin of this practice dates back, as explained by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, to the time of MOLIERE, who, when he established at Paris his company bearing the name of the Illustre Theatre, undertook to pay a fixed sum to each member, taking to himself only the net profits, if any. The adventure was hazardous, yet succeeded pretty well during the Summer; but when the cold weather arrived the comedians represented to their director that the dressing-rooms were dreadfully cold, and he thereupon granted to each two francs daily to buy firewood. Hence the word *feux*. This custom lasted until 1830; and even the famous Mlle. MARS received the additional two francs. Need we say that this fire money has been in the present day transformed and increased, and has sometimes amounted to a considerable sum.

Writing of the prospects of new theatres for London, a correspondent of the London *Express* remarks that—

"The appetite for new theatres seems not to be satisfied by the erection of the New Queen's at Longacre, and there is every probability of Leicester-square and its immediate neighborhood being turned before long into a theatrical market-place. The centre of the square, which has been wrested by law proceedings from the improving grasp of the Metropolitan Board of Works, may or may not be devoted to an opera house or a theatre, but in the meantime it is held to be in somewhat the same legal position as any one of the commons round London—that is, it may be built upon at any moment that the lord of the manor and the copyholders can agree upon the matter. It the centre, however, is safe for a time at least, as an open space—(it is too small for an opera house, though large enough for a second-rate theatre,) the borders, if we are to credit general rumor, are more likely to be immediately appropriated for theatrical purposes. Negotiations have been for some time in progress for the purchase of the old and now deserted Sablonniere Hotel, which stands at the south-east corner of the square, and was once the residence of the great painter, HOGARTH. The intending purchasers are a popular drama list, a popular novelist, and their friends, and the intending purchasers is to convert it at once into a theatre. The position at present is not everything that could be wished, but the prospects are encouraging. If the new street from St. Martin's Church to Oxford-street should be constructed in the line intended by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Sablonniere will then be left in an advantageous corner position. Simultaneously with these negotiations, others are in progress for the purchase of the site of Savile-house, the object being to construct a first-class playhouse on that spot. Shortly after the fire in the Spring of 1865, which destroyed that building, the various holders of the property demanded something like £48,000 for the freehold—a price that frightened several theatrical proprietors of that period. The terms now may be lighter, but in any case it is confidently stated that a very well known *impresario* and the chairman of a great ball company have almost completed the purchase. A site in Tichborne-street is also spoken of as an 'eligible' and probable place for another theatre, and it has been carefully surveyed several times for this purpose during the last four years."

The Sons of their Works, a clever little work which has been just issued, traces the origin of the great men of art, literature and politics of the day to very humble sources; and, according to the *brochure*, AUBER was the son of a picture-dealer; ROSSINI of itinerant singers; VERDI of an innkeeper and HALEVY of a grocer.

An electric organ is being built by BRYCESON BROTHERS & Co. for Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected at a distance behind the scenery, as usual, but the organist will for the first time take his place near the conductor, and in the orchestra. An electric cable of insulated wires will pass beneath the stage, connecting the keys with the instrument.

A play called "Glenarvon," which had tremendous success some thirty years ago, has been revived at the Theatre Porte St. Martin. As its name indicates, the scene is laid in Scotland, and Scots and English figure in it. One of its personages is *Charles II.*, and he is represented as a sanguinary monster. A scene between him and one *Campbell*, who figures as his Minister, may be taken as a specimen of the very extraordinary notions French dramatists have of the power of English Kings, and of the manner in which British subjects consent to be treated. "*Campbell*," says His Majesty, "I am in love with your daughter, and must have her!" "Never, Sire!" "A-a-a-h!" cries, or rather howls, the King, and he stamps his foot and rolls his eyes. Then he exclaims, "I will strip you of your orders! When will you send back the Garter and Thistle?" "Instantly, Sire!" and *Campbell* reverently takes off the ornaments he wears. "And your portfolio—when shall I have that?" "In an hour." "And your head?—for it must come off! A-a-a-h!" "You can take it when you will." "Then I will have it to-morrow! Good morning!"

TELEGRAMS.

The Prince of Wales Invested with the Order of St. Patrick.

Admiral Farragut and the Squadron En Route to Lisbon.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick.

DUBLIN, Saturday, April 18.

The installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick took place today. The procession, which moved from Dublin Castle, the vice-regal residence, to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the ceremony was performed, passed over a route ten miles in length, completely lined with troops. The weather was fine, and the populace of Dublin and vicinity turned out in vast numbers, filling the streets through which the procession marched.

The Cathedral was crammed with people, and the scene at the investiture of the Prince with the dignity and insignia of the Order was grand and imposing. At the dinner, which is to be given this evening, in honor of the occasion, only the nobility will be present.

The Case of Guion & Co.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday, April 18.

The suit against GUION & Co., at Liverpool, for damages by the explosion of nitro-glycerine on board the steamer *European*, at Aspinwall, in April, 1866, has been withdrawn.

Dearth of Political News—The Weather.

LONDON, Saturday, April 18—3 P. M.

The political news to-day is meagre and unimportant.

The weather is very beautiful, and favorable for the growing crops.

ITALY.

Movements of Farragut.

LONDON, Saturday, April 18.

A dispatch from Malta says that Admiral FARRAGUT, with the United States Squadron, has left Valetta for Lisbon.

THE MURDER OF D'ARCY McGEE.

Examination of the Alleged Murderer—Reporters Excluded—Attempt of Whalen to Break Jail.

OTTAWA, Saturday, April 18.

The investigation in the assassination case was resumed this morning. The counsel for the Crown, acting under instructions received from Government, have excluded every person not interested in the case from the Court, including all members of the Press.

It was discovered this morning that a piece of iron, used as a support for some pipes which pass through the prisoner WHALEN'S cell, had been taken off. The prisoner was at once searched, when a piece of iron nine inches long was found concealed under his arm, and between his two shirts. This circumstance does not tend to lessen the suspicion against him.

The detectives admit that since yesterday most important evidence against WHALEN has been obtained.

A large numberof parties have suddenly left Ottawa, anticipating evidence implicating them in McGEE'S assassination in possession of the authorities.

OTTAWA, Saturday, April 18—Evening.

WHALEN has been committed for trial at the Assize Court on the charge of murdering THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

MONTREAL, Saturday, April 18.

The ice has been moving away from below Sorel to-day, and navigation to Quebec will probably be unobstructed in a few days.

LA PIERRE, charged with the murder of ALCONTRE COSUR, has been acquitted, after four days' trial. The Judge testified that he believed the prisoner to be insane.

Indian Outrages and Friendships—Big Herds of Buffaloes at Hayes City.

ST. LOUIS, Saturday, April 18.

A post return was received yesterday at Gen. SHERMAN'S headquarters from Fort Fetterman, Dakotah Territory, which contained the following news intelligence:

The mail from Fort Reno was attacked by Indians March 10, at Dry Forks, Powder River, No loss.

A detachment from the sawmill, while loading logs, was attacked by Indians, and private THOMAS ROURKE, of the Eighteenth Infantry, killed.

The Horseshoe and Twin-Spring ranches were burned by Indians March 20, and three citizens killed.

A dispatch from Hayes City, Kansas, dated 17th inst., says that MEDICINE WOLF, a noted Chief of the Cheyennes, came in there with forty men. They express friendship for the whites, and say that the Cheyenne tribe will not go to war this Summer. They were fed by the citizens at the fort. They are in full war paint, and say they are after the Pawnees.

Immense herds of buffaloes are all around Hayes City, passing north.

Adjournment of the Virginia Convention.

RICHMOND, Saturday, April 18.

The Convention adjourned at midnight, subject to the call of the Committee. Only the President and Secretary signed the Constitution. A resolution had been adopted dispensing with the signing by the members. It is understood the Conservatives would have refused to sign it. Among the Republicans voting against the final adoption was one negro.

After the adjournment speeches were made, and Mr. PORTER, a leading Republican, predicted the adoption of the Constitution by a large majority. Messrs. SNEAD and ALLEN, also leading Republicans, predicted its defeat, and said it would be deserved. Mr. SNEAD opposed it, mainly on the ground of its alleged fraudulent character on homestead exemption, and Mr. ALLEN because it placed white men under the negro.

Gen. SCHOFIELD to-day suspended J. S. CALVERT, the State Treasurer, on charges preferred by the Governor, and appointed GEORGE RYE (Secretary of the Convention,) Treasurer *ad interim*.

JOHN H. PENDLETON, Superintendent of the State Prison, has been removed, and BURNHAM WIRDWELL appointed in his place.

T. W. SAVAGE, as Mayor, and a new set of officers were to-day appointed for Charlottesville.

The Conservative members of the Convention have issued an address to the people of the State. It is a *resumé* of the arguments used on that side during the late session.

Murder of a Policeman by Burglars in Troy.

TROY, N. Y., Saturday, April 18.

A policeman named DAVID CRANDALL was shot and killed at about 1 o'clock this morning, while on duty at Albia, a suburb of this city. Apparently three shots were fired; one lodged in the side of a house near by, and another just grazed his nose, breaking the skin, and the third entered his forehead, probably causing instant death. Subsequent discoveries go to show that an attempt was made during the night to break open a safe in the store of the Troy Woolen Company in this city. The supposition is that Officer CRANDALL, hearing the noise occasioned by the burglars in their operations, and being unarmed, started for help, and was shot by an accomplice, who was on the outside watch. Mr. CRANDALL was a brave, faithful and efficient officer. A general feeling of regret is entertained by our citizens. Several arrests have been made, but no positive clue has been obtained, to fasten the act upon the dastardly perpetrator.

Politics in North Carolina—An Exciting Campaign.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Saturday, April 18.

The campaign is closing amid unparalleled excitement, both parties making desperate efforts for success. Business will be almost suspended during election, which commences next Tuesday. In the cities and large towns the negroes will vote the Radical ticket almost *en masse*, while in the country districts a considerable number will remain away from the polls. The vote will exceed that on the Convention question by at least 75,000. The total registered vote is now 200,000. The Radicals say the ratification of the Constitution will bring peace and prosperity to the State, but the Conservatives, consisting of four-fifths of the white men of the State, demand its rejection. Mr. HOLDEN will probably run considerably behind the vote for the Constitution. The feeling between the white and black races throughout the State is more bitter than at any previous period.

The Election in Louisiana—Charges of Fraud.

NEW-ORLEANS, Saturday, April 18.

Orders have been issued to commence counting the vote immediately after the closing of the polls in the presence of two representatives of each organized party, the counting to continue without intermission until complete. The result will probably be known to-morrow. The Democrats are confident that they have carried the Parish of Orleans, and estimate the majority at 4,000.

A dispatch received from a town of Louisiana, signed by Col. EDGAR TREDALE, Internal Revenue Collector, Capt. GEORGE C. NORCROSS, U. S. A., and others signing themselves loyal citizens of Louisiana, declares that the election as conducted in that town is unfair, illegal and unjust.

A Negro Stabbed by an Editor—The Assailant Committed to Prison.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Saturday, April 18.

Mr. R. RANDOLPH, editor of the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, recently had a difficulty with a negro in Tuscaloosa County, in which he cut the negro with a knife. Mr. RANDOLPH, learning that his arrest had been ordered by the military, came at once to Montgomery, reaching here last night, when he immediately reported to Gen. SHEPHERD. He was told to report this morning at 10 o'clock, which he did. Gen. SHEPHERD then informed him that he must be committed to the military prison, without the benefit of bail. Gen. SHEPHERD further remarked that in all cases of military arrests the parties would be committed to the military prison, there to remain until discharged by a Military Commission. Mr. RANDOLPH was promised a speedy investigation by Military Commission.

A Ship Struck by Lightning and Burned at Mobile.

MOBILE, Saturday, April 18.

The ship *Albert Gallatin* was struck by lightning and burned in the lower bay yesterday morning. She had on board 3,100 bales of cotton, which were destroyed. The loss is nearly half a million dollars. The cargo was principally insured in Liverpool. After all hopes of saving the vessel had been abandoned she was scuttled, and the hull sank in three fathoms of water.

MOBILE, Saturday, April 18.

The British bark *Tolia* was burned in the bay today, with 1,094 bales of cotton on board.

Burning of the Steamer St. Patrick near Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Saturday, April 18.

The steamer *St. Patrick*, lying on the Arkansas shore, opposite here, was burned this morning to the water's edge. Her machinery was saved in a damaged condition. The fire was doubtless the work of an incendiary. The boat was owned by MICHAEL PYNE, of this city, and was valued at $35,000. She was insured at Howe's agency, in St. Louis, for $22,000.

A Fire in Chicago—Loss $20,000.

CHICAGO, Saturday, April 18.

The building on Michigan street, known as North Market Hall, was destroyed by fire this morning. Keaman & Portman occupied the upper floor as a billiard manufactory. Their loss is about $15,000. Insured. The building was owned by the city. Loss $5,000; partly insured.

The Louisiana Election.

NEW-ORLEANS, Saturday, April 18.

The election is passing off quietly. But few trifling disturbances have occurred. The white vote is considerably ahead. The votes were not counted last night, and the ballot-boxes were locked up in a cell in a station-house in charge of the Deputy Sheriff. It is probable no returns will be given until the full vote is officially announced.

Suicide of a Lunatic at Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, Mass., Saturday, April 18.

WM. AIKEN, of Newton, a patient at the Lunatic Asylum in this city, while walking out with his attendant this morning, broke away from him, and threw himself under a passing freight train, and was instantly killed.

Steamboat Disasters on Western Rivers.

ST. LOUIS, Saturday, April 18.

The steamer *Gen. Palmer* was nearly destroyed by fire last night. The loss is estimated at $15,000. Insured for $10,000 in the Firemen's and Boatmen's National Office, Cincinnati.

The steamer *Gallatin* sunk on Thursday, above Omaha. She is a total loss, but the amount is not reported.

The Mississippi Convention.

JACKSON, Saturday, April 18.

In the Convention to-day the reports of the Committees on Schedules and on General Provisions were under consideration.

Capt. TOWNSEND was expelled from the Convention to-day, for his recent assault upon the President.

Railroad Bridge Burned.

RUTLAND, Vt., Saturday, April 18.

The Burgess Bridge, across the Walloonesac River, on the Troy and Burlington Railroad, was entirely destroyed by fire this afternoon, thus temporarily breaking the connection recently made between the Troy and Boston, and the Bennington and Rutland Railroads.

Fire at Belleville, Canada.

BELLEVILLE, Ontario, Saturday, April 18.

A fire on Front-street this morning destroyed eight small stores. Loss $30,000.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Late and Reliable Intelligence from the Seat of War—The Brazilian Iron-clads Reach Asuncion—Reverses of the Paraguayans.

The American public has been much confused by various telegrams from South America concerning the war on the River Plate. We have Rio dates to the 10th ult. We now have official information that on the 19th of February six Brazilian iron-clads (monitors) forced the passage of the River Paraguay, in spite of Humaita and its 200 guns *en barbette*. The Paraguayans had all the modern appliances of electric lights, &c., and it is computed that out of 3,000 balls fired 700 hit the iron-clads.

Brazilian papers give as unofficial (but which they esteem credible) news that three of the iron-clads had gone up as far as Asuncion, where the Italian, American and French flags were flying from the various embassies. BERRES, the Paraguayan Minister of Foreign Affairs, hoisted a white flag, and said that Asuncion was militarily abandoned. The Brazilian land forces had also gained advantages. The war is, however, by no means at an end.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An inquest was held yesterday by Coroner ROLLINS, at No. 644 East Thirteenth-street, over the remains of GEO. THOMPSON, aged 13, who was induced, on Tuesday, to ride on a cart by a man in the employ of ANDREW LESTRANGE, who was partially intoxicated. The boy fell off in Fourteenth-street, near Avenue B, and was run over by the cart, sustaining such injuries that death ensued yesterday. A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

THE ERIE SLAUGHTER.

The Condition of the Injured at Port Jervis—Experience of Col. Bringhurst, of Indiana—The Robbery of the Victims—Tampering with the Telegraph by a Railway Official.

Special Correspondence of the New-York Times.

PORT JERVIS, Saturday, April 18, 1868.

There is no new casualty to report since my last dispatch, which is saying much, bearing in mind the confessed condition of the road, and the fact that three accidents occurred within the forty-eight hours preceding. The new time regulation promulgated yesterday will probably insure comparative safety to man and beast. Twenty-five miles per hour is considered by the experts as safe time over even rotten rails. The wounded, with three or four exceptions, are progressing favorably. There is but little hope, however, that many of them can bear removal for many days. It is somewhat remarkable how few have had limbs broken; indeed, it is difficult to realize, remembering the scene of the fatality, the possibility of being hurled down that precipice and escaping with a single bone unshattered. The wounds are chiefly cuts and abrasions, the most serious injuries, however, being those caused by the concussion of the internal organs. This is accounted for by the fact that so many at the time (3 A. M.) were sleeping either in their berths or on the seats, thus going down laterally with the cars.

Now that the excitement has somewhat moderated, accounts of the disaster and experiences of participators in it, of the most reliable character, are obtainable. Last evening I had an interesting interview with Col. BRINGHURST, proprietor of the *Editors' & Proprietors' Journal*, Logansport, Ind., who I am happy to say was sufficiently improved to be able to start for Philadelphia this morning. Mr. BRINGHURST, who is a herculean-looking fellow, a very model of manly strength, was Colonel of the Forty-sixth Indiana Regiment, and was for four years in the thick of the fight. His story, at the risk of giving one too many of these horrible narratives, is so interesting that I cannot refrain from telling it.

STORY OF COL. BRINGHURST.

Having a, perhaps, morbid dislike to sleeping cars, Mr. BRINGHURST had occupied a seat with his little girl in the seventh car—last but two. MARY, a pretty child, eight years old, was seated in his lap, her head leaning against his shoulder. His seat was on the north side of the car, and in about the middle of it. He had slept on and off during the night, and with the others was conscious during his waking minutes that the train was going with great speed. Mr. BRINGHURST uses expressive phrases now and then. He said, "She was going like old Harry." The first indication that there was something wrong was the thumping of the car ahead of him on the sleepers, then that of his own. He leaped to his feet, sat the little girl down on it; her head toward the aisle, and made for the bell-rope. A fellow-passenger, a young man, had already seized it, it came away in his hand; it was broken further ahead. The car now began to tilt, and he to realize what was about to happen. The people began to rise. He made toward his child, but before he reached her the car turned over, and with the first concussion he lost consciousness.

When he recovered his senses, or rather partially recovered them, he found himself seated on the ruins of the car. He had at this time no consciousness whatever of what had happened, felt no pain, remembered nothing about his little girl. But he did feel rather uncomfortably seated, got up and moved back a few paces and sat down again upon some timber (probably one of the uprooted telegraph poles,) with his face toward the ruin. As the flames rose up from the burning car before him, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying and the shouts of others rose with them, he fancied he was in a theatre—among the spectators of a new sensation. He remembers clearly his feeling of annoyance at the scene. He thought they were carrying the spectacular drama too far; he thought it was too real. The continued shrieking of the people and the loud voices of men close by, gradually brought to him the impression that something was the matter, but what he could not make out. How long he sat in this condition of semi-sanity he does not remember—perhaps only a minute, possibly twenty or thirty. At last he began to surmise that things were not just as they should be, and hailed a man he saw passing: "Hallo! where am I?" "Well, you're pretty near Port Jervis, I guess," was the reply. "Don't think it," said Mr. BRINGHURST, "what in the world would bring me that road?" "Don't you want to go up above," said the man with the lantern; "I guess you'd better; you're shook up a bit; look at yourself." He did so; his clothes were in rags; there was blood upon his hands and face. He thought he had better go. They brought a stretcher, put him on it, and carried him up the embankment to the cars. He had not once thought of little MARY all this time. After he had been laid upon a seat, and before his recollection had sufficiently returned, so that he could recognize that he was alone, somebody came to him and said: "Don't be uneasy, friend, your little girl's all right." "That's good," said Mr. BRINGHURST, "bring her along." So MARY was brought uninjured, save by a slight scalp wound? But what was MARY'S story? Stranger than her father's. MARY says that what she remembers is, that she woke up suddenly, (she was asleep when her father sat her down) found herself on the bank, *and saw the cars rolling down before her.* She sat there until somebody took her away. How did she get out of the car all but unhurt? How did she reach her position up near the top of the embankment in time to see the cars rolling down? We have had a dozen theories about this—one of them is, that the child passed out through the window; in fact, was shot through by the sudden check of the car's momentum. Another is, that the car in which she was, was one of the ill-put-together ones before referred to, the sides of which flew open, and that she was left behind by the ruin in its downward flight. Either of these suppositions bring us as near to a solution of the matter, probably, as ever we shall get. These are the facts, bare and simple, as given me by one of the most impressive, clear-headed gentlemen I have met.

Mr. BRINGHURST and MARY have gone on to Philadelphia, whither they were bound in the first instance. The father had to be carried to the train this morning, but his pain is not great, and a fortnight's rest will probably find him all right again, and ready for another fight; his first he made in Mexico.

CONDITION OF THE SUFFERERS.

The physicians say that the sufferers make favorable progress with but very few exceptions. Among the greatest sufferers, mentally and bodily, is poor SNOW. It will be remembered that he, his wife and children, were before mentioned in the list of killed and wounded, Mrs. SNOW being killed and he and all the children being more or less injured. They were on their way from Ohio to California, where they proposed to settle. They were in the same car with Mr. BRINGHURST. Mr. SNOW'S case is a complicated one, his head only having escaped contusion. He is able to sit up in bed but breathes with difficulty, and is much affected by the loss of his wife. He was unable to see the body before burial, but the poor children, with one exception, visited their dead mother in the fearful morgue. The exception was the baby, a nursling now in the gentle hands of one of the many noble women of Port Jervis.

Miss STERLING, a young lady of Tennessee, Alleghany County, Penn., lies at the Delaware House. She has been insensible ever since the accident, yet there is no external evidence of injury save a slight scratch on her face. She puts her hand up to her head frequently and makes efforts to remove all applications thence.

Mr. DECKER'S case is another of the saddest. He was rescued much injured, and partially burned, from the last car. His wife was missing. He learned nothing of her until yesterday, when a relative who joined him from Elmira recognized some of the trinkets found with the charred remains of a body in the ruins as those of Mrs. DECKER. A key among them fitted a satchel which she carried and which was saved. Poor fellow, it is said his agony was great when he heard this last news. He loved her fondly and she him. May they complete their love-life in a better land.

THE ROBBERIES.

In one of my earlier dispatches I wrote of the robberies perpetrated upon the dead and wounded. It was pretty generally circulated, and indeed with remarkable assiduity, that this fiendish work was done by passengers of the cars which escaped the ruin. I never did believe this story. I now am satisfied that it is unworthy of belief, and was circulated, as many another story was, to remove the odium of this dastardly from the doors of those who did it. Where are the zealous detectives who, for the love of popularity alone, from time to time startle us with their skill? Is there not a field for them here? Where is PINKERTON?

Believe me, there is more money in strange pockets in this region than either the Coroner or the jury or the worthy Mayor wots of. Gold watches and diamond rings are not so plenty a crop in Pike County as broken rails, but they might be found by a cunning seeker. It won't do, gentlemen, employes of the Erie Railroad Company, to blame this robbery on your terrified passengers, who thought more of their God at the time than of the money on the bodies of their dead companions.

TAMPERING WITH TELEGRAMS.

It is difficult, without using language of questionable elegance, to find words expressive enough of my indignation on a matter which came to my knowledge this morning. Last night I went to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which is at the Erie Railroad depot, and used by this Company's employes, some of whom are determined to be peculiar in all things. I transmitted my message. The *Herald* correspondent followed with his dispatch. This morning I met this gentleman, who told me that he had just seen Mr. GUPPY, Deputy Superintendent of the line, and that he had reproved him for sending the message he did last night. My friend was naturally surprised, and gave free vent to his opinion of things. The deputy also commented on the character of my dispatch. This "young man by the name of GUPPY" recognized that, true to his name, he had put his foot in it. It is needless to say that Mr. GUPPY read or had read to him our dispatches after we had left the office. That he obtained the particulars which we presumed to be exclusively our employers until they chose to give them to the public is self-evident, and that he had no right whatever, being neither operator nor clerk, nor bootblack at the telegraph office to hear or see a line is equally as true. This little episode about the "young man by the name of GUPPY" is another illustration of how all things in Port Jervis, including inquests, are tooled by the Company.

EVIDENCE WANTED.

I learn that a reverend gentleman named H. S. LOYD is in possession of important testimony, which no doubt he will make public, whether it pleases directors or not. That testimony will go to prove my repeated statement that those who said that there were but eight passengers in the burned car said that which they knew to be untrue. It will tell something, too, about the rate of speed of the train. The list of missing I gave you last evening told its tale, but there is yet another one, if possible more confirmatory. Mr. LOYD, I understand, has the testimony of two passengers *who got the last two berths in that sleeping car!* If this testimony be reliable—and why not?—then there are sixteen dead who have left no record but the inky stains upon the rocks, whose sad stories have yet to reach us from the Flying who will seek them but find them not.

GEN. GRANT IN TOWN.—Gen. GRANT and his son were at the ASTOR House yesterday morning, and after taking breakfast went West.

Important Movements in the Retail Dry Goods Trade.

From the N. Y. Express.

STEWART'S mammoth establishment in Broadway, Ninth and Tenth streets, and Fourth-avenue, is nearly completed, and will be the largest place of the kind in the world. J. & C. JOHNSTON have enlarged their place of business on the corner of Ninth-street and Broadway, and it now covers nearly one half the block, occupying 78 feet on Broadway, with a depth of 163 feet. It will be opened on Monday, 20th inst. The two immense concerns do the largest share of the retail dry goods business of the City, and may be taken as examples of what enterprise and courage will do for the aspiring tradesmen. It is said that the increased growth of the two establishments has enhanced the value of real estate greatly in their neighborhood. If we may base our calculations upon the sales made to the ladies of the metropolis at these mammoth marts of all that is useful and beautiful in the shape of fabrics for personal adornment and protection, we may safely pronounce "hard times" at a great distance from our female population. True, the novelties offered, particularly by the Messrs. Johnston, in the shape of rich silks, satins, poplins, serges—in short, of a stock of new Spring and Summer goods that may be termed unequaled, are sufficiently tempting to bring money out of the shortest purses. No doubt when the attractive display is spread before the people next Monday, purchasers will be uncommonly numerous and correspondingly extensive. It is stated, by those who have a special eye for such wares, that so great a collection of choice goods, new to the market, was never before gotten together even in New-York warehouses. It comprises, along with the general stock of goods, everything the female heart can long for as to a first-class wardrobe. The Messrs. Johnston have succeeded, by their improvements, in making their store unprecedentedly light, airy and agreeable. Indeed, apart from its wares, it is remarkably cheerful and inviting. Just fancy the effect of 17 well "dressed" large windows in one store. But as all feminine New-York will be there on Monday, further description of the new establishment is unnecessary.

"A man down East has obtained a patent for Ladies' Paper Pantalets. We are looking to WARD, of Broadway, for Paper Shirts for gentlemen next. It may take well the ladies may try them."—*Evening Express.*

"Good deeds smell sweetly in this naughty world," says the poet. If it were not certain that PHALON'S new perfume, "FLOR DE MAYO," were floral, one might suppose it was distilled from good deeds. Sold by all druggists.—*Advt.*

A Card.

UNHEARD-OF PRICES FOR CLOTHING.

The goods damaged by

FIRE

on the 1st inst., at our store, Nos. 45 and 47 Chambers-st., having all been removed, the balance of our stock, comprising our most choice and seasonable goods, has been arranged in lots, and marked in figures, and will be offered to the Manufacturers, Jobbers and Retailers for ten days, after which we shall sell at retail to the entire public until the 1st of May.

KIRTLAND, BABCOCK & BRONSON.

—*Advertisement.*

Hazard & Caswell's
PURE AND SWEET
COD LIVER OIL,
"BEST IN THE WORLD."
Manufactured on the sea-shore by
CASWELL, HAZARD & CO.,
Under Fifth-av. Hotel. —*Advt.*

A Story of King David.
BY TENNY'S SON.

Many a story is told
About King David of old,
But now a new story I'd tell
Of a modern King David, known well
In the City of Gotham.

Says this David to himself one day,
(Reading what humbugs had to say
About their washing compounds vile,
With which they do housewives beguile,)
I'll try and stop this.

Try and stop this selling Fluids,
Try and stop this selling Crystals,
Try and stop this selling Powders,
Try and stop this selling Soaps,
Which rot the clothes.

Try to induce the confiding public,
The darling, too confiding public,
To buy a Soap that's really good,
(That's daily better understood,)
A Soap that will not injure clothing.
PRIZE SOAP that will injure nothing;
PRIZE SOAP far-famed,
PRIZE SOAP well named.

So to this task he bent his mind,
And he succeeded, as you will find,
And well he ought,
For forty years' experience taught
Him how to do it.)

And now PRIZE SOAP is being sold
By Grocers, both young and old;
The grateful public find it best—
And thus King David with the rest
A just reward is reaping.
TRY IT, YOU WILL LIKE IT.
GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.
SEWING-MACHINES,
No. 458 Broadway, New-York.

Hair Dye, Hair Dye, Hair Dye.—The genuine W. A. BATCHELOR'S Hair Dye is the best in the world—the only perfect dye—harmless, reliable, instantaneous, black or brown. Sold everywhere, and properly applied at BATCHELOR'S Wig Factory, 16 Bond, N. Y.

Iron Stable Fittings, Mangers, Hayracks, partitions, &c., wholesale and retail.
JANES, KIRTLAND & CO.,
Nos. 8 and 10 Reade-st., corner Centre.

A New Meerschaum store—Low prices.—POLLAK & SON removed their Broadway store to No. 635 Broadway, near Broome. Their store at No. 27 John-st., near Nassau-st., is retained. Every article warranted to color. Repairing. Boiling, &c.

Trusses, &c.—MARSH & CO.'S Radical Cure Truss Office, only at No. 2 Vesey-st. Also supporters, bandages, silks, elastic stockings, &c. A lady attendant.

Corns, Bunions, Enlarged Joints and all diseases of the feet cured by Dr. ZACHARIE, No. 189 Broadway.

James, Kirtland & Co.,
Nos. 10 and 12 Reade-st., corner of Centre.
FOUNTAINS AND VASES,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Iron Bedsteads of Superior Quality, for private residences; also, bedsteads for institutions.
JANES, KIRTLAND & CO.,
Nos. 8 and 10 Reade-st., corner Centre.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Author of "Medical Common Sense," may be consulted by letter by those who cannot visit his office. Address Box No. 788 New-York Post-office. Personal consultations from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. at his office, corner Lexington-av. and 28th-st.

An Extensive Stock of Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Infants' Hats—prices reduced—at GEAIN'S, No. 513 Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOW PRICES
FOR CHINA, GLASS AND SILVER-PLATED WARE.

DECORATED DINNER SETS	$75 00
DECORATED FRENCH CHINA TEA SETS	11 00
FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS, 132 useful pieces	38 00
PARIS GRANITE DINNER SETS, 143 useful pieces	38 00
WHITE GRANITE TOILET SETS, 11 pieces	3 75
SILVER-PLATED TEA SETS, 4 pieces	12 00
SILVER-PLATED TEA SETS, 6 pieces	20 00
SILVER-PLATED ICE WATER PITCHERS	5 00
SILVER-PLATED CASTORS, 6 bottles	7 00

Also
CHANDELIERS AND GAS FIXTURES, BRONZES, CLOCKS, GLASSWARE, &c., &c., in proportion.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
Nos. 488, 490 and 492 Broadway, corner of Broome-st.

IF YOU FEEL DEBILITATED AND "worn out," and want something to tone up the system, instead of using strmulants, take DR. H. ANDERS' IODINE WATER, a most powerful vitalizing agent and restorative. It permeates the entire system, and its effect is permanent.

CLOSING OF S. P. AVERY'S ART GALLERY.
The beautiful and well-known collection of drawings in water colors, &c., by over ONE HUNDRED ARTISTS of distinction, French, Belgian, and German, with the other admired works of taste from the great Paris Exposition; OBJECTS OF ART, in silver, bronze, glass, china, wood, iron, terra cotta, &c., &c., will all be SOLD AT AUCTION on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, April 21 and 22, by ROBERT SOMMERVILLE, at his Gallery, 851 5th-av. OPEN THIS DAY AND EVENING.

FURNITURE.
A splendid assortment, of new and elegant Designs. Also, plain furniture in great variety, at POPULAR PRICES!
MEEKS, No. 636 Broadway.

CLOSING OUT!
SALE OF S. P. AVERY'S COLLECTION OF WORKS OF ART.
250 water color drawings, and other objects of art.
DRAWINGS BY F. O. C. DARLEY, N. A., and 112 other celebrated French, German and Belgian artists, will positively be sold at auction on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, April 21 and 22, by Robert Sommerville, at his gallery, No. 851 5th-av.
Open day and evening until time of sale.

WRAPPING-PAPER FOR SALE.—OLD copies of the *New-York Times* can be had at the counter of the *New-York Times*. Price, 31 per hundred. Also, old exchange papers. Price, 50 cents per hundred.

GO TO MACFARLAND'S BOOK-STORE, Cor. of 23d-st. and Broadway, and get a box of beautiful French Note Paper. Five quires for $1, stamped.

BARTLETT MACHINE AND NEEDLE Depot, No. 503 Broadway. Needles for all machines.

NEW PUB

MONETARY AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—April 18, 1868.

$100,000 U.S. 6s, 5-20s, R. '62	104	50 Atlantic Mail	30
2,000 U. S. 6s, 5-20s, C.	111	6 Del. & Hud. Ca	189
10,000 U. S. 6s, 10-40s, R.	107⅛	100 Bos. Water P	19
50,000 U. S. 6s, 10-40s, C.	107⅛	200 Adams Ex	89¾
2,000 U. S. 6s, 5-20s, C. '65, New issue	107⅞	850 do	90
$7,500 do	107⅞	100 do	89¾
185,000 U. S. 5-20s, C. '67 New Issue	108	200 Wells-Farco Ex	29
$2,000 do	108	200 U. S. Ex. Co	61
350,000 U.S. 5s 10-40s R.	101⅝	200 Mer. U. Ex	32
45,000 U. S. 5s, 10-40, C.	102	100 do	32⅛
$5,000 do	102	2100 N. Y. Cen	114
1,000 U. S. 6s, '81, R.	112	200 do	114⅛
2,100 Tr. Notes, 7 3-10s 3d Ser. small	106⅛	200 do	114⅜
$9,000 do	106⅜	100 do	114⅝
5,000 do	106⅜	100 do	114⅞
10,000 do 3d Series	106⅜	2100 N. Y. Cen	115
25,000 do	106⅜	200 do	115⅛
5,000 Brook. 6s, W. L.	97⅛	200 do	115⅜
2,000 Ohio 6s, '70	106⅜	800 M. S. & N. I	88⅛
20,000 Tenn. St. 6s, x-c.	66	10 do	89
20,000 Tenn. 6s, new	66	900 Cleve. & Pitts	86
1,000 do	66⅛	10 Clev. Col. & Cin. R.	106⅞
1,000 Vir. St. 6's x-c	80	200 Chi. & N. W. Pf	71⅜
$2,000 Ga. St. 7s	89	600 do	71⅞
2,000 N. Car. State 6s, new	60	1200 do	72
2,000 Missouri 6s	86⅜	100 do	72⅛
20,000 do	87	200 do	72⅜
600 N. Y. Cen. 6s, '83	98	200 Clev. & Tol	102
4,000 do	97⅛	400 do	102⅜
2,000 Erie 6th M	90	100 Chic. & R. I. R	90
3,000 Alt. & T. H., Inc.	81	1300 do	90⅛
1,000 Chi. & N. W. 1st	86⅛	500 do	90⅜
4,000 Tol. & W. 2d M.	82	100 do	90⅝
27 Merchants' Bank	119	400 do	90⅞
25 Bank of Amer	142	500 do	b10 90⅝
200 Cum. Coal Pf	b60 33	100 Mil. & St. P	60⅝
100 do	32	200 Mil. & St. P Pf	73⅛
870 West. U. Tel	37⅛	100 do	73⅜
650 do	37	13 New-Jersey R	114⅝
200 do	37⅛	20 do	115
200 Quick. Min	28	500 P., Ft. W. & C	101⅝
1000 do	28⅜	570 do	101⅞
100 Pacific Mail	94	50 do	102
2000 do	94⅛	200 do	102⅛
200 do	94⅜	100 do	b15 102
300 do	94⅝	100 do	b10 102
100 do	s30 94⅞	230 Ohio & Miss. R	30⅞
100 do	s10 94⅞	400 do	31
20 do	94⅝		

OPEN BOARD—10 A. M.

100 Adams Ex	89½	800 Erie R	67⅛
200 Mariposa Prf	9½	300 do	c 67⅜
100 do	9⅝	500 do	c 67⅝
100 Mer. U. Ex	21¾	200 do	c 67¾
100 do	32	200 Reading R	c 87⅛
100 Quicksilver	b10 27¼	400 do	87⅜
100 do	27⅜	250 Mil. & St. P. Pf	73
200 do	27⅝	500 do	73⅛
300 do	b10 27⅞	400 Pitt. Ft. W. & C	102
200 do	28	200 do	b10 102⅛
300 Pac. Mail	93	830 Clev. & Tol	103⅜
100 do	s30 93	800 Ohio & Miss. R	31
100 do	c 93	600 do	b3 31
100 do	c 93¼	400 do	31⅛
200 do	93⅜	100 do	b10 31
300 do	93⅝	3.0 Mich. S. & N. I	87⅛
1100 do	93¾	100 do	87⅞
100 do	94	400 do	88
200 do	c 93⅞	600 Cleve. & Pitts	88
300 do	c 93¾	500 do	c 88⅛
800 do	93⅞	100 Chi. R. I. & P	93
300 do	b3 94	500 do	93⅜
200 N. Y. Cen	112¾	100 do	b10 93
400 do	112⅞	1100 do	93⅝
100 do	c 112⅝	200 do	c 93⅞
200 do	c 112½	200 Chi. & N. W	72
800 do	112⅜	1230 Chi. & N. W. Pf	72
1100 do	c 112¼	100 do	b10 72⅛
200 West. U. Tel	37	300 do	72⅜
100 Erie Pref	71	1200 do	b3 72

OPEN BOARD—1 P. M.

400 Adams Ex	90	830 N. Y. Cen R	113
100 Mer. U. Ex	32⅛	600 do	112⅝
200 do	32⅜	400 do	c 112⅞
100 do	32⅝	1250 do	113
100 do	32⅞	400 do	b3 112⅞
400 Quick. Min	27½	1800 Erie R	68⅛
1100 Pacific Mail	94	300 do	c 68⅜
200 do	94⅛	100 Mil. & St. P. Pf	72⅞
200 do	c 94⅜	200 do	73
200 do	b5 94	100 P., F. W. & C	c 101⅝
200 do	c 94⅞	200 Ohio & M. R	30⅝
200 do	c 94	200 Clev. & Pitts R	87⅛
100 do	94⅛	200 Clev. & Tol	102⅞
200 do	94½	430 Chic. R. I. & P	89⅛
200 W. U. Tel	b3 38⅛	100 do	b10 89⅜
200 do	38⅜	100 do	b10 89⅝
100 do	c 38⅝	200 do	89⅞
100 Hud. Riv. R	121⅛	400 Chic. & N. W. Pf	71⅝
200 Reading R	87⅛		

OPEN BOARD—3½ P. M.

10 Amer. Ex	60	200 Reading R	87⅛
40 do	60	800 do	87⅜
200 Adams Ex	60	200 do	87⅝
100 Quicksilver	27	200 Mil. & St. P.	60⅛
400 Wells-Fargo Ex	28⅛	300 do	60
100 do	28⅜	100 Mil. & St. P. Pf	72
200 Pacific Mail	94	100 Mich. So. & N. I	87⅛
100 do	b30 93⅛	400 Cl. & Tol	b10 102⅜
200 do	92⅝	100 C., R. I. & P	89⅛
100 do	92	100 do	89¼
100 West. U. Tel	b3 36⅞	400 Chi. & N. W	b10 62
100 N. Y. Cen	112⅝	300 Chi. & N. W. Pf	72⅛
300 do	112⅞	100 do	b3 72⅜
1000 do	b30 113	100 do	72½
200 O. & Miss. R	30⅛	100 do	s3 72⅝

SATURDAY, April 18, P. M.

There was a further decided improvement in the Money market this forenoon, and at the close of the day the Brokers were offered larger balances than they were able to employ at 7 ₰ cent. The prospect seems every way fair for smooth sailing next week between the Money lenders and the Brokers at this rate of interest. The sales of Gold were at 138⅛@138⅛@138⅛@138⅛ ₰ cent, the Gold Room closing about the same point 138⅛ as on Friday night. The Treasury Office received $2,555,000 during the week for Customs, but as the Office was a seller of Gold part of the time, the Bank average of Specie is rather higher than last week. The export of the week was large, $1,625,498, but nearly the whole of this was in Calafornia Gold and Silver bars—only three shipments of $100,000 each being in Gold Coin. The advance of Bills on London to 110 ₰ cent, however, induces the calculation, among some of the Bankers, that the shipment of Coin, in the shape of Double Eagles, will be gradually increased.

The Bank statement of the week will show an increase in Loans and Deposits of nearly two millions each, while owing to the sales of Gold for Currency by the Treasury Office and some temporary withdrawals early in the week for the use of one of the Savings Banks, the Greenbacks are $1,150,000 less than on the previous average.

On the Stock Exchange the public funds were steady in prices, and somewhat inclined to firmness in demand; but many of the dealers are disposed to await the further favorable or more positive turn in the money market before venturing upon speculative purchases for an advance.

The Railway market was feverish in quotations throughout the day, as may be illustrated by the fact that New-York Central sold as low as 111⅞ and as high as 114 ₰ cent., alternating, frequently, between 112⅛@113⅛ ₰ cent. Erie sold up to 68⅛ and a fraction below 67 ₰ cent. The changes in the Western Roads were not so violent. The ultimate quotations as compared with Friday night are noted below. On the Miscellaneous list, Pacific Mail sold up to 94⅛ ₰ cent. and back again to 90⅞ ₰ cent. Western Telegraph advanced on the previous sales. The Express Stocks were steady:

	Frid.	Sat.		Frid.	Sat.
U. S. 10-40s	101⅞	101⅞	Missouri	87	87
U. S. 5-20s, 1862	111	111⅛	Northwest	61	61
U. S. Con. 5-20s	108	108	N. West Pref	71½	72⅛
N. Y. Central	112⅝	113⅛	Rock Island	88⅛	89⅛
Erie	67⅛	68⅛	Fort Wayne	101	101
Hudson	123⅛	126	W. U. Telegraph	36⅛	36⅞
Reading	87⅜	87	M'chants' Union	31½	32¼
Mich. Southern	87½	87⅛	St. Paul Pref	71⅝	72
Ohio and Miss	30⅜	30⅝	St. Paul Com	60	61
Pittsburgh	86⅜	87	Pacific Mail	93	91⅞
Toledo	101½	102¼	American Gold	138⅛	138⅛
Penn 6s, new	66⅛	66⅛	Bills on London	110	110

The following bids were made for the various Public Funds of the United States:

6 ₰ cent. 1868	139½	5-20 coup., 1865, new is	107⅞
6 ₰ ct. reg., 1881	111⅝	5-20 coup. '67	108
6 ₰ cent. sm'l c'pn 1881	110	5 ₰ cent. reg. 1871	110½
6s0 & 1,000, 1881	112⅝	10-40 reg	101⅝
5-20 reg., 1862	104	10-40 500 & 1,000	101⅞
5-20 500 & 1,000, 1862	111	7 3-10 2d series	106¼
5-20 500 & 1,000, 1864	109⅛	7 3-10 3d series	106¼
5-20 500 & 1,000, 1865	109⅛		

And the following for the State Bonds:

N. Y. Canal 7s, 1870	101½	Illinois 6s, '79 aft. 1870	100
N. Y. reg. 8'y Loan	108	Illinois coupon 6s, 1877	100
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1872	101	Illinois coupon 6s, 1879	100
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1873	101	Illinois war loan	100
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1874	101½	Tennessee 6 ₰ c., 1868	70
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1875	101½	Tennessee 6 ₰ c. ex-c	66½
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1877	101½	Tennessee 6 ₰ c. n.bds	66
N. Y. Canal 6s, 1878	101½	Virginia 6s, ex-c	69¼
N.Y. Canal 6s, 1876	96	Virginia 6s, n. b	45
Ohio 6 ₰ c., 1870	100¼	Georgia 6s	73
Ohio 6 ₰ cent., 1875	100⅜	Georgia 7s, new bonds	69
Illinois C. bonds 1880	100	North Carolina 6s, x-c	50⅞
Illinois reg., 1880	100	North Car. 6s, n. b	50⅜
Ill. 6s, cou. '79 aft 1880	100	Missouri 6s	86⅛
Ill. 6s, cou. '79 aft. 1862	100	Mis. 6s, H. & St. Jo. is	86⅛
Illinois c. 6s, '79 aft. 1865	100	Connecticut 6s	100

And the following for the City Bank Stocks.

New-York	133	Bank of N. America	106½
Merchants'	119	Hanover	115
America	142	Irving	106
City	180	Market	117
Phenix	106	Nassau	107½
Tradesmen's	137	Shoe and Leather	115
Chemical	156	Corn Exchange	120
Seventh Ward	110	Continental	104
Commerce	118	St. Nicholas	106
Geo. B. Association	116	Commonwealth	109
Ocean	103	Imp't'rs. & Traders'	127
American Exchange	119½	Ninth National	105
Bank of the Repub	116		

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

N. Y. Cen. 6s, 1883	97	Gt. Western 2d M. '93	76
Erie 7s, 5th ind., 1888	96	Quin. & Tol. 1st M. '90	75
Buf., N. Y. & Erie, 1st '77	86	Ills. & So. Iowa 1st M	75
Hud. R. 7s, 2d M. & F	85	Gal. & Chi. Ex	100½
Mich. C. 8 ₰ c. '69-'72	106⅝	Chi & R. I. 1st M	100
M. C. new 1st M. '88, '82	111	Chicago & Rock Isl. 1st M	99⅝
Mich. Sp. 7 ₰ c. 2d M.	95	Morris & Essex 1st M	99⅝
		Morris & Essex 2d M	85⅜
		Pitts., Ft. W. & Ch. 2d M.	98
		Cleve. & P. 2d M. conv.	90
		Cleve. & P. 4th M	74
		Ohio & Miss. 1st M	92
		Mil. & St. Paul 1st M	89¾
		Mil. & St. Paul 2d M	83
		Ubic. & Mil. 1st M	85
		Chi. & Gt. E. 1st M	82
		N. Y. & N. H. 6s	94½

The last monthly circular from the Bureau of Statistics enables us to bring up our tables of the Foreign Commerce of the United States to the close of the seventh month of the current Fiscal Year:

FOREIGN MERCHANDISE MOVEMENT — SEVEN MONTHS.

Imported.	Paying duty.	Free of duty.	Total.
July	$31,986,990	$2,463,786	$34,390,776
August	31,905,788	2,595,507	34,501,295
September	29,098,714	2,673,127	31,771 841
October	27,864,093	2,652,820	30,516,913
November	23,920,917	1,792,029	25,712,946
December	19,022 530	2,161,636	21,184,166
January	20,216,311	1,795,636	22,011,947
Total seven months	$188,965,343	$16,124,541	$200,089,884
Less foreign gold and silver		$6,813,883	
Less dutiable goods reexport'd		7,652,666	
Less free goods reexported		498,729—	14 965,278
Leaving for United States markets			$185,124,606
In bond, June 30, 1867		45,070,180	
In bond, Jan. 31, 1868		39,763,991—	5,306,189
Total taken for home markets			$190,430,795

SPECIE MOVEMENT—JULY 1 TO JAN. 31.

Exported from New-York	$34,556,107	
Pacific and other Outports	14,272,521—	*$48,828,628
Less Foreign Specie Imported		6,813,883
Net outgo of Specie, seven months		$42,014,745

*Of which $5,534,765 Foreign Specie.

Domestic Produce Movement—Seven months.

July	$26,826,711	November	$35,826,435
August	21,927,897	December	32,190,820
September	20,155,724	January	32,131,498
October	28,419,989		
Total values, chiefly Currency			$198,979,074
Reduced to Gold, Atlantic ports, at 140			$134,985,000
Gold values from Pacific ports, estimated			10,000,000
Total Gold value			$144,985,000
Add net outgo of Specie, as above			42,014,745
Total Dom. Prod. and Specie outw'd			$186,999,745
Against Foreign Goods for home market			190,430,795
Apparent balance ag'st United States			$3,431,050

The following statement of the sales of Gold and purchases of United States 7-30 ₰ cents has been rendered to Washington by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New-York:

SALES OF GOLD FROM JAN. 1, 1868, TO APRIL 4, 1868.

Date.	By whom sold.	Amount.	Rate.
Feb. 20	Jay Cooke & Co	$200,0 0	140½
Feb. 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	140⅜
Feb. 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	140⅜
Feb. 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	141⅜
Feb. 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	150,000	141
Feb. 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	141⅛
Feb. 26	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	141⅝
Feb. 26	P. M. Meyers & Co	150,000	141⅝
Feb. 26	P. M. Meyers & Co	30,000	141¾
March 10	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	200,000	140⅜
March 11	P. M. Meyers & Co	100.000	139⅜
March 12	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100.000	140
March 14	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	139⅜
March 14	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	200,000	139⅜
March 14	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	50,000	139
March 16	P. M. Meyers & Co	65,000	139⅜
March 16	P. M. Meyers & Co	35,000	139⅜
March 16	P. M. Meyers & Co	40,000	139⅜
March 16	P. M. Meyers & Co	60,000	139⅜
March 16	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100,000	139⅛
March 18	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	139⅜
March 18	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	80,000	139⅛
March 19	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	120,000	138⅜
March 19	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	95,000	138⅜
March 19	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	105,000	138⅛
March 19	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100 000	138⅜
March 19	P. M. Meyers & Co	25,000	138⅜
March 19	P. M. Meyers & Co	75,000	138⅛
March 19	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	138⅜
March 20	Jay Cooke & Co	100,000	138⅜
March 20	P. M. Meyers & Co	200,000	138⅜
March 20	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	50,000	138⅜
March 20	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	150,000	138⅜
March 20	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100,000	138⅜
March 21	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	200,000	138⅜
March 21	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100 000	138
March 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	138⅛
March 21	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	138⅛
March 21	Jay Cooke & Co	50,000	139⅛
March 21	Jay Cooke & Co	50,000	139⅜
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100,000	139½
March 23	Jay Cooke & Co	100,000	138¾
March 24	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	138¾
March 24	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	138¾
March 24	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	175,000	138¾
March 24	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	25 000	138¾
March 24	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	138⅛
March 25	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100,000	138⅛
March 25	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	100,000	138⅛
March 25	McGinnis Bros. & Smith	50,000	138⅛
March 25	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	40,000	138⅛
March 26	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	400,0 0	139⅞
March 26	P. M. Meyers & Co	300,000	138⅝
March 27	Jay Cooke & Co	200,000	138¾
March 27	McGinnis Bros. & Smith,	190,000	138¾
March 27	McGinnis Bros. & Smith,	10,000	138⅞
March 27	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	50,000	138⅞
March 27	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	150,000	138⅞
March 27	P. M. Meyers & Co	100,000	138⅞
March 27	P. M. Meyers & Co	300,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	300,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100,000	138⅞
March 28	Jay Cooke & Co	100,000	138⅞
March 28	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100,000	138⅞
March 28	Jay Cooke & Co	100,000	138⅞
March 28	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	138⅞
March 28	McGinnis Bros. & Smith.	100,000	138⅞
March 28	Jay Cooke & Co	100,000	138⅞
March 28	P. M. Meyers & Co	50,000	138⅞
March 28	Fisk & Hatch	1,000,000	138⅞
March 28	Jay Cooke & Co	200,000	138⅞
March 28	Vermilye & Co	300,000	138⅞
March 28	First National Bank	200,000	138⅞
March 28	Rodman, Fisk & Co	30,000	138⅞
March 28	Central National Bank	100,000	138⅞
March 24	Frank & Gantz	300,000	138⅞
March 24	First National Bank	98,600	138⅞
March 24	Hatch, Foote & Co	200,000	138⅞
March 24	Smith, Randolph & Co	50,000	138⅞
March 24	Fisk & Hatch	350,000	138⅞
March 24	H. A. Heiser's Sons	17,500	138⅞
March 25	H. A. Heiser's Sons	350,000	138⅞
March 25	Fisk & Hatch	300,000	138⅞
March 25	Vermilye & Co	500,000	138⅞
March 26	Smith, Randolph & Co	100 000	138⅞
March 26	First National Bank	50,000	138⅞
March 26	Rodman, Fisk & Co	26,600	138⅞
March 26	Fisk & Hatch	300,000	138⅞
March 31	Rodman, Fisk & Co	50,000	138⅞
March 31	H. A. Heiser's Sons	300,000	138⅞
March 31	Hatch, Foote & Co	250,000	138⅞
March 31	H. Clews & Co	12,100	138⅞
March 31	Lounsbury & Fanshaw	50,000	138⅞
March 31	Vermilye & Co	300,000	138⅞
March 31	Jay Cooke & Co	300,000	138⅞
April 1	Smith, Randolph & Co	100,000	138⅞
April 1	First National Bank of Brooklyn	50,000	138⅞
April 1	Mechanics Bank	50,000	138⅞
April 1	Dorr Russell	15,000	138⅞
April 1	H. A. Heiser's Sons	67,000	138⅞
April 1	Vermilye & Co	250,000	138⅞
April 1	Fisk & Hatch	300,000	138⅞
April 2	Jay Cooke & Co	300,000	138⅞
April 2	Torrey, Gidding & Torrey	40,000	138⅞
April 2	Smith, Randolph & Co	50,000	138⅞
April 2	Central National Bank	25,000	138⅞
April 2	Frank & Gantz	100,000	138⅞
April 2	Drexel, Winthrop & Co	50,000	138⅞
April 2	Fisk & Hatch	200,000	138⅞
April 2	Hatch, Foote & Co	200,000	138⅞
April 2	Phœnix Bank	100,000	138⅞
April 2	Rodman, Fisk & Co	175,000	138⅞
April 2	Ocean Bank	100,000	138⅞
April 2	H. A. Heiser's Sons	300,000	138⅞
April 2	Tradesman's Bank	50,000	138⅞
April 2	P. M. Meyers & Co	55,000	138⅞
April 2	J. L. Brownell & Co	50,000	138⅞
April 2	Stone & Dowser	55,000	138⅞
April 3	Vermilye & Co	250,000	138⅞
April 3	Jay Cooke & Co	300,000	138⅞
April 3	Lockwood & Co	550,000	138⅞
April 3	Newton, Russell & Co	25,000	138⅞
April 3	Howes & Macey	5,000	138⅞
April 3	Fisk & Hatch	250,000	138⅞
April 3	Central National Bank	10,000	138⅞
April 3	Hatch, Foote & Co	25,000	138⅞
April 3	Baker & Kitchen	34,000	138⅞
April 3	Rodman, Fisk & Co	35,000	138⅞
April 4	Rodman, Fisk & Co	25,000	138⅞
April 4	Ninth National Bank	50,000	138⅞
Total		$27,058,100	

We are indebted to Messrs. GEO. I. JONES & Co., of Milwaukee, for a copy of the Tenth Annual Statement of the trade and commerce of that city for the year 1867, as reported to the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce by its Secretary, Mr. WM. J. LANGDON.

The aggregate amount of Imports (other than Dry Goods and Specie) at the port of New-York for the week ending April 17, 1868, was $3,399,049.

We learn from Liverpool, by cable, to-day from GUION & Co., that the suit for loss of steamer *European*, known as the "Nitro-Glycerine Case," has been withdrawn.

LAW REPORTS.

COURT CALENDARS FOR MCNDAY.

SUPREME COURT—GENERAL TERM.

Adjourned to May 8.

SUPREME COURT—CIRCUIT.

Held by Davis, J.—Court opens at 10 A. M.

Nos.		Nos.	
1079	Weston vs. Chamberlain.	3904	McDonald vs. McDonald.
1171	Barnes vs. Gilson et al.	713	Kirtland, Assignee vs. Northrup et al.
1175	Brown vs. Dean.	265	Corwin vs. Field.
793	Continental Nat'l B'k v. National Bank of Commonwealth.	363	Uttlebach vs. Kahn.
283	Ogden vs. Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad Co.	731	O'Callaghan vs. Third Av. Railroad Co.
625	Woodbridge vs. Bernne	717	Cohen et al. vs. McGay
669	Harris vs. Mercantile Trading Co.	551	Merritt vs. Hutchinson.
775	Nedham vs. Pearsall.	973	Hardenburgh vs. Del. and Hunson Canal Co.
819	Grotman vs. Wolberg et al.	1165	Blumenthal et al vs. Cohen.
1103	Parker, Jr., vs. Brett et al.	925	Minzesheimer vs. Gruterman imp'd.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.

Held by Cardozo, J.—Court opens at 9:30 A. M.—Call of Calendar at 12 M.

Third Monday calendar.

SUPERIOR COURT—TRIAL TERM.

Part I.—Held by Jones, J.—Court opens at 11 A. M.

Nos.		Nos.	
3775	Jackson vs. Clark.	3801	Monk vs. Union Mutual Life Ins. Co.
3528	Cameron vs. Hamburger.	3633	Taylor vs. Elastic Cone Spring Co.
3947	Divine vs. Feinberger.	3838	Commissioner of Pilots vs. N. J. Steamboat Co.
4031	Elliott vs. Robinson.	3935	Jackson vs. Bendall et al.
3407	Connell, Admx. vs. Central Park, North and East River Railroad Company.	3837	Quano vs. Heintze.
3711	Corey et al. vs. Snoddy et al.	3591	Hoehle vs. Berlein.
3771	Lewin vs. Third-avenue Railroad Co.	3715	Smith vs. Lloyd.
		3847	Baldwin vs. Stewart.

Part II.—Held by McCunn, J.—Court opens at 11 A. M.

Nos.		Nos.	
3354	Hope, Administrator, vs. Knickerbocker Ice Co.	3942	Graham vs. Broadway and Seventh-avenue R. R. Co.
3896	Folsom vs. Southart.	3944	Gilmore vs. Dorman.
3714	Berg et al. vs. Lowenberg et al.	3946	Brown et al. vs. Finn.
3948	Quintard vs. Newton.	3948	Dingee vs. Gordon.
3942	White et al. vs. Arkush.	3952	Laubie vs. Demond.
1774	Jaffray et al. vs. Rammage et al.	3926	Steele vs. Jones.
3688	Toledo, Logansport, & N. I. R. R. Co. vs. Hawkes.	3742	Larken, by guardian, vs. Hudson River R. R. Co.
		3920	Citizens' Bank vs. Broadhead.

MARINE COURT—TRIAL TERM.

Held by Curtis, J.—Court opens at 10 o'clock A. M.

Nos.		Nos.	
—	Eastbrook vs. Polley.	651	Fach vs. Peekskill Iron Company.
—	Taylor vs. Crary.	616	Mechanic vs. Beringer.
826	Chapman vs. Davis.	713	Brod vs. Gutt.
762	Renkopf vs. Schiefert.	—	Squires vs. Osgood.
—	Mahon vs. Powers.	804	Dubois vs. Seiler.
755	McDermott vs. Cusick.	654	Hatteme vs. Helburn.
619	De Barry vs. Zadig.	916	Howard vs. Cogney.
761	Cockroft vs. Conner.	917	Murphy vs. Kelley.
698	Becker vs. May.	918	O'Donnell vs. Shipman.
7	Boyd vs. Hawkins.	919	Kain vs. Harrison.
863	Hogg vs. Carey.	920	Waldron vs. Ritchings.
868	Tasto vs. Archibald.	921	Bradstreet vs. Colt.
861	Gollner vs. Weimore.	922	Monks vs. Whalen.
778	Hopkins vs. Lowe.	923	Dunn vs. Johnson.
865	The M. I Co. vs. Kelly.		
—	Wilson vs. Abell.		

SUPREME COURT—CIRCUIT—BROOKLYN.

Nos.		Nos.	
67	Tobin vs. Union.	100	Lewis vs. Campbell. Sheriff.
71	Brown vs. Bachus.	102	Crosby vs. Bergeman.
74	Post vs. Reinhardt.	104	Shaeter vs. Stockton.
75	Williams vs. Babcock.	107	Lee vs. Corbett.
77	Doherty vs. Fowler.	109	Walden vs. Peters.
86	Doherty vs. Aurbach.	116	Shay vs. West Union Tel. Co.
87	Spader vs. Haskins.	2	Dunham vs. Williams.
92	Cox vs. Coney Island Railroad Co. and the Brooklyn Railroad Company.	27	Gridley vs. Granger.
		34	Ravenhill vs. Hamilton.
96	Hubbard vs. Healey.	46	O'Neil vs. Kehoe.
98	Aitenbrand vs. Van Anden.	55	Kehoe vs. Brooklyn and Jamaica Railroad Company.
99	Home Life Insurance Co. vs. Sherman.		

CITY COURT OF BROOKLYN.

Nos.		Nos.	
94	Kinsella vs. Calley.	16	Doherty vs. Campbell.
149	Thomas vs. Bamber.	12	O'Reilly vs. Gangs.
137	Hoffman vs. Smith.	17	Baker vs. Remington.
138	Hoffman vs. Smith.	19	Peterson vs. Superintendents of the Poor.
84	Sowden vs. Sharpe.	20	White vs. Alexander.
3	McElhaney vs. McDonnell.	22	Gardner vs. Cumberson.
4	Harrison vs. Troideveaux.	27	Kenmore vs. Barrett.
6	Coffee vs. Dolan.	34	O'Neil vs. O'Neil.
7	Stewart vs. Waters.	36	Henderson vs. Rail.
8	Horan vs. Richardson.		
9	Phillips vs. Morgani.		

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.

Before Judge Cardozo.

"HIS LORDSHIP'S LARDER IN COURT"—AN INTERESTING CASE.

Davies vs. *Monk.*—The proprietor of a well-known restaurant on Broadway called "His Lordship's Larder" filed a bill in equity and prayed an injunction against the defend

DRY GOODS

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS

LINEN TABLE DAMASK,
NAPKINS,
DOILIES.
TOWELS, &c., &c.,
BARNESLEY, IRISH AND SCOTCH SHEETINGS,
PILLOW CASE LINENS,
FAMILY LINENS.
QUILTS, BLANKETS, TOILETS, &c., &c.,
BROWN and BLEACHED COTTON SHEETINGS
and SHIRTINGS.

PRICES COMPARING FAVORABLY WITH THE LOWEST IN THE MARKET.

GOODS HEMMED, MARKED AND DELIVERED READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.
MATTRESSES,
BOLSTERS AND PILLOWS
ALWAYS ON HAND.

B. L. SOLOMON & SONS,

NOS. 657 AND 659 BROADWAY.

LACE CURTAINS,
Muslin Curtains,
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,

GILT CORNICES, TRIMMINGS, &c.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT AT LOW PRICES.

WINDOW SHADES fitted in the best manner with spring or ordinary fixtures.
An elegant assortment of

PIER AND MANTEL GLASSES,

WITH "CONNECTING CORNICES."
All orders promptly attended to.

B. L. SOLOMON & SONS,

657 & 659 Broadway, opposite Bond-st.

DECORATIVE PAPER HANGINGS.

NEW STYLES FOR SPRING.

WE HAVE NOW ON EXHIBITION, on our screens, a magnificent assortment of designs, and are prepared to decorate Walls and Ceilings in the most elaborate manner.
Especial attention called to our stock of LOW-PRICED GILT AND CHINTZ PAPERS for bedrooms.

B. L. SOLOMON & SONS,
Nos. 657 and 659 Broadway,

OPPOSITE BOND-ST.

AT LEGRAIN'S.
SILKS FOR DRESSES.
NEW CHINE SILKS for dresses at $2 75 per yard, really worth $5 50.
BLACK SILKS at $2 75, cost to land $3 50.
STRIPED and PLAID SILKS for young ladies at $1 50, worth $3 25.

WOOLENS FOR DRESSES.
New assortment of SILK SERGES, TAFFETAS and POPLINS.

FROM AUCTION.
WASHING POPLIN, 5-4 wide, at 50c., worth $2.
POPLIN D ETE, in all colors, at 37c., worth 60c.

BLACK GOODS
25c. per dollar cheaper than any other store.
DOMESTIC MUSLINS manufactured expressly.
SHIRTINGS, LEGRAIN'S GOLDEN TICKET, 37c.; BLUE TICKET, 25c.; PINK TICKET, 20c; GREEN TICKET, 18c.,
Recommendable for the wearer.

LEGRAIN, NO. 729 BROADWAY.

SILK DEPARTMENT.
RICH AND MEDIUM QUALITIES IN PLAIN, COLORED, CHINE, STRIPED, AND BROCHE SILKS.
ALSO,
THE FINEST LINE IN ALL GRADES BLACK SILKS,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,
CANAL CORNER MERCER-ST.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
LINENS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS AND TOWELINGS, IN GREAT VARIETY.
BLANKETS, EXHIBITION QUILTS, WHITE GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.
CALICOES, CAMBRICS, PERCALES, MARSEILLES, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.,
ALL AT POPULAR PRICES.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,
CANAL, CORNER MERCER-ST.

JUST RECEIVED,
A CHOICE INVOICE OF
REAL THREAD LACE POINTES,
IN NEW AND SUPERB DESIGNS.
ALSO,
BLACK AND WHITE LLAMA LACE DITTO,
The finest stock in the City and
AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.,
CANAL, CORNER MERCER-ST.

MANTILLA DEPARTMENT.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.
have now on
EXHIBITION FOR RETAIL SALES,
An elegant selection of
PARIS NOVELTIES,
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR,
IN CLOTH AND SILK GARMENTS,
Paris made and of their own manufacture.
ALSO,
a splendid line of RICH and MEDIUM QUALITIES in WALKING SUITS.
CANAL, CORNER MERCER-ST.

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.
Have now open a choice selection of all the latest NOVELTIES
IN
PARIS SPRING AND SUMMER FABRICS
Imported this season, in
MEDIUM AND RICH STYLES.
AND AT LOW PRICES.
CANAL CORNER MERCER-ST.

INDIA CAMELS' HAIR
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.
Are now offering a
CHOICE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES
In the above goods.
FRENCH CASHMERE, BROCHE, AND PAISLEY DITTO.
ALSO,
A large and varied assortment of
LATEST STYLES
IN
SPRING AND SUMMER SHAWLS.
CANAL CORNER MERCER-ST.

AT W. JACKSON'S, NO. 551 BROADWAY.
MOURNING GOODS FROM AUCTION.
FINE TAMISE CLOTHS, $7 50 PER DRESS. WORTH $12.
FINE HENRIETTA, $7 50 PER DRESS, WORTH $12.
FINE PARISIENNE CLOTH, $15 PER DRESS. WORTH $25.
FINE CRAPE CLOTH, $6 PER DRESS, WORTH $9.
FINE SCOTCH GINGHAMS, 31c. PER YARD, WORTH 50c.
BALMORAL SKIRTINGS, 50c. PER YARD, WORTH 75c.
PURE MOHAIR AND POPLIN ALPACAS AT 62½c., 75c. AND 87½c., JUST ONE-THIRD BELOW THEIR REAL VALUE.
BUSHRIE CRAPES AND TAMARTINES, 87½c., WORTH 75c. PER YARD.
RICH BLACK SILKS, IN ALL THE MOST POPULAR MAKES, ¾ WIDE, $2, $2 25, $2 50, $2 75, $3, &c., REAL BARGAINS.
CANTON AND IRON GRENADINES FROM ¾ TO 2 YARDS WIDE.
TRAVELING DRESS GOODS, IN GREAT VARIETY, AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.
W. JACKSON, No. 551 BROADWAY.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
will make on MONDAY, April 20,
AN ELEGANT DISPLAY OF
DRESS SUIT MATERIALS, at 37½c., 50c., and 75c. per yard, upward.
PLAID AND CHECK SILKS, from $1 25 per yard, upward.
EXTRA HEAVY FANCY DO., fresh goods, at $1 50, $1 75 and $2 per yard.
Purchased at the recent
LARGE AUCTION SALES,
BROADWAY AND 10TH-ST.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
INDIA CAMELS' HAIR SHAWLS,
PLAIN CENTRES, $50 upward;
FILLED CENTRES, EXTRA RICH, at $200, value $300.
MORE ELEGANT AT PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES.
Will be offered on Monday, April 20,
AT STEWART & CO.,
BROADWAY AND 10TH-ST.

AT NOS. 767 AND 769 BROADWAY.
J. & C. JOHNSTON
WILL OPEN THEIR NEW STORE,
CORNER OF 9TH-ST. AND BROADWAY,
ON
MONDAY, APRIL 20,
AND WILL OFFER AT RETAIL FULL LINES OF NEW GOODS.
Silks, Satins, Dress Goods, Cloths, Domestics, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gents' Undergarments.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
Will offer on Monday, April 20,
HANDSOME VELVET CLOTH SACQUES, $5; value $10.
HANDSOME BLACK SILK SACQUES, at $12.
PARIS MADE SILK SACQUES, at $15.
SILK and POPLIN WALKING SUITS, VERY RICH, together with a large variety of
ELEGANT NOVELTIES, JUST IMPORTED.
BROADWAY AND 10TH-ST.

MACKENZIE'S MANTILLAS.—THE Victoria, $30; Argyle, $25; Duchess of Sutherland, $20. At STORMS, THURBER & CO., 751 Broadway.

DRY GOODS.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

ENGLISH BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS,
NEW PATTERNS JUST RECEIVED.
CROSLEY AND BRINTON AND LEWIS, MAKERS.
HEAVY OIL-CLOTHS, (LANSINGBURG MAKE,)
WELL SEASONED, GOOD QUALITY
AND PRETTY PATTERNS.
GEO. E. L. HYATT,
NO. 273 CANAL-ST.

AT LORD & TAYLOR'S,
NOS. 461 TO 467 BROADWAY,
NOS. 255 TO 261 GRAND-ST.
FAMILY DRY GOODS AND UPHOLSTERY.
CURTAINS, CURTAIN MATERIALS, DRAPERIES, BROCATELLES, DAMASKS, REPS, PLUSHES AND MOREENS.
QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, BLANKETS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, NAPKINS, PIANO AND TABLE-COVERS, &c., &c.
ALSO,
At the Grand-st. store only,
NEW CARPETINGS,
IN WILTON, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, TWO-PLY, INGRAIN, and STAIR-CARPETING,
AT RETAIL.

AT LORD & TAYLOR'S,
NOS. 255 TO 261 GRAND-ST.,
NOS. 461 TO 467 BROADWAY.
PARIS SILKS! PARIS SILKS!
PARIS SILKS!
RICH BLACK AND COLORED SILKS, AND A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF
FANCY SPRING DRESS SILKS!
AT VERY LOW PRICES, AT RETAIL.

AT LORD & TAYLOR'S,
SPRING SHAWLS, CLOAKS, SACQUES AND MANTILLAS.
IMPORTED DIRECT, AND OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, VERY LOW, AT RETAIL.
Nos. 461 to 467 BROADWAY,
Nos. 255 to 261 GRAND-ST.

AT LORD & TAYLOR'S,
NOS. 461 TO 467 BROADWAY.
NOS. 255 TO 261 GRAND-ST,
SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN GREAT VARIETY,
AT RETAIL.

AT LORD & TAYLOR'S,
NOS. 255 TO 261 GRAND-ST.,
NOS. 461 TO 467 BROADWAY,
GENUINE PARIS KID GLOVES,
AT $1 PER PAIR.

SPRING OPENING.
O'SULLIVAN & GREIG,
Having completed their alterations, will open their new and extensive rooms on
TUESDAY, APRIL 21,
with a splendid stock of rich Paris garments in cloaks, dresses and suits, as well as an elegant assortment of their own manufacture.
LLAMA LACE SHAWLS, ROTONDES AND BURNOUS, NEW CLOTHS, CLOAKINGS AND NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS, SUITABLE FOR SUITS, RICH BLACK PARIS TRIMMINGS, ORNAMENTS AND BUTTONS.
BLACK THREAD AND GUIPURE LACES IN VERY FINE QUALITIES. A large stock of
BONNETS, BEST BLACK SILKS.
Also their Ladies' and Children's Outfitting Department, which will be found complete with every article in the latest and best style.
They would also invite special attention to a choice collection of
REAL INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS AND THREAD LACE POINTS,
in new and uncommon designs, at extremely low prices.
O'SULLIVAN & GREIG,
No. 771 Broadway, corner of 9th-st.

GREAT NOVELTIES
will be offered by
STRANG & ADRIANCE,
at retail, on Monday, in
SILKS, FINE DRESS GOODS, &c.
ALSO,
100 PIECES SILK AND WORSTED BLACK GRENADINES, in all widths, from 65c. up to the finest imported.
GREAT BARGAINS.
150 PIECES IRISH and FRENCH POPLINS, of all shades, $1 25 upward.
100 PIECES BLACK GROS GRAIN and TAFFETA SILKS, VERY CHEAP.
STRANG & ADRIANCE,
No. 355 Broadway, between Franklin and Leonard,
will offer on Monday, at retail,
1,000 PIECES WHITE PIQUES and MARSEILLES, from 25c. up to the finest imported; also, will make great additions to their stock of
POPLIN DRESS GOODS,
from auction, at 25c. and upward.
ALSO,
PRINTED PIQUES, PERCALES, JACONETS and ORGANDIES: MERRIMACK and other FAST COLOR PRINTS, 10c. and up.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
have received per recent steamers
EXTRA NOVELTIES IN
FRENCH MOQUETTES, AXMINSTER, WILTON, VELVET, TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS,
BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c., &c.,
and will largely replenish their
POPULAR STOCK OF
ENGLISH BODY BRUSSELS, at $2 25 per yard.
CROSSLEY'S VELVETS, at $2 per yard.
ENGLISH WILTONS, $2 50 per yard.
FIRST QUALITY AXMINSTERS, at $5 per yard.
Also English Oil-Cloths, Mats, Rugs, &c.
AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.
BROADWAY AND 10TH-ST.

IDER & BROTHER,
MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY, &c.
Near 4th-st. No. 367 Bowery. East side.
Beg to call the attention of ladies to their large assortment of Hats and Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Satins, Crapes, Metallinet Nets, Flowers, Feathers, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Vails, Ruffling, Edging, &c., &c., all of superior qualities and at very moderate prices.
N. B.—Bonnets and Hats made and trimmed in the latest styles and best manner.

CARPETS AND FURNITURE.—H. O. FARRELL has just received from the great auction sale a very large fresh importation of Crossley & Sons superior Brussels Carpets, which he now offers at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere in the city; they are the choicest patterns in the market; also an immense stock of valuable Ingrains, Three-plys and Stair Carpets, together with Oilcloths, all widths. Window Shades, Lace Curtains, &c., &c.; also the largest and most varied stock of Parlor, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture in the United States may be found at his immense warerooms, Nos. 486 and 488 8th-av., connecting through to Nos. 267, 269 and 271 West 30th-st.

INDIA CAMELS' HAIR SHAWLS.—A FINE assortment in long and square shawls. N. B.—Doing my own buying and selling, I can undersell larger houses with heavier expenses. J. RUSSELL,
No. 33 East 20th-st., near Broadway.

CARPETS.

CARPETS—CLEARING-OUT SALE OF CARpets, oil-cloths, window shades, &c., on easy terms. Payments taken monthly. A rare chance for housekeepers. D. KELLY & CO., corner 26th-st. and 6th-av.

HOUSES & ROOMS WANTED.

WANTED—AN UNFURNISHED BROWN-stone house, in a desirable neighborhood, by a family of four; rent not to exceed $1,800. Address P. O. Box No. 5,882.

AUCTION SALES.

M. DOUGHTY, Auctioneer,
WILL SELL ON MONDAY, APRIL 20,
at 10½ o'clock, the entire elegant furniture, large French plate, pier and mantel mirrors, all the fine carpets, beds and bedding, all first-class; superb 7-octave piano-forte, all the basement and kitchen furniture, gas chandeliers, &c., contained in the five-story house No. 26 East Houston-st., near Broadway. Descriptive catalogues now ready at the office of the auctioneer, No. 79 Nassau-st.

AUCTION SALES.

By LEAVITT, STREBEIGH & CO., GEO. A. LEAVITT, Auctioneer—Clinton Hall, Astor-place.
MR. COZZENS' LIBRARY.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, April 22 and 23,
At 7½ o'clock P. M.,
will be sold by auction as above the private library of the
LATE MR. A. M. COZZENS.
Comprising a very choice and elegant collection of books, in various departments of literature, in fine bindings and best editions, many of them very scarce and valuable. Catalogues ready and books on exhibition.

MR. ROSSITER'S PAINTINGS.
The entire collection of paintings, studies and sketches belonging to Mr. T. P. Rossiter will be sold by auction, on FRIDAY, 24th, at the Clinton Hall Art Galleries, Astor-place. Catalogue ready and pictures on exhibition, day and evening.

By W. L. WALL & CO., Auctioneers, Nos. 315 and 317 Pennsylvania-av., Washington, D. C.
PEREMPTORY SALE OF MEDICAL STORES, &c., AT AUCTION.
On TUESDAY MORNING, 28th April, commencing at 10 o'clock, we will sell, at our salesrooms, without reserve, the following general stores, comprising:
24 cases powdered opium, in half pound bottles, Philadelphia Labora ory.
24 cases powdered ipecac, in half pound bottles, Philadelphia Laboratory.
24 cases powdered soc aloes, in half pound bottles, Philadelphia Laboratory.
5 cases chloroform, in half pound tin cans, Astoria Laboratory.
50 cases ether sortior, in half pound tin cans, Astoria Laboratory.
100 cases pulverized rhubarb, in half pound bottles, Philadelphia Laboratory.
10 cases Bermuda arrow root, in five pound cans.
1,000 gross quart packing bottles.
The above goods can be seen three days before the sale, and will have to be removed within five from the day of sale.
Terms—Cash in Government funds.
W. L. WALL & CO., Auctioneers,
Washington, D. C.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.
TUESDAY, APRIL 28, AT 10½ O'CLOCK,
AT 8TH-AV. AND 54TH-ST.,
SUPERB HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
MADE TO ORDER BY THE BEST CITY MAKERS.
THE CHANDELIERS, BRONZES, CLOCK, &c., IMPORTED BY THOS. KANE & CO.
THE CARPETS, CURTAINS, &c., BY A. T. STEWART & CO.
THE MIRRORS, CARVED CORNISE, &c., BY WILLIAMS & STEVENS.
Being the entire furniture contained in the fine private residence of Capt. Wm. P. Williams.
The horses, carriages, stable furniture, &c., on the following day.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer, office No. 39 Nassau-st.; Art Gallery, No. 82 5th-av.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.
RECEIVER'S SALE.
WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 10½ o'clock,
FINAL SALE OF THE STOCK OF
H. DARDONVILLE, NO. 678 BROADWAY,
consisting of unfinished wood, globes, chimneys, porcelain shades, coral and mechanical lamps, chandeliers, &c., brackets, marine lamps, 200 gallons oil, oil tanks, tools, &c.
ALSO,
The store fixtures, fine mahogany cases, counters, glass, shelving, desks, chairs, stools, carpets, &c.
By order of J. RASSON, Receiver.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer, office No. 39 Nassau-st.; Art Gallery No. 82 Fifth-av.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.
HANDSOME HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
On TUESDAY, April 21, 10½ o'clock,
at private residence, 25th-st., near 4th-av.
On THURSDAY, April 24, 10½ o'clock,
ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
at private residence No. 329 East 14th-st.
On TUESDAY, April 29, 10½ o'clock,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, at private residence No. 37 West 32d-st.
Full particulars in time.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer, Office No. 39 Nassau-st.; Art Gallery No. 82 5th-av.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.
ON MONDAY, APRIL 20, AT 11 O'CLOCK,
AT THE
LORILLARD MANSION,
Bronxdale, Westchester, (near Williamsbridge,)
ALL THE RARE AND VALUABLE hot-house and green-house plants, shrubbery, ornaments, garden furniture, &c., contained in the conservatories and grounds, by order of P. LORILLARD, Jr., Executor.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer, office No. 39 Nassau-st. Art Gallery, No. 82 5th-av.

ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer.
AT THE
MANSION
No. 11 East 14th-st.,
all the elegant furniture contained therein. Particulars in time.
ROBERT SOMERVILLE, Auctioneer,
Office, No. 39 Nassau-st.; Art Gallery, No. 82 5th-av.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
ROSEWOOD PIANO, &c., made to order for the present owner by Hutchings, Brunner and Moore & Brooks, of Brooklyn.
HENRY H LEEDS & MINER
will sell by auction, on
WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1868,
at 11 o'clock, at the residence, No. 6 Bedford-place, on Fulton-av., between Classon and Franklin avs., Brooklyn:
Consisting of Wilton and medallion and Brussels carpets, elegant carved rosewood suite, covered in crimson and blue catalne, and cost $1,630; reception and Turkish couches to match, carved rose-wood centre tables, rosewood mirror door and back satin lined etageres, blue and gold brocatel window curtains, elegant carved rosewood round corner piano with pearl keys, gilt frame French plate mantel mirrors, cornices to match, gilt marble-top console tables, oil-paintings and engravings, a French 21 day calendar clock, fine rosewood satin lined bookcases, carved black walnut lib. arty tables, 2 carved oak marble-top buffets, oak marble-top extension table, china, crockery and glassware, carved black walnut and rosewood bedsteads, marble-top bureaus, washstands and commodes, best of spring and hair mattresses, paillasses, feather bolsters and pillows, &c., &c.; also a fine assortment of silver plated ware.
Permits to see the above can be obtained from the auctioneers, No. 33 Liberty-st.
Fulton-av. cars, Fulton ferry, pass the door every few minutes.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
GENTEEL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell, by auction, on MONDAY, April 20, at 10½, o'clock, at the residence No. 14 8th-av., near 12th-st.:
GENTEEL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of velvet and Brussels carpets, mahogany sofas and chairs in hair cloth, mahogany corner etagere, mahogany secretary bookcase, gilt frame owl mirror, mahogany side-tables, china decorated wash sets, mahogany and black walnut bedsteads, bureaus, washstands, hair and straw mattresses, pillows and bo sters, black walnut extension dining-table, oak cane-seat chairs, window shades, stair carpets and rods; also, kitchen furniture.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on MONDAY, April 20, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 49 West 34th-st., all the valuable furniture, consisting of velvet, medalion and Brussels carpets; elegant ebony and ormulu parlor suites, rich silk window curtains, lace curtains, ebony mounted cabinet, rich ormulu vases, painted vases; first-class rosewood piano, gilt fire-screen, gilt reception chairs, mosaic inlaid tables, carved figure; oil paintings by Moxy, Mignot, Hubbard and others; parlor suite in crimson reps, curtains to match; inlaid extension dining-room table, mantle mirrors, fine cutlery and glassware, &c., &c.
BEDROOMS—Carved black walnut and rosewood round end bedsteads, carved black walnut and rosewood bureaus, chairs to match, extra size rosewood bedstead, wardrobes, suits in reps, curtains to match; bedding, mattresses, velvet curtains, marble-top hall-stand, kitchen ware and other costly furniture. This will be found a first-class sale in every respect, and worthy of particular attention.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 10½ o'clock, at the residence No. 136 West 12th-st.,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
Full particulars hereafter.

HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 10½ o'clock, at the residence No. 538 7th-av., between 41st and 42d sts.,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
Full particulars hereafter.

A. M. CRISTADLER & SON, Auctioneers.
HOTEL FURNITURE.
Sale WEDNESDAY, April 22, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 29 Jay, corner of Washington-st., the entire furniture of the Erie Hotel, containing over eighty rooms.
Full particulars in Monday's paper.

ADRIAN H. MULLER, Auctioneer.
ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AT AUCTION.
ADRIAN H. MULLER, P. R. WILKINS & CO. will sell at auction on THURSDAY, April 23, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 16 East 42d-st., near 5th-av.:
The entire furniture contained in said house, consisting in part of carved rosewood parlor suites, in rich satin brocatel, rosewood centre table, etagere, inlaid and ormolu cabinet, by Roux; oriental chairs, rockers and lounges, in velvet plush; black-walnut extension table; arm-chairs and lounges in reps; bronze clock and mantel ornaments, elegant vases, black-walnut bedsteads, bureaus, dressing bureaus, spring and hair mattresses, feather beds, velvet and Brussels carpets, oil-cloths, &c.

ADRIAN H. MULLER, Auctioneer.
AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE SUBURBAN PROPERTY, SITUATE IN THE TOWN OF WEST FARMS, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, FORMERLY KNOWN AS "LEGGETT'S HOMESTEAD."
ADRIAN H. MULLER, P. R. WILKINS & CO. will sell at auction, on TUESDAY, April 28, at 12 o'clock, at the Exchange Salesroom, No. 111 Broadway,
The entire acres of land, situate on the Southern Boulevard in the town of West Farms, Westchester County, N. Y., about 3 miles from Central Park, and 1½ miles from Harlem Bridge, bounded by the Southern Boulevard, Hunt's Point Road and Leggett's Creek, within half an hour of the City Hall, by Underground Railroad, the bill for the construction of which has just been signed by the Governor.
This property is in the immediate vicinity of the fine estates of Messrs. Faile, Spofford, Gilbert, Barretto, Bryan, Dickey, Hoe and Cassanova, and has a commanding view of New-York City, Long Island Sound and East River; no property more desirable can be found anywhere in the vicinity of New-York, for those wishing to purchase for the purpose of erecting suburban residences; its accessibility by horse and steam cars and steamboat, the character of the surrounding improvements, its position uniting the convenience of city with the advantages of the country, the healthfulness of location, beauty of scenery, its facilities for boating, bathing and fishing, all combine to render this property most attractive. The same will be sold in villa plots of from one to three acres, which have been judiciously laid out by a competent engineer, and in such manner that so far as possible each plot will be equally benefited by the natural advantages of the place. There is on the place a mansion house, gardener's cottage, barn, farmhouse, bathing and boat house; also, a private dock, fine growth of trees, &c.
Topographical maps with sketches of different views taken from the place can be had on application to the Auctioneers, No. 7 Pine-st., New-York, on and after the 23d inst.

ADRIAN H. MULLER, Auctioneer.
COTTAGES AND VILLA PLOTS AT OYSTER BAY AT AUCTION.
ADRIAN H. MULLER, P. R. WILKINS & CO. will sell at auction on WEDNESDAY, April 29, at 12 o'clock, at the Exchange Salesroom, No. 111 Broadway, three new and beautiful cottages, (Swiss, French and Moresque styles,) together with about 56 acres of land, at Oyster Bay, Long Island, about 27 miles from City Hall, New-York. The cottages are now, built in the most substantial manner and fitted with every convenience conducive to comfort. The land will be sold in plots of from two to five acres and so subdivided as to give each plot an eligible building site. As a summer retreat Oyster Bay is one of the most delightful places in the vicinity of New-York, and to those fond of boating, bathing or fishing, particularly desirable.
Maps at the office of the auctioneers.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED ON 11TH-AV., Boulevard, near 165th-st., 15, 22 or 64 lots, (very cheap;) also first-class residence, with 16 lots, same locality, and fine 10 acre property near 155th-st.
W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—THREE-STORY and French roof-brick house, No. 129 West 33d-st., between 6th and 7th avs. Wm. G. LATHROP, Jr., No. 38 Wall-st.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—THE EXTRA FINE finished house No. 308 West 28th-st. Inquire at No. 380 West 32d-st., or No. 75 Reade-st.

BROOKLYN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—IN FRANKLIN-AV., BETWEEN De Kalb and Lafayette avs., two new three-story, basement and sub-cellar, Philadelphia brick houses, brown-stone basements and trimmings; all improvements; terms easy. Inquire at the buildings, or of BILLIN & SON, Builders, No. 288 Navy-st., after 6 o'clock P. M.

FOR SALE CHEAP OR RENT—FINE four story high-stoop brown-stone house, 25x8x100, all improvements, No. 135 Clinton-st., Brooklyn.
W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

NEWARK, N. J.—FINE THREE-STORY house, 38x36 and extension, modern improvements, for sale low; others at Newark, Bloomfield, Mt. Clair and Elizabeth, $3,000 to $50,000.
W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

FOR SALE—NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, Gothic cottage, eight rooms; five lots, with stable, fruits, &c.; price $5,100. J. M. PHELPS & CO., No. 5½ Pine-st.

FOR SALE—WHITE OAK AND PINE TIMBER lands in Central Pennsylvania. Particulars of J. M. PHELPS & CO., No. 5½ Pine-st.

DWELLINGS TO LET.

TO RENT—COTTAGES, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, IN RIDGEFIELD, CONN.—This village possesses great advantages for persons requiring a dry and healthy atmosphere; situated on a ridge of land 800 feet above tide-water, it is free from fevers of every description. The country being very undulating, the drives are peculiarly attractive. Many families who are obliged to go far into Massachusetts and New-Hampshire would do well to examine this locality so contiguous to New-York for the same advantages. Apply to E. J. HAWLEY, No. 87 Wall-st., New-York.

AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.—TO LET, FOR one or three years, a newly-furnished dwelling-house, with about four acres of land; location high; size of house, 50x50; gas in every room, water, dumb-waiter, &c.; icehouse filled, good garden spot, plenty of shade trees, some grapes; large barn and good outbuildings, stable accommodations for five or more horses; half a mile from depot 16 trains daily. For further particulars apply to GEORGE W. FORSYTH, Esq., at Morristown, or at No. 128 Broadway, Room No. 1.

TO LET—AT FORDHAM, THE RESIDENCE of the late H. W. T. Mali; the grounds are extensive and handsomely laid out; the house is large and commodious and is fully furnished, and is situated directly on the Heights, commanding beautiful views of the Harlem and North Rivers; large stable, carriage-house, gardener's house, &c.; garden with every variety of fruits; four miles north of Central Park, one mile from railroad depot and half a mile from steamboat landing. Apply to H. H. CAMMAN, 31 Pine-st.

TO LET—A COUNTRY RESIDENCE ON STATEN Island, one mile from Vanderbilt Landing on the Richmond road; beautifully situated with a very fine view and handsome grounds in perfect order; ice-house filled; carriage and horse, cow, poultry, &c.; can be seen and possession given at any time. Inquire at first toll gate on the Richmond road, or at No. 124 5th-av., before 12 M., or between 2 and 3 o'clock.

TO LET OR FOR SALE—THE THREE-story brown-stone basement brick house on Hewes-st., between Lee and Bedford avs., Brooklyn; will be put in perfect order; immediate possession. Apply to KELSEY & COLWELL, No. 27 South 7th-st., Brooklyn, or CHAS MOTT, No. 102 Broadway, New-York.

TO LET—A DESIRABLE COUNTRY SEAT AT Fordham, containing thirteen acres of land, large house, with modern improvements; stables, carriage-house, &c.; garden with all varieties of fruits; within convenient distance of railroad. Apply to H. H. CAMMANN, No. 31 Pine-st.

TO LET—ON STATEN ISLAND, A FARM OF twenty-seven acres, with good house of twelve rooms, a good well of water, and plenty of fruit; within two miles of Port Richmond. Rent $300 per year. Inquire of HAUGHWORT & VANNAME, Port Richmond, S. I.

TO LET—AT FLUSHING, LARGE FAMILY mansion, seven-eighths mile from depot; house 50x41, 15 rooms, 2 closets; two stories, basement, large attic, lawn, evergreen hedges, fruit, shrubbery; stable room, if wanted; suitable for large family or two families; rent low. L. B. PRINCE, No. 67 Wall-st.

HOUSE TO LET—A NICE BROWN STONE House in Henry-st., near Rutgers, with all modern improvements and in good order; occupied by the owner at present. It is in a very nice neighborhood. Apply to J. P. PAYTON, No. 155 Henry-st., and he will show you the house.

TO RENT—COUNTRY SEATS IN LONG Island for the Summer season or the year; accessible in thirty-five minutes from Wall-street; situations most agreeable, and houses well furnished and very commodious. Apply to J. M. PHELPS & CO., 5½ Pine-st.

TO LET—AT SALISBURY, CONN., FOR THE Summer or year, a large, convenient house, mostly furnished; good water; convenient outhouses; one or more acres of garden; two cows, fowls, &c. Apply to G. C. L., Box No. 75 Post-office, New-York.

TO LET—A FIRST-CLASS FOUR-STORY brown-stone front high-stoop house in 45th-st., corner Broadway; a delightful residence and excellent location. Apply for particulars and permits to owners. LEWIS SCHIELE, No. 374 Broadway.

FIRST-CLASS, 4 STORY HIGH-STOOP brown-stone house, No. 8 West 37th-st., to rent; also furnished houses, Nos. 32 West 46th and 66 East 35th sts.; others $1,100 to $10,000. W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

TO LET AT NYACK—THE CLARENDON Hotel, eligibly situated and a delightful Summer resort. Inquire of WM. F. GOODWIN, No. 170 Broadway, third floor, Room No. 4, or HORATIO G. PRALL, Nyack.

TO LET FURNISHED—CENTEEL AND handsomely furnished house in Brooklyn, near South Ferry; $150 month. Apply to J. M. PHELPS & CO., No. 5½ Pine-st.

TO RENT, FURNISHED—A COUNTRY residence at White Plains, Westchester County, 42 acres, with farm implements. Rent $1,000 per annum. Apply to A. LEGGET, No. 178 Front-st.

TO LET—FURNISHED, TO A SMALL PRIvate family only, the brown-stone dwelling, No. 108 East 23d-st., near 4th-av., for six or seven months. Apply on the premises.

NORTHERN, N. J. R. R.—TO RENT, A number of desirable residences. Also, at Bloomfield and Mount Clair. Furnished and unfurnished. W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

TO LET—PART OF THE DWELLING-HOUSE, No. 6 East 14th-st., between University-place and 5th-av.; also the brick stable on 13th-st.

TO LET—THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE ENGlish-basement house No. 311 East 23d-st., near 2d-av.; rent $420. Apply on the premises, after 10 A. M.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS, NO 20 Union-place, corner of East 15th-st. Apply at the bank on the premises.

STORES, &c., TO LET.

TO RENT—IN PLIMPTON'S NEW BUILDING, for furniture, draperies, trunks, or other property; always accessible; taken upon elevators; porters, truckmen, packers, always in attendance. HAEGER, No. 300 34th-st., near 8th-av.

UNION-SQUARE.—ONE-HALF OR WHOLE floor in building No. 35 Union-quare, Broadway side, for business purposes only. Possession May 1. Inquire on premises. BELL BROTHERS.

TO LET—BANKING OFFICES ON BROADway, No. 62, first floor, elegantly furnished. Apply to B. F. POLLARD, in the basement.

TO LET—THE BRICK STABLE ON 13TH-ST., between University-place and 5th-av. Apply to H. W. PRESCOTT, No. 20 East 14th-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MRS. F. W. PUTNAM HAVING TAKEN the elegant large double mansion,
NO. 6 MADISON-SQUARE, (23D-ST.,)
one door east of Broadway, is prepared to make engagements with parties for rooms en suite, with private table.
The location of this elegant mansion cannot be surpassed, being in the immediate vicinity of the first-class hotels. Applications may be made for a few days at No. 140 5th-av.

TO LET—TO A PARTY OF GENTLEMEN, A suite of furnished rooms, without board, at Vanderbilt Landing, Staten Island, one minute's walk of the boat; rent for the season, in advance, $250; must be applied for immediately. Inquire at the dwelling between the Aquehauga House and the drug-store; boating and fishing convenient.

BOARD, WITH ROOMS SUITABLE FOR families or single gentlemen, can be found in Newark, N. J., at No. 344 Broad-st.; location central, about five minutes' walk from railroad depots; references exchanged.

A PRIVATE FAMILY, OCCUPYING their own house, F. S. S. F., have elegant rooms (furnished) to let, en suite or singly, with superior board. Liberal terms and unquestionable references required. Address H., Box 2,340 New-York Post-office.

NO. 33 EAST 24TH-ST.—FURNISHED rooms to let to gentlemen from first of May for the year or till first of October; also two parlors furnished or unfurnished. Apply after 3 o'clock P. M.

NO. 113 2D-AV.—TO LET WITH FULL board, very pleasant well-furnished rooms to gentleman and wife or single gentlemen; table first-class; references exchanged.

MEDICAL.

LADIES REQUIRING MEDICAL ASSISTANCE should consult Dr. ALLEN, No. 179 Greenwich

THE DICKENS BANQUET.

The New-York Press Entertains the Great English Novelist.

Speeches by Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, H. J. Raymond, G. W. Curtis, and Others.

A Delightful Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul.

God Bless You, and Farewell to Charles Dickens in America.

In compliance with an invitation extended some two months ago to Mr. CHAS. DICKENS by a committee representing the Press of the United States, a farewell dinner was given to that gentleman last evening, at Delmonico's, in Fourteenth-street, where about 200 gentlemen sat down to tables bounteously spread. The dining-hall was tastefully decorated with the British and American colors, and the tables were mounted with bouquets, vases of flowers and confectionary pieces illustrative of the literature of England and America. Hon. HORACE GREELEY presided, and on his right was the honored guest of the evening. Some delay was caused in the commencement of the festivities by the sudden illness of Mr. DICKENS, and it was reported that he would be unable to attend, but to the great gratification of the assembly he made his appearance in the reception-room at 5:30 o'clock, and entered the dining-room leaning on the arm of the Chairman. The following is a list of the gentlemen present:

Table No. 1.

CHARLES DICKENS.
Horace Greeley, H. J. Raymond,
R. Hoe, W. H. Hurlburt,
H. Grinnell, G. P. Morton,
J. R. Hawley, J. M. Francis,
G. W. Curtis, M. Halstead,
G. H. Boker, G. W. Demers,
Jas. Parton.

Table No. 2.

W. Stuart, L. W. Jerome,
J. L. Wallack, W. Osborne,
W. Lamb, C. B. Seymour,
H. D. Palmer, C. Fulton,
G. Dolby, H. Clapp,
W. D. Morgan, J. H. Hackett,
R. B. Roosevelt, T. B. Thorpe,
J. H. Bailey, R. Sewell,
J. A. Whitney, J. H. Benedict,
J. B. F. Walker, J. H. Bates,
E. H. Clements, C. Waggoner,
F. Philp, J. M. Scovel,
H. A. Dike, J. H. Browne,
R. S. Chilton, R. T. Coburn,
C. T. Lewis, T. W. Knox,
C. P. Bridges, W. H. Burleigh,
C. Nordhoff, A. Maverick.

Table No. 3.

T. McElrath, J. B. Graff,
T. N. Rooker, W. W. Harding,
C. A. Runkle, J. F. De Couts,
J. N. Balestier, A. J. Schem,
R. W. McAlpine, R. Lexow,
J. B. Mix, J. E. Munson,
J. McConnell, Aug. Snow,
V. B. Brady, D. A. Casserly,
H. S. Olcott, D. O'C. Townley,
J. F. Cleveland, J. D. Sherwood,
S. Cobb, E. J. Seymour,
A. C. Armstrong, A. J. Peabody,
P. S. Hoe, C. Corson,
R. M. Hoe, Wm. Orton,
C. Scribner, A. J. Vanderpool,
H. M. Field, C. E. Wilbour,
A. H. Greene,

Table No. 4.

B. E. Selmes, I. Butts,
A. Devine, J. Swinton.
S. S. Conant, S. E. Pond,
A. Daily, G. Fay,
F. J. Otterson, C. C. Norvell,
R. D. Benedict, J. S. Homans,
H. J. Winser, S. Homans,
J. Stewart, A. M. Stewart,
Th. Nast, Ed. De Leon.
Geo. Sheppard,

Table No. 5.

D. C. McEwen, J. B. Sheridan,
E. T. Davis, E. L. Youmans,
A. D. Richardson, O. Johnson,
B. B. Kimball, F. B. Carpenter,
J. T. Fields, T. M. Davis,
S. Sinclair, J. W. Dowling,
W. C. Hart, A. K. McClure,
E. C. Stedman, W. Reid,
J. B. Lippincott, J. R. G. Hassard,
J. R. Young.

Table No. 6.

A. Ford, S. Hayes,
W. L. Ormsby, Geo. Wakeman,
W. W. Vaughn, L. J. Bigelow,
F. Creighton, W. S. Stone,
Lacy McMichael, O. Sawyer,
Walter McMichael, A. C. Wheeler,
E. L. Godkin, L. Israels,
E. Cary, W. J. Demorest,
C. W. Sweet, D. Taylor.
D. G. Croly,

Table No. 7.

H. E. Sweetser, W. A. Hammond,
W. N. Armstrong, A. D. F. Randolph,
E. G. Holden, C. H. Sweetser,
H. Holt, C. F. Heywood,
F. H. Houston, B. C. Howard,
A. B. Crandall, W. Drayton,
J. B. Lyman, S. S. Packard,
E. H. Roberts, J. Dayton,
J. Gamgee, T. J. Ham,
G. Thurber, A. Wilder,
O. Judd, D. Marsden,
A. J. Doezel, A. H. Almy,
D. Mellish, H. N. Hitchcock,
W. B. Dana, S. Barton,
J. Bonner, T. E. Leeds.
J. Ely, D. W. Judd,
J. R. Osgood, C. P. Dewey.

Table No. 8.

J. W. Simonton, H. M. Ticknor,
A. D. Manson, R. K. Potter,
H. T. Lee, W. Young,
J. Spear, A. D. Shaw,
W. E. Marshall, J. R. Thompson,
Z. L. White, W. G. Chase,
J. R. Walter, H. M. Northrup,
B. Gallagher, H. W. Worden,
S. T. Clarke, J. M. Winchell,
W. V. McKean, G. O. Glavis,
C. H. Webb, F. G. Fairfield,
C. E. Pitch, J. Benton,
L. Sherr, H. M. Weyrakoop,
T. C. Acton, L. A. Hunt,
J. M. Francis, E. K. Olmsted,
C. E. Smith, C. S. Groot.
J. B. Bouton,

The bills of fare, intended to fold in twain, were outwardly adorned by small medallions, upon which Cupids in greater or less *deshabille* upheld a circle inclosing the date of the banquet, April 18, 1868. On opening the *carte*, the subjoined list, printed in ink of a rich purple hue, was apparent:

MENU.
Huitres.
Potages.
Consomme à la Serigne, Crème d'asperges
Hors d'Oeuvres.
Les petites Tim-balles a la Dickens.
Poissons.
Truites a la Victoria; Pass à l'Italienne.

Relevés.

Filiet de boeuf a la Lucullus; Agneau farci a la Walter Scott.

Entrees.

Filets de Brants a la Signora; Croust ades de ris de veau a la Douglas; Cotelettes a la Fenimore Cooper; Galantine a la Royale; sauice de foie gras histories.

Sorbets.

A l'Americaine.

Rots.

Becassines, poulets de graine truffes.

Entremets.

Tomates, petits pois, artichauts, laitues braisees.

Sucres.

Soupirs a la Mantilini, macedoine de fruits, Moscovites a l'abricot, geleee au kumel, gateaux savarins et Viennois, glaces a l'orange, glaces varices.

Fruits et desert.

PIECES MONTEES.

Temple de la literature, Trophee a l'auteur, Stars and Stripes, Pavillon international, Armes britanniques, La loi du destin, Monument de Washington, Colonne Triomphale. DELMONICO.

The cloth having been removed, the President rose and said;

SPEECH OF MR. GREELEY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN PRESS: It is now a little more than thirty-four years since I, a young printer, recently located in the City of New-York, had the audacity to undertake the editing and publishing of a weekly newspaper. Looking around at that time for material with which to make an engaging appearance before the public, among the London magazines which I selected for the occasion was the old Monthly, containing a story by a then unknown writer, and known to us only by the quaint designation of "Boz." [Applause.] That story, entitled, I think, at that time "Delicate Intentions," but in its present form entitled "Mr. Watkins Tottle," I selected and published in the first number of the first journal with which my name was connected. Pickwick was then an unchronicled, if not uncrested character. [Laughter.] Sam Weller had not yet arisen to increase the mirth of the Anglo-Saxon race. We had not heard as we have since heard, of the writer of those sketches whose career then I may claim to have in some sort commenced; [laughter;] and the relation of admirer and admired has continued from that day to the present time. [Applause.] I am one of not more than twenty of the present company who welcomed him in this country on an occasion much like this, a quarter of a century ago: and when I came to visit Europe some seventeen years ago, one of my most pleasant experiences there, and one of my pleasantest recollections of Europe, is that of buying in the furthest city I visited—the City of Venice, on the Adriatic—an Italian newspaper, and amusing myself with what I could not read—[laughter]—a translation of *David Copperfield*, wherein the dialogue between Ham and Peggotty, with which I was familiar in English, was rendered into very amusing Italian. [Laughter and applause.] And so, friends, I claim a sort of humble connection with the prophet and priest of humanity, who is our guest this evening—the man who in this generation, when many have attempted to preach from that magnificent text of the plowman poet of the world, "a man's a man for a' that," has preached the best sermons from that text, and, perhaps, I may say the most—whose works from first to last have been instinct with not only the still sad music of humanity, which is only one strain of the great epic of the time; but with the cheering, hopeful, triumphant music of humanity; also of the humanity of the future, the elevated, enlightened and glorified humanity which must and shall yet be. [Applause.] Friends and fellow-laborers, we honor ourselves to-night in honoring the most successful, the most thoroughly successful, literary man of our time—a man who we may proudly say is not ashamed of having come up, as most of us have come up, from the lower rounds of the ladder of the Press, and though none of us have reached such a height as he has, still, I say, his success is a sign of hope and an encouragement to every one of us. We are each successful in his triumph. We are each in seeing what he has done, how nobly, how worthily he has done it, with what thorough success he has preached the gospel of humanity, until even nobles and kings have listened in admiration—I say we have in this success of his an encouragement to every one of us, saying "Go up higher;" do not fear to say your best, for there has been created a public, (if there was not a public thirty years ago,) ready and eager to the listen to the noblest and most humanizing thoughts which the best of us is now prepared to put before this public. Friends and fellow-laborers, as I am to set you an example to-night of a short speech, I will, without further prelude, ask you to join me in this sentiment: "Health and happiness, honor and generous, because just, recompense, to our friend and guest, CHARLES DICKENS."

SPEECH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. DICKENS, on rising to respond, was received with such loud and long-continued cheering, that he had to stand for some time awaiting an opportunity to speak. When the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I cannot do better than take my cue from your distinguished President, and refer in my first remarks to *his* remarks in connection with the old, natural association between you and me. When I received an invitation from a private association of working members of the Press of New-York to dine with them to-day, I accepted that compliment in grateful remembrance of a calling that was once my own and in loyal sympathy toward a brotherhood which, in spirit, I have never quitted. ["Good," "Good."] To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work, when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes; and my sons will hereafter testify of their father that he was always steadily proud of that ladder by which he rose. [Great cheering.] If it were otherwise, I should have but a very poor opinion of their father, which, perhaps, upon the whole, I have not. [Laughter and cheers.] Hence, gentlemen, under any circumstances, this company would have been exceptionally interesting and welcome to me. But whereas I supposed that, like the fairies' pavilion in the *Arabian Nights*, it would be but a mere handful, and I find it turn out, like the same elastic pavilion, capable of comprehending a multitude, so much the more proud am I of the honor of being your guest; for you will readily believe that the more widely representative of the Press in America my entertainers are, the more I must feel the good will and the kindly sentiments toward me of that vast institution. [Applause.] Gentlemen, so much of my voice has lately been heard in the land, and I have, for upwards of four hard winter months, so contended against what I have been sometimes quite admiringly assured was "a true American catarrh"—[laughter]—a possession which I have throughout highly appreciated, though I might have preferred to be naturalized, by some other outward and visible means. [Renewed laughter.] I say, gentlemen, so much of my voice has lately been heard that I might have been contented with troubling you no further from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but on every suitable occasion, whatsoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. [Great applause.] Also, to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes that I have seen around me on every side, changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and cultivized, changes in the rise of new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the growth of the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere. [Applause.] Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five and twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first. [Applause.] And, gentlemen, this brings me to a point on which I have, ever since I landed here last November, observed a strict silence, however tempted sometimes to break it, but in reference to which I will, with your good leave, take you into my confidence now. ["Go on." "Go on."] Even the Press, being human, may be sometimes mistaken or misinformed, and I rather think that I have in one or two rare instances known its information to be not perfectly accurate with reference to myself. [Laughter and applause.] Indeed, I have now and again been more surprised by printed news that I have read of myself, than by any other printed news that I have ever read in my present state of existence. [Laughter.] Thus, the vigor and perseverance with which I have for some months past been collecting materials for, and hammering away at, a new book on America has much astonished me; [renewed laughter;] seeing that all that time it has been periectly well-known to my publishers on both sides of the Atlantic that I positively declared that no consideration on earth should induce me to write one. [Laughter.] But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon, (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you,) is, on my return to England, in my own English journal, manfully, promptly, plainly, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. [Applause.] Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, and consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy du ly enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. [Applause.] This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. [Tumultuous applause.] And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor. [Bravo, and cheers.] Gentlemen, the transition from my own feelings toward and interest in America to those of the mass of my countrymen, seems to be a natural one; but whether or no, I make it with an express object. I was asked in this very City, about last Christmas time, whether an American was not at some disadvantage in England, as a foreigner! The notion of an American's being regarded in England as a foreigner at all, of his ever being thought of or spoken of in that character, was so uncommonly incongruous and absurd to me that my gravity was for the moment quite overpowered. As soon as it was restored, I said that for years and years past I hoped I had had as many American friends, and had received as many American visitors as almost any Englishman living, and that my unvarying experience, forufied by theirs, was that it was enough in England to be an American to be received with the readiest respect and recognition anywhere. Thereupon, out of half-a-dozen people, suddenly spake out two, one an American gentleman with a cultivated taste for art, who, finding himself on a certain Sunday outside the walls of a certain historical English castle, famous for its pictures, was refused admission there, according to the strict rule of the establishment on that day, but who on merely representing that he was an American gentleman, on his travels, had not only the picture gallery, but the whole castle placed at his immediate disposal. [Laughter.] The other was a lady who, being in London, and having a great desire to see a particular museum, was assured by the English family with whom she stayed that it was impossible, because the place was closed for a week, and she had only three days there. Upon that lady's going to the museum, as she assured me, alone, self-introduced as an American lady, the gate flew open, as it were, magically. I am unwillingly bound to add that the lady certainly was young and extremely pretty. [Laughter.] Stall, the porter of that institution is of an obese habit, and, according to the best of my observation of him, not very impressible. [Great laughter and cheering.] Now, gentlemen, I refer to these trifles as a collateral assurance to you that the Englishman who shall humbly strive, as I hope to do, to be in England as faithful to America as to England herself, has no previous conceptions to contend against. ["Good!" "Good!"] Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be between the two great peoples. But broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that those two peoples are essentially one, [great applause,] and that it rests with them jointly to uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race, to which our President has referred, and all its great achievements before the world. [Bravo.] If I know anything of my countrymen, and they give me credit for knowing something, if I know anything of my countrymen, gentlemen, the English heart is stirred by the fluttering of those Stars and Stripes, as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own. [Great applause.] If I know my countrymen, in any and every relation toward America, they begin, not as Sir Anthony Absolute recommended lovers to begin, with "a little aversion," but with a great liking and a profound respect; and however the little sensitiveness of the moment, or the little official passion, the little official enmity, now or then, or here, or there, may be, take my word for it, that the first, enduring, great popular consideration in England is a generous construction of justice. [Bravo.] Finally, gentlemen, and I say this subject to your correction, I do believe that from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of whom has, in its own way, and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other. (Tumultuous applause, the whole company standing up and cheering again and again.] Gentlemen, I cannot thank your President enough, or you enough, for your kind reception of my health and of my poor remarks; but believe me, I do thank you with the utmost fervor of which my soul is capable. [Loud applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. DICKENS' speech the band struck up "God Save the Queen," and the whole company, rising, joined in singing the air.

"The New-York Press" was the next toast, and was responded to by Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND. On arising to respond he was received with great applause.

SPEECH OF MR. RAYMOND.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It seems to me, as I have no doubt it will seem to every one of you, that the Press of America ought to respond, at this moment, through some appropriate organ, to the noble and generous sentiments expressed by our guest to night. I have no commission and no claim, and no right to speak for the Press of the United States. [A voice, "Yes you have."] I am here officially, and only officially, to speak for a section, a segment of that great Press; ["No, no;"] but on behalf of that section, and I think with the assent of the whole Press with which that section is so closely, so constantly, so intimately and so proudly connected, I may say that we deem it an honor to us, the Press of New-York and the Press of America, that we have had an opportunity to greet on this occasion the guest who sits at my left hand. ["Bravo, bravo."] The Press of New-York, from its geographical position, to say nothing else, maintains a *quasi* prominence among the Press of the country. That Press has maintained an independent existence, not only in itself, but through its organization. For many years, (if I may say *many* in speaking of the few years during which I have been connected with it,) it has had an organization in form as a Press Club; and it is among the most pleasant of my recollections in connection with the Press of New-York that in that form of organization it has been our good fortune, at various times, to greet as guests, and to entertain, with whatever hospitality we were able to extend to them, gentlemen of distinction and position, who did us the honor to visit us from the countries of Europe. I remember almost the first of those occasions, when that truly great man, then recently expelled from the office of Governor of Hungary, KOSSUTH, the Magyar [applause,] came to this country, and charmed so many of our people by the sea shore, and in the depths of the densest wildernesses of the West, and in great cities, and everywhere he went, by the silver voice in which he uttered such sweet words in behalf of liberty and freedom, and by that sad, solemn eye with which, as our eloquent orator, RUFUS CHOATE, has said "he seemed constantly holding in the sad procession of unnamed demigods who had died for their native land." He was one of the most honored guests of the New-York Press. Then came to us, and honored us by his presence, as he has honored England and the world by his services, that great statesman whom your people, Sir, [turning to Mr. DICKENS,] now honor as they honor few among their dead or their living—RICHMAN COBDEN. [Great applause.] Then, too, came to us, and greeted us with the right hand of brotherhood, your great brother in literature, WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. [Renewed applause.] And I may say that of the many things that touched the hearts of our people, none touched them more nearly, or struck home more closely than the feeling and eloquent words of the heart in which he spoke to us of his brother in letters, CHARLES DICKENS. [Great cheering.] We did not need, sir, that he should tell us how much that name was cherished by the lovers of humanity all over the world, wherever the English tongue was spoken or read; but he never said one word in praise of that name that did not meet with as hearty a response here as human words ever brought from human hearts. He told us then what was true then, and what has been growing more and more true ever since, that the writings of that illustrious brother of his in the world of letters, had done more than any other event or occurrence, more than any other service which he could call to mind to make the men of the world feel that they were brothers, that they had common interests, that they were all sons of one father, and were marching toward one end, and that each deserved and ought to have the love, the sympathy, the cordial good offices and kindly feeling of every other. [Applause.] These, Sir, are among the felicities of the New-York Press. The Press of other parts of the country have enjoyed them also to a greater or less extent, and I know they have all sympathized with the feelings which pervaded our hearts at our good fortune in dwelling such words and hearing them speak such words of brotherly kindness and love. The President, the honorable the distinguished and the honored President on this occasion, [applause,] has spoken in words which I know came from his heart, as they reached all our hearts, of the service rendered the cause of humanity by our guest this evening. We are all laboring in one common cause. I think it may be truly said that the Press, the free Press, all over the world, has but one common mission—to elevate humanity. It takes the side of the humble, the lowly and the poor—always of necessity, a necessity of its own existence,—as against those who from mere position and power hold in their hands the destinies of the lowly and the poor, for whom the Press is instituted. We are all of us more or less directly, more or less exclusively, connected with the movements of governments,—governments of various forms, in different parts of the world, and through different agencies and ways, in that common effort to elevate the great mass of our fellow men, to improve their material condition, and give them a higher ground to stand upon and a stronger foot to go through the weary task that all of us, in some degree, have to undergo before we fulfill our pilgrimage here on earth. But it often strikes me, when I think of the labors of Governments and the labors of those who try to aid governments, and when I contrast them with the fruits of the efforts, and the machinery through which literary men labor for the same common end,—it often strikes me how coarse and rude and ineffective is the whole machinery of government to accomplish the great end of elevating humanity. It is not through machinery, it is not through organizations, through forms, through constraints, through laws, that we touch the real springs of human action. [Applause.] It is not through those agencies that we learn what it is that elevates humanity, what it is that purifies it, what it is that brings all men to think themselves brothers, and to act toward each other as brothers. It is those who deal with the secret springs of actions who, through the channels of fiction or of congenial and sympathetic human history, touch the springs of the human heart, and make us *feel* as well as convince our intellects; it is those who do most to carry the world on as we all hope it will have to be it ultimate destination. [Applause.] And certainly in the Press, or out of the Press, in government, or out of government, nowhere on the face of the earth, in any form or in any shape, or through any agency, have there lived many men—I might make it stronger, if I did not dislike to appear extravagant—have there lived many men who have touched so nearly the secret springs of action and of character of the human heart, and have done so much in that way to bring about that unanimity of human feeling, that cordiality of human brotherhood, as the distinguished guest whom we have here to-night. Everything that he has ever written, I say it without the slightest exception of a single book, a single page or a single word that has ever proceeded from his pen, has been calculated to infuse into every human heart the feeling that every man was his brother, and that the highest duty he could do to the world, and the highest pleasure he could confer upon himself and the greatest service he could render to humanity was to bring that other heart, whether high or low, as close to his own as possible. [Applause.] What he has accomplished in that way, how many human hearts he has thus brought together, how much of kind feeling he has infused throughout society, among all men, of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, powerful and weak—how much he has done to infuse into them all the spirit of brotherhood, I know to well the poverty of any language I could use to attempt to describe. [Applause.] But I know that there is not a man here, and there is not a man who has known any man here, who knows anything of his writings, who has made himself familiar with their spirit, or has yielded to their influence, who has not been made thereby a better as well as a wiser, and prouder and kinder nobler man. [Loud cheering.] Excuse the prolixity into which I seem to be running. I will not prolong my remarks. I only desire to return thanks, on behalf of the New-York Press, for the compliment which has been paid it by the assembled Press of the United States. ["Go on, go on."] I think I may fairly claim that the New-York Press—and I know no higher claim that I could put in for it here to-night than this, that the New-York Press from the very beginning, from the time when words first dropped from the pen of our illustrious guest, the New-York Press has appreciated them, and I may add, appropriated them, [laughter,] and that the fruits thereof are apparent in some of the changes, the improvements, the advances, which he has been good enough to speak of here to-night. We all know his characters. They seem like persons. We cherish them as friends. I feel as well acquainted with some of them—yes, a great deal better acquainted with some of them, than I do with many of the men whom I meet here on the streets every day of my life. I know I have derived more good from some of them than from any, or at least many, of the friends whom I meet every day. They do everybody good, for they are always cheerful, always hopeful, always earnest, always kind to every one; and, in spite of all we may claim for our republican institutions and our equality of rights, humanity in this country—I say it fearlessly—owes more of its substantial advances to the writings of Mr. DICKENS than even to the Press of New-York. [Laughter and applause.] His is a kind of public service, which is done without consciousness, and sometimes without intent. Such a man writes what he knows of men, and what he writes addresses itself to all men. It reaches their hearts, and through their hearts governs their conduct; and that is the only government of conduct worth a straw anywhere. [Applause.] I think often of these things in connection with the noble lines of one of our own poets, speaking of the unconscious work done by the great architect of Rome, in the building of St. Peter's; and if you will allow me to quote those lines, (and I am sure you will thank me for substituting them for anything that I could say myself,) I will close therewith, I mean that beautiful passage in EMERSON where he says:

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought with a deaf sincerity.
> Himself from God he could not free,
> He builded better than he knew;
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The "Weekly Press" was responded to by GEO. WM. CURTIS, as follows:

MR. CURTIS' SPEECH.

As I now look around upon this cheerful company, I like to think that this pleasant feast is not merely a tribute to an author whose books have made all his readers his friends, but is a fraternal greeting of welcome and farewell from us, who are all, in various ways, reporters, to our comrade, a late reporter of the London *Morning Chronicle*, who shall here and now, and at no other time, and nowhere else in the world, be nameless. He has ceased, indeed, to write for the *Morning Chronicle*, but he has not ceased to be a reporter. He is a famous story-teller; but I ask this table of experts whether that shows him to be no longer a reporter? He is a great novelist, but what are novelists? They are men commissioned by nature to see human life and the infinite play of human character, and write reports upon them. So a certain Spaniard inspected the grotesque aspect of decaying chivalry, and wrote his famous report, *Don Quixote*. So a certain Scotchman beheld the romantic splendor of the Crusader, and called his report *Ivanhoe*. So a sad-eyed countryman of ours saw a tragic aspect in early New-England life, and called his marvelous report the *Scarlet Letter*. And so our nameless friend of the *Morning Chronicle*, with the same commission as that of CERVANTES, of SCOTT, of HAWTHORNE, observing the various aspects of life in his own time, has written his prodigious series of reports which have become *Household Words All the Year Round*. They have not only revealed wrongs, but have greatly helped to right them. One he called, for instance, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and with hilarious indignation Dotheboys Hall was hauled and cried away. Perhaps he called another *Oliver Twist* and the cold poor-house was turned inside out and warmed with the sun of human charity. Upon another I read *Bleak House;* and, as I turn the pages, the long, bitter Winter of the law's delay lies exposed. He turns his eye backward, and it seems to me nobody truly understands the terrible form and spirit of the French Revolution, although he may have read all the historians, if he has not read that wonderful report, *The Tale of Two Cities*. And still, thank Heaven! the good work goes on. The eye and the heart and the hand are untiring. The eager world reads, and reads, and reads; and the reporter's genial magic makes it a great, good-natured Oliver, asking for more. If, in the pursuit of his calling, he came to us who loved and honored him, he still faithfully and frankly reported his observations. The old proverb says nobility obliges. But genius obliges still more. Fidelity to his own observation is all that we can ask of any reporter. However grateful he may be for our hospitality, we cannot insist that he shall pour our champagne into his eyes so that he cannot see, nor stuff our pudding into his ears so that he cannot hear. He was obliged to hear and see, and report many things that were not pleasant nor flattering. It is the fate of all reporters. I do not remember that those very competent observers, Mr. EMERSON and Mr. HAWTHORNE, whom we sent to England, represented that country as altogether a paradise and John Bull as a saint without blemish. They told a great deal of truth about England, as it seems to me our friend told a great many wholesome and valuable truths about us. Naturally we did not find every part of his report very entertaining; but neither, I suppose, did Lord Bedlam find Bleak House very pleasant, and I am sure that to this day neither Sergt. Buzfuz nor the Lord Chief Justice Stareleigh have ever been able to find the least fun in Pickwick. For my undivided thirty-millionth part of the population I thank the reporter with all my heart, and I do not forget that if his touch, like the ray of a detective's lantern, sparkled for a moment upon some of our defects, the full splendor of its light has been always turned upon the sins and follies of his own country. If I seem to have wandered from my text, Mr. Chairman, it only seems so. The members of the Weekly Press, to whom I have the honor of speaking, pursue literature as a profession; and I know not where we could study the fidelity, the industry, the conscience, the care and the enthusiasm which are essential to success in our profession more fitly than in the example of the editor of *All the Year Round*. M. THIERS in a recent speech says that the world now needs every day a new book written every day. Hence the newspaper. The responsibility of the authors of that book is enormous. The world is governed by public opinion, and nothing moulds that opinion more powerfully than the Press. Its great divisions as we know them are two: the literary and the political. The paramount duty of the Literary Press is purity; of the Political Press, honesty. Our Copyright law, as you are aware, Mr. Chairman, inflicts a fine for every repetition of the offence, so that the fine is multiplied as many times as there are copies of the book printed. So the man who, as a writer for the Press, says what he does not believe, or defends a policy that he does not approve, or panders to a base passion or a mean prejudice for a party purpose, is so many times a traitor to the craft represented at this table as there are copies of his newspaper printed. And as honest or even dishonest difference of opinion is entirely compatible with courtesy, as even denunciation is a thousand-fold more stinging and effective when it is not vituperation, decency of manner becomes the Press no less than decency of matter. When the manners of the Press become those of Tombs pettifoggers, or Old Bailey shysters, or the Eatanswill *Gazette*, its influence upon society will be revealed by a coarse and brutal public opinion. While we boast of the tremendous power of the Press, let us remember that the foundations of its power are in the moral of Mr. Dickens' life. Not long ago, in a cabin in the extreme North, he found the complete works of CHARLES DICKENS, and the owner of the humble abode told him that next to the Bible he set the highest value upon these books. In his writings were embodied principles that if carried out in common life were calculated to make mankind wiser and happier. He was happy to meet here tonight, sitting side by side, two such earnest champions of human rights as CHAS. DICKENS and HORACE GREELEY.

SPEECH OF MR. M. HALSTEAD.

The response to the "Western Press" was made by Mr. HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who said, if he should protract his remarks in proportion to the geographical extent of the country whence he came, he would keep them here all night. He did not think that he represented the West of the present day, inasmuch as he was a thousand miles East of what now was called the West by the people of his vicinity. Our guest had only seen a small portion of the country, only the portion that hung on the "verge" of the United States. The people of his section, so far from being offended at anything he said about them in the "American Notes," were exceedingly grateful to him tor omitting many things that he might have said. [Laughter and applause.] It had been said that the sun never set upon the domain of England, and it might with equal truth be said that the sun never set upon the admirers of the genius of the guest of the evening. [Applause.]

"The Southern Press" was the next toast.

MR. DE LEON'S SPEECH.

EDWIN DE LEON responded as follows: We have all read with wonder in our childhood that story in the Thousand and One Nights of the Arabian Pr nce, who, on his magic carpet, could transport himself at will to remote corners of the earth. What our childhood doubted, our manhood has seen realized; for the successor of that Prince sits among us all to-night. For into what remote nook, into what diversity of land and language, has not the magic woof, woven out of his own brain, transported CHARLES DICKENS? Less fortunate than our Northern brethren, few of us, representatives of the Southern Press, have had the pleasure of looking upon and listening to our guest of to-night—have enjoyed the high intellectual gratification of comparing our ideals of the children of his brain with that of their parent. Yet none the less is his name familiar in our mouths as Household Words; and, from the hour we first met him at the "Pickwick Club" until our pleasant jaunt to "Mugby Junction," the Southern Press has paid full, fair and spontaneous tribute to him. Not having "million-gas-magnifiers" in place of eyes, it, of course, has been impossible for Mr. DICKENS to see or read these tributes; especially as I know of the great circulation of American journals in England—from North or South—to be only an event looming in the future. Yet I take pleasure and pride in vouching for Southern recognition and Southern admiration of the writer who has never prostituted great gifts to base uses; never pandered to low principles; nor bought popularity and renown at the price of moral debasements. Here, in America, the life-long champion of the weak against the strong—the scourger of shams and humbugs in high places—the advocate of the people, who has never in his pleadings brought a blush to the cheek of maiden modesty—here he should and must be honored, even at an hour when the literature both of England and of America reeks with the pollutions of that unsavory thing, called *Sensation!* True genius is ever healthy. Convulsion is not strength; nor can the mind and soul of any people be nourished by tainted food rehashed from continental shambles. All honor then to the Master who has "touched not, tasted nor, handled not" this unclean thing, but has put the temptation far away from him; and—with his friend, compeer and rival, THACKERAY—has offered wholesome food, seasoned with the attic salt of humor and the pungent pepper of wit, to the hungry palates of all who speak the language of VICTORIA and of WASHINGTON! One of these great masters has gone to his rest; but his works live after him—a legacy Death cannot deprive us of. But he—his only compeer, who uttered over his bier high tribute to the author and to the man—is happily still spared to English literature. Can it then be wondered at if—after all the plenteous feast he has spread before us—we, insatiate still and like his own Oliver, are "asking for more?" Before concluding the imperfect utterances of an admiration too strong for expression in words, allow me to declare the pride and pleasure with which I stand here to-night as the connecting link between the Northern and the Southern Press—so long dissevered—on this first occasion of their reunion for a common purpose. I feel it a peculiar privilege to be the agent for taking stock, in their name, in that third cable which Mr. DICKENS came over to lay down between England and America—the shore end of which he has so successfully landed on our side. It is just sixteen years since Mr. THACKERAY made himself personally known to us. He came over to take soundings for the great enterprise Mr. DICKENS has just finished so triumphantly. By a curious coincidence it was my good fortune then to defend Mr. THACKERAY from unjust aspersions on his character as a man and as an author, and to be honored by his friendship and intimacy on both sides of the Atlantic, even as it is my pleasing duty to join to-night in the universal acclaim that greets his great friend and rival in our parting reunion. At the time of our guest's departure from England on this cable mission of his, an English illustrated journal gave a picture, in which the principal characters of his novels—Wilkins Micawber, Sairy Gamp and other old friends of ours—were bidding him an affectionate farewell as he stepped on board the steamer "Hail Columbia." When those delighted children assemble on the pier to welcome their pet-pen on his return, uncalled and ungouged by the American sayages, unharmed by Fenians or Aztlan Klan, even among them he will find no hearts that throb for him with more genuine warmth than those that send a God-speed after him from Maine to Louisiana.

Frequent applause greeted the delivery of Mr. DE LEON'S speech.

SPEECH OF COL. THORPE.

The Chairman then proposed the "Southwestern Press," to which Col. T. B. THORPE responded as follows:

The allusion to the South and West as a locality seems to me intangible and poetical, for its comprehensiveness suggested is so vast, that if my genius were gold by the ton, it could not be hammered out by any process I know of to cover over so large a space. In the dim, distant, ancient times of the country, say twenty-eight years ago, I was identified with the Press of what was then known as the South and West—but the fairest region of that now well understood locality was then Mexican soil—neither the sunny waves of the Pacific, nor the oft impetuous current of the Rio Grande, laved our coasts. Up to the time the great South and West was finally laid out and fairly "prospected," the world had gone along cleverly in a small, slow way—but neither the transporta ion of freight, the carrying of passengers, nor the exchange of ideas suited so grand an era as the heart of the North American Continent, and American genius, always equal to every important occasion, [applause,] enslaved steam, fire and electricity to do our demanded work; and but for these agents the great West and South would to-day be a comparative wilderness. Here are our great triumphs. In our western wilds alone will the great minds of the Old World see the mighty grandeur of our republican colossus. Not a sphinx sitting alone in the desert, presiding over the tombs of departed greatness—but a vigorous, gracious, generous deity, protecting millions by its shadow, and opening wide its arms to receive and regenerate the suffering and oppressed of all lands. I would repeat, that I may be sufficiently impressive and clearly understood, that in the old and ancient times of twenty eight years ago, I was sitting on the alluvial banks of the lower Mississippi, watching the movements of a flat-boat that was lazily floating over the surface of the great "father of waters." As the giant arms that breasted the strong current turned this unwieldly craft toward the shore, I saw for the first time in my life, painted along its extended sides, with an immense brush, the name of Sam Veller. Strange as it may now seem, when I look on this company and reflect upon the reason of its assembling, it seems doubly strange indeed that the name of Sam Veller then suggested to me no history, called up no heart-cherished associations—but there was the name, nevertheless, and on the side of that old south-western craft it had been floated along for 2,000 miles, and thus quaintly made familiar with the teeming, vigorous people in the very heart of our Continent. I went on board of the boat in due time, and asked its Captain who was the honored gentleman whose name designated his craft. I don't know, stranger, was the reply; it may be that Mr. Veller is the new candidate for Congress from our territory, but I don't know. We all know Sam Weller now, and we think as much of his true manhood, so nobly exhibited in his humble office, as Mr. Pickwick ever did; but as much as we may think of Sam—or as much as we may honor the genius which individualized his character—Mr. DICKENS never has nor never will receive a more marked and generous tribute to his excellence than was paid by the citizens of the great South and West, when one of its representatives painted Sam Weller's name on that old backwoods craft. Col. THORPE was frequently interrupted by applause.

REMARKS OF PROF. YOUMANS.

The Chairman said the last toast of the evening was "The Scientific Press," and he would call upon Prof. E. L. YOUMANS to respond. Mr. YOUMANS, who was warmly applauded, said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I appreciate the honor of being called upon on this occasion to represent the Scientific Press, although very incompetent to do justice to its interest. But if any subject can afford to be carried of its mouthpiece, it is science. The daily, the weekly, and the monthly Press, and the Press East, West, North and South have to-night paid the tribute of their sincere and profound respect to the genius and the labors of CHARLES DICKENS.

THE CITY OF THE DOGES.

Reception of the Remains of Daniel Manin—Imposing Ceremonies—Life in the City of Lagoons—Its Prospects in the Future.

From our Own Correspondent.

VENICE, Monday, March 23, 1868.

A funeral on the water—there is something poetical in the idea. But a funeral at night, on the tranquil lagoons of Venice, has a poetic solemnity which we cannot easily associate with any other situation. Great barges, melancholy with their black hangings, and made more gloomy by vases blazing with a broad, thin, languid flame, move in procession in a silence unbroken except by notes of solemn muse. Not a wave ripples, and even the rise and fall of so many oars hardly disturbs the water with a sound. The barges are piled so high above the deck with their ornaments of candelabras, and columns, and shields, that in the distance they look like great fabrics, bright with gilding and illumination. The palaces are only lighted within; not even a taper is shown at any window. By such contrast the shadows without are deepened, and the gleams that flit upon the old color heighten the effect of gloom and mystery.

The remains of MANIN, accompanied by the delegation appointed by the French Republicans to bring them to Italy, arrived at Turin on the 20th. The next day, by a funeral train, they were brought to the station at Venice. There they rested in State until evening. At nightfall the great number of barges, bearing the hundreds or thousands forming the funeral *cortège*, commenced moving slowly up the grand canal. The calm of an Italian Spring night was favorable for the spectacle, to the preparation of which so much time and money had been devoted. The distance from the station to St. Mark's Mole by the Serpentine route, is not much less than two miles, and quite two hours were consumed in a passage of truly majestic slowness. Nothing can easily be imagined more beautiful than the effect of the moving mass of glory and gloom, as seen from different points where the Grand Canal bends in its long course. A show of this kind leaves images upon the imagination which haunt it long after.

The remains were brought to land near the Ducal Palace, and instead of being taken to the centre of the Piazza San Marco, to rest during the night, as was at first suggested, they were left in the great Church of San Zaccaria, under the care of the National Guard. Yesterday the last rites took place with a pomp fit for the burial of a Sovereign; officials of every degree, and delegations and associations from many parts joined in the procession which accompanied the body to the square and to the cathedral. On the platform in the square the body rested for two hours, during which ten discourses were pronounced in the Italian and French languages. Among the French speakers were M. FORCADE, of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, and M. LA FORGE. Letters of admiration and sympathy from JULES FAVRE, JULES SIMON, M. HAVEN and other members of the French Liberal Party were read.

Perhaps Venice has not seen a finer pageant since the olden time. People here tell me that the reception of the King and the other living hero, GARIBALDI, was nothing, as a demonstration of popular feeling, compared to the honors paid to the dead patriot. The region of the Piazza St. Mark presented an aspect of great beauty. Here, and along the *Riva degli Schiavoni*, for half a mile, every window and loggia and place from which a look-out could be had, and even the tops of the buildings, were crowded with spectators. Banners and draperies, knotted with mournful emblems, hanging from hundreds of poles and every palace wall, heightened in a great degree the effect of color, in which Venice is always sufficiently rich. The sun, of the clearest Italian sky, shed its splendor upon the scene, and hardly a new element seemed wanting to produce one of those fine general effects which the Italians love so much. The machines of the photographers could be seen on several of the heights, catching on their glasses an image of the fleeting pageant, for the benefit of local history, trade and art.

The funeral function lasted six hours; for after the long procession, and the addresses in the square, the body was carried into the Church of St. Mark, and there, with music, and many candles and prayers, the last strictly religious offices were performed. In the *atrio* of the Cathedral is placed a model of the monument which is to receive the remains of the patriot. There will be a sarcophagus of red porphyry, resting on four winged lions, in bronze gilt. The base will be in black marble. The general design is in excellent taste.

THE CITY OF THE LAGOONS.

And now before leaving this city of the Lagoons, a word about the town itself.

One feels a sort of melancholy commiseration for these Venetians, who come within only a few feet of living, like the frogs and eels, in the mud or under water. We thank the ancestors of the present inhabitants for having created so much picturesqueness for us, while we pity those condemned to pass their lives in narrow dark passages, when such floods of light are streaming from the sky. These canals, narrow and crooked, and running everywhere, are well enough for the imagination, when associated with music and moonlight, and the legends of old palaces crumbling to decay. But one becomes tired at last, and wishes to get away. Venice is almost intolerable, or at least tiresome as a place of residence, although it is a city to which one often wishes to come back.

The town has advantages, for there is no dust, and one of the inhabitants tells me that he is not obliged to have his shoes polished more than once a week. Instead of the foot-fall of horse and the rumble of carriage-wheels, the gondola glides noiselessly by. It is sufficiently amusing for a visitor to watch the movement on the principal canals. Just now I saw from my window a piano-forte go by. There it stood tranquilly on its legs, in the middle of the gondola, with no jar to put the chords out of tune, and looking much more dignified than when keeled over on the side, like a stranded hulk. If there had been a player, a serenade might have been given under every window, the music of the piano accompanying the song of the gondolier.

I see ladies in their fine dresses, with "footmen" in livery, going to make their mid-day calls or to distribute their cards. If there is a ball at the Palace, all the satin, and lace, and muslin, is carried in these carved and softly-carpeted boats, gliding under the archway and landing the precious freight at the foot of the great stairs. Here are palaces of the merchant princes of the old time, rising out of the water which bore back their ships laden with wealth; houses once as bright as the white stones from the quarry could make them, now rusty with the fine tints which time has left. A law exists which prohibits repairs to be made upon any of the monumental houses in such a way as to change their original character. The color even must not be rubbed off, although the elements may have left the walls as grim as the mountain rock. The law has its origin in true good taste, artistically viewed, although the impression produced is that of poverty, except upon the minds of lovers of the picturesque and of archæologic propriety.

Man but repeats the same acts, only in another form, in every age. The intelligent animal is by nature a trader, whether he lives in Bagdad, Tyre, Venice or New-York. In the commercial metropolis of America merchants are doing, on a ten-fold greater scale, what was done in Venice from two to five hundred years ago. The marble palaces of commerce are but enlarged reproductions of the mansions in which the old merchants here were lodged. The palace of the PISANI family, now going to decay, is a mass of white marble as large as the St. Nicholas, and architecturally much more beautiful.

With liberty, Venice, with the rest of Italy, will awake to new life. Prosperity will revive, although it can never hope to hold the place among commercial cities which it held in the old time. The world is changed, and grander seats of commerce and of empire are rising, far removed from the old theatre of action. Commerce and civilization are following the course of the sun round the world. ANGELICO.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Visit to the Yo-Semite—Some Account of the Journey from San Francisco—Clark's Ranch and the Big Trees.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, March 19, 1868.

The great pleasure-trip of the American continent will hereafter be the journey to the Yo-Semite. There is no one object of nature in the world—except Niagara—to equal it in attraction. Whenever the Pacific Road brings the two coasts within a fortnight of each other, innumerable parties will be made up to visit it. I have been tolerably familiar, by post-journeys, with Switzerland, Tyrol and Norway, and I can truly say that no one scene in those grand regions can compare equally, in all its combinations, with the wonderful canyon of the Yo Semite. It is a matter of congratulation also to me that I saw it before any road, or coach, or rail-car had approached it. It ought not to be visited otherwise than as our party journeyed to it—on horses, winding in picturesque train over velvety trails beneath the gigantic pines of the Sierras.

But first, as to the making up of a party. It is of the utmost importance that a company should be selected who will travel slowly and stop to enjoy, and not "do" this glorious region, as so many are in the habit. A large party is not desirable: six or eight are quite enough, and it must be remembered that it is much like an Adirondack camping party: you are thrown necessarily on one another, and are in very intimate contact for two or three weeks. The best time to start is a week before full moon in June. At that season there are plenty of people in San Francisco who are ready to make the excursion, and a party is easily got together. The water is then at its highest in the falls of the valley, the snow is melted, and the dust and heat of the central plain are not then at their worst, while the night journeys are made magnificent by the moon. For clothing, the great necessities in California are always flannel beneath and linen outside. The best dress for gentlemen is a good hunting-shirt of flannel, with a loose morning coat, (to be worn occasionally,) stout pantaloons for riding, and heavy walking shoes. For ladies, a full linen suit for the coach-drive and a short linsey dress for horseback. Whatever is worn must come out pretty effectually ruined by dust and mud. No wraps or shawls are needed, or umbrellas (except for the sun;) and no heavy luggage should be taken. Knapsacks or small leather bags are the best traveling baggage. A valise or trunk can be expressed to meet one as he comes out, either at Coulterville or Mariposa.

The whole expense for say a fortnight from San Francisco ought not to be over $100, and may be much less. The charges for horses are $2 50 (gold) per diem, guides $2 50, mule $2 50, and inns in the Valley $3 50; on the whole a very expensive trip. The common-sense way would be (if one had time) to buy a mountain-mustang at one of the towns in the Fort Hills for $30, make the trip without a guide (who is no more needed than on a turnpike,) and then sell the horse at the other end. In this way the whole trip could be made for $50. It is not a severe journey; any lady not an invalid can make it, and no other in the world can give more enjoyment.

Our party started on the steamer in the afternoon for Stockton, and next morning, after a comfortable breakfast, were booked, by a large, easy Concord coach, for Bear Valley, some 90 miles, (fare $10.) The drive was over an apparently barren, parched plain, almost without a tree for fifty miles—the Valley of the San Joaquin. The first portion showed us some good wheat-fields, but the most of it was through a dreary region. The characteristic feature is the windmills at each farm-house for raising water and irrigating. It is not, however, so barren a country as it looks. Like much of the unpromising-looking land in the State, it only needs irrigation to bring forth treasures of grain and fruit. We were troubled but little by the dust, as it was so early in the season; but they say that later the drive is almost intolerable.

One of our party says he has known such dust here in August that the driver could not see his leaders; and he has heard a passenger cry out in agony, "Driver, stop, for God's sake, or we shall be suffocated!" and the coach has stopped to give all a chance to breathe.

There was nothing of any special interest in the towns we passed through; the close of the drive was through a superb mountain region by moonlight, and it was late when, thoroughly tired out, we reached Bear Valley. The next day we drove on through Mariposa to an inn, on the edge of the forest, very comfortable and neat—"WILD & HATCH'S"—where we were to take horse and our excursion would fairly begin. Horses can be obtained at Mariposa or Bear Valley. They are generally mustangs of pied color, small and wiry, but the surest-footed creatures possible—even surpassing the Norwegian posting-ponies. Not one in our party slipped or stumbled once, though sometimes treading over water-worn rocky floors, or descending as nearly perpendicular mountain-sides as a horse could, with a rider on his back.

Here, after a nice dinner, there was great buckling and arranging of saddles, and shortening of stirrups, and packing of knapsacks on a most wicked-looking mule, who was our baggage animal.

It may be remarked here that our excellent guide, of whom we expected so much help for the ladies, was, after the starting, mostly invisible, being occupied far in the rear in attending to the vagaries of this eccentric and unaccountable animal, who usually insisted on going down hill when he ought to go up, and who had a most malicious propensity for rushing with his load between trees too narrow for him, or for making sudden and perverse darts from the trail into the depths of some neighboring swamp. I can believe the accounts of my friend K., who says he has known a mule perfectly good and docile for six months, so as to get an opportunity for one spiteful kick at his too trusting master, and that after that he would be as meek and stupid as before. Among all my many traveling experiences in various countries I do not think I can ever forget the romance and the delicious beauty of that first night's ride toward the Yo Semite. The trail was barely wide enough for two to ride abreast, winding under majestic pines, over mountains, and down wild deep dells, each step of the horses springing elastic from soft pine leaves. The sun soon set, and a magnificent moon arose, giving us at one time a broad belt of light over the path, and then leaving us to descend into a mysterious gulf of darkness, and then casting strange shadows and half-lights through the pine branches over our procession of riders. As we penetrated further into the forest we began to wind about beneath trees, such as few of us had ever seen—the superb sugar pine, perhaps the most perfect tree in nature—here starting with a diameter of from seven to twelve feet, and mounting up with most symmetrical branches to the height—say of Trinity Church spire (250 to 260 feet;) on the end of its branches cones hanging a foot long. Sometimes we came forth from the forest for a few moments, and had grand glimpses of great mountain valleys, only partly revealed in the glorious moonlight. Most of the party were old travelers, and were rather impervious to sensations, but we all agreed that this was a new one, and gave a most promising augury of the Yo Semite excursion. After fourteen miles—an easy ride—we all reached Clark's Ranch at a late hour, ready for supper and bed.

CLARK'S RANCH AND THE BIG TREES.

This ranch is a long, rambling, low house, built under enormous sugar pines, where travelers find excellent quarters and rest in their journey to the Valley. CLARK himself is evidently a character; one of those men one frequently meets in California—the modern anchorite—a hater of civilization and a lover of the forest—handsome, thoughtful, interesting and slovenly. In his cabin were some of the choicest modern books and scientific surveys, the walls were lined with beautiful photographs of the Yo Semite; he knew more than any of his guests of the fauna, flora and geology of the State; he conversed well on any subject, and was at once philosopher, *savan*, chambermaid, cook and landlord.

By a wise selection he has been appointed by the State Commission, which has charge of the Yo Semite Forest Master, to take care of the wonderful trees, which are only at six miles' distance. On that Commission are Messrs. T. L. OLMSTED, Prof. J. D. WHITNEY, H. W. RAYMOND and others, well known on this coast. It has been a wise provision among the California people, which has thus early set aside the magnificent Canyon for public enjoyment for ever, and has placed these wonders of the forest beyond the reach of the showmen and spoilers who so soon destroy such monuments in America.

Mr. CLARK seems the very person to be their guardian. He evidently has a filial reverence for these relics of the past—these giants of ancient days.

When I saw his vigorous action in one matter, I wished we had a Forest-master on the Hudson River. During the whole journey to the Sierras, we had been tormented in every beautiful scene by most impertinent and obtrusive signs of a certain "clothing" establishment in San Francisco. Just as we stopped our horses to take one dreamy gaze through a far-away perspective, there would rise up a placard in the foreground, "One Hundred Miles to Stockton! One Hundred and Fifty to SOWAM and MENDAM & Co!" Did we dismount to recline and drink at a cooking spring, we were hardly at our ease on the soft pine twigs, when the solitude is desecrated by "Sowam's Prize Pantaloons!" on a neighboring tree; if we wander out on a lonely walk for converse with nature and our own thoughts, "Sowam and Mendam's Drawers" haunt us at every turning. Every exquisite mountain scene is made hideous by advertisements, until at last our whole party swore that they would go naked their whole lives rather than buy at "SOWAM, MENDAM & Co."

This hobgoblin was before us among the big trees, and in the Yo Semite. If any where in the world, Sowam will be there. We knew it. He would make life unendurable there. But Mr. CLARK, hearing of our fears, reassured us. He said that this thing had been attempted by some shop-keepers, and he had stopped it summarily; and now the Commission had secured an act which made it a penal offence to affix any business notices in the Yo Semite Valley, or among the big trees. Verily, California is in the van of civilization.

We started at not too early an hour for a forest ride to the Trees, Mr. CLARK kindly guiding us. What may be called the avenue to these hoary monuments of antiquity, lies through a gigantic forest of sugar-pines, themselves some 200 to 250 feet high, so that when you reach the mighty towers of vegitation you lose a little the sense of their vast height. I searched curiously as we rode through the forest for the conditions which should produce such monstors of growth. It must be remembered that the *Sequoia gigantea* is not found merely here or at Calaveras and its neighborhood. There appears to be a belt of them running along the slopes of the Sierras, about 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the sea level, and as far south as Visalia. They are so plenty as to be sawed for lumber, though what so light a wood could be used for I can hardly think. In the neighborhood of the latter place, the Indians report a tree far in the forest, surpassing in grandeur anything ever seen; but thus far, no white man has ever cast eyes on it. It is a mistake too to suppose the race wearing out. I saw both here and in Calaveras young giant *sequirae*, beginning patiently their thousand years of growth with all the vigor of their grand ancestors; some of but four hundred years, mere youths, showed a most beautiful symmetry of branches, like the Norfolk pine. There are fewer young here than in Calaveras, because fire or some other cause has swept among the under-brush of all trees, and must have destroyed many of these burly saplings.

The *sequoia* grows on mountain slopes, where the slow wash of water through ages brings down minute particles of fertilizing rocks; the decayed vegetation of countless centuries and the moisture of eternal springs, water and feed its roots. It enjoys a sun of the tropics without a cloud for six months, and has the balmy air of the Pacific, with incessant and gentle moisture, and perhaps a warm covering of snow for its Winter. As has been well said, "it has nothing to do but to grow;" and so with all the favorable conditions that nature can offer, air and sun and moisture, it pumps up its food from the everlasting hills, and builds up its slow, vegetable-like substance during *aeons of aeons* into a gigantic, symmetrical and venerable pile, while nations begin and pass away beneath its shadow.

Think of lying under a tree, beneath which the contemporary of ALEXANDER or SOCRATES might have rested, and which shall defy the storm, perhaps, when the present political divisions of the world are utterly passed away, and the names of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN are among the heroes of a vague past.

But how to give an impression of its size! If my readers will imagine a *sequoia* placed beside Trinity Church, he must conceive it filling up one of our largest dwelling houses—say a diameter of 30 feet, with a circumference of 90 feet; the bark of this gigantic trunk will be light, porous, and reddish in color, with many scars upon it of fire (its great enemy); then, perhaps, at the height of the Trinity belfry (say 100 feet), two opposing huge branches will protrude, it may be, themselves, of the size of large trees (say 8 feet in diameter); these will be twisted and much broken; above them will come forth other heavy branches, which show the marks and blows of the storms of two thousand years or more, for the giant, so far above his fellows, meets a continual battering from the gales of the mountains.

There is no symmetry in his top or delicacy and grace in his outline; he has battled and struggled with the storm for many centuries to preserve an artistic appearance. He looks the giant of the forest, broad-rooted and strong-limbed, rough and weather-beaten, but defying snow and frost and hurricane for thousands of years, and still sheltering bird and beast and cattle beneath his grand shadow.

His leaf is much like the leaf of our cedar, and the cone is a small, insignificant burr, hardly two inches long. As we follow up the top we shall find the gradually-diminishing stem and broken branches, reaching toward the blue vault a hundred feet higher than the Trinity spire.

I have said fire is the great enemy of the *sequoia*, as it, indeed, has been. The "Star King" tree in Calaveras is 340 feet high. The dry Summers leave the vegetation exposed to conflagration, and there is no doubt that the Indians at an early period, through carelessness or design, have burnt off whole districts, which have never recovered their former shrubbery. The *sequoia*, from its dry light bark, catches like tinder. It is rare to see a tree untouched by fire. It may be that it has thus been especially diminished since man first appeared on the Pacific Coast. It seems seldom to die of old age; and one eminent botanist of a most careful habit of mind tells me that he has seen one which, in his judgment, is over 3,000 years old. The one whose rings I counted was apparently about 1,800 years old. As Mr. CLARK philosophically says, why should it not be in the nature of one tree to live 3,000 years as much as of another to live 30? The chance, however, of destructive elements assailing the life of any one being increases with time, and the "struggle for existence" must be greater.

We visited one big tree in Calaveras which had been blown over two years before. The enormous weight which each tree carries makes it more difficult to bear the gales as it overtops the forest. Perhaps any ordinary wood, such as oak or maple, would increase the specific gravity, so that at 300 feet height, the leverage on the roots would be too great to bear any strain of a gale; but this wood is almost like cork—lighter than any wood on the eastern coast. The fall of this mighty tower, they say, was heard for miles around, and made the earth tremble. Where it fell it has buried its top deep in the ground, so that there is quite a ravine made by the blow in the earth. You strike the trunk where it is still a large tree, and then walk upon it some 200 feet toward the roots. When you reach the roots you are upon a height equal to the roof of a moderate sized house, and a fall from the trunk would be dangerous. You descend by a ladder.

C. L. B.

GEORGIA.

Agricultural Prospects—Corn and Cotton Culture—The Labor Question—White Immigration.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GREENE COUNTY, Ga., Saturday, April 11, 1868.

However necessary political reconstruction may be considered to the prosperity of the Southern States, the consulting doctors differ widely in their views as to the nostrum to be compounded; but there is no difference of opinion as to the immediate necessity of material reconstruction, and that by agricultural success alone can the end be attained.

In the present crippled condition of the people of all classes, impoverished by four years of wasting war, and by three successive failures to realize a compensating return for their outlay of labor, &c., the planters and farmers this year are obliged "to make out the best way they can." They have no money to renew their plow stock, to buy new or improved implements, to obtain fertilizers or to clear and prepare fresh land. Few have the means to employ and feed more than half the number of laborers they employed last year, and none are cultivating the same area of land as they did in 1866 and '67.

When it was found last Fall that the bright hopes of a large crop and high prices of cotton were going to result in bitter disappointment and ruinous loss, a much larger quantity of wheat and oats was sown than is usual in this State. In most cases, however, the land was ill prepared, unmanured and rudely seeded down, but though the return will be small, not exceeding, on an average, more than five or six bushels to the acre, the expense will be trifling, consisting merely in the plowing, seeding and cutting, and thus the farmer's profits will, he believes, be larger than if he had "tried cotton another year." At present the wheat and oat crop looks very promising. It has borne the Winter's frosts which were unusually severe, with but little loss, and if the next two months are propitious the aggregate crop will be the largest ever made in Georgia. If this should prove to be the case, a revolution will take place in the agriculture of the State. Grain, instead of being a secondary, will become a primary consideration, and the long-tottering throne of King Cotton will be overthrown. The rack-rent, *con-acre* system of Ireland in former days was scientific husbandry as compared with the old system of cotton-raising in these States. The barren wastes seamed with gullies, destitute of every particle of verdure and vegetation except a few tufts of broom grass and some sickly pine trees, which are now to be seen in every direction, were once rich cotton lands. Year after year their surface was scratched by plows of primitive construction, cotton was planted, the surface of the ground continually exposed to the scorching suns and drenching rains, not a particle of manure was ever applied, not an hour of rest or protection was ever granted, until finally the exhausted earth could yield no longer, and then the planter moved away to "clear a new ground" and repeat the same process, until the new ground became as exhausted as the old. Now the planter cannot move away and clear new ground. He has nothing but the old plantation, and he must make it productive or starve. He finds he must cultivate less land and cultivate it better. He knows that he must give the ground something to eat if he expects it to be productive, just as he must feed a horse or mule if he expects it to work, and he is beginning to discover that if he continues to plant cotton, leaving the ground naked from January to December, it is impossible to renovate it or prevent its gradual deterioration, until at last it will refuse to yield. By wheat, oats and clover the renovation can be accomplished. They are not more uncertain crops in an average of years than cotton, and the argument which most forcibly recommends them now to the planter's favor is the cheapness of their cultivation, and the power to grow them with so little hired labor. On all sides I hear farmers say that if they do well with their small grain this year they will give up planting cotton, except on a very small scale, and will try to renew their lands by raising and keeping more stock and gathering large quantities of manure. If this should be the case, the cotton tax, the low price of last year and the failure of 1866 and 1867 will prove to have been blessings in disguise.

Corn planting is now finished everywhere. Considering the laboring force employed a large area has been planted, and it has been planted more carefully with deeper plowing, and with more manure (principally cotton seed) than in former years. Last year more land was devoted to cotton than to corn. Every one expected to make a fortune in a year, and only planted corn enough "to bread the hands and feed the stock," but this year corn predominates, and "enough cotton to make a little ready money" is the general aim. So far as the corn is out of the ground it looks well. The recent frosts do not seem to have injured it.

Cotton planting has just commenced in this section of the State. In lower Georgia it is almost finished. Wherever I have been and had an opportunity of observation, I remarked that the land is well prepared and in good order; but the entire absence of manure of any sort, and the inability of the people to buy the expensive fertilizers, must render the crop a small one, as the acreable extent has been largely curtailed, and the laboring force reduced from one-half to one-third as compared with former years. The people are very poor. They have food but are compelled to use it sparingly. They must now buy their meat, it being no longer possible to raise it as in former times, owing to the constant thefts of vagabond negroes. Meat is very expensive—18 to 20 cents per pound by retail, and corn from $1 to $1 20 per bushel. Generally, however, the people have corn enough to do them until the new crop comes in.

A good crop of corn, and 20c. to 25c. per pound for cotton this year, will contribute largely to material reconstruction. Improvements will then be possible. Manures can be bought, labor-saving machinery can be obtained, and the old broken-down mules replaced by young and healthy stock. At present the prospect is good. The people are earnestly industrious, working hard and intelligently, and if Providence sends a propitious season want and suffering will no longer exist.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Almost invariably wherever I have asked the question "How are the freedmen working this year?" I have received the answer, "not so well, or so steadily as they did last year," and my own observation tends to corroborate the correctness of the answer. In the first place, like the relief-men, they do not care a straw for "the obligation of a contract." They will sign a contract to day before the Agent of the Bureau for a year, get the employer to send his teams to move their furniture, &c., draw their first week's or month's rations, and without a word of complaint or of notice walk off and contract with somebody else whom they will treat in the same way should their caprice so lead them. I have known this to happen on one or two places that I have visited. In one case the employer was boasting at night that he had secured a set of first rate hands, who were well contented and working well under a liberal contract approved by the bureau, and when he got up in the morning his manager told him that three-fourths of them had "done gone in the night," and that "the balance was a-going right away." They made no complaint whatever. On the contrary said they were well treated and liberally paid, but they "thought they could do better and allowed they'd quit," taking with them all the rations they had received. The Bureau made the pretence of trying to get them to return and carry out their contract, but when I enquired a few days ago if they had been brought back, I found that not one had returned, or had the least idea of doing so. The gentleman to whom I refer commenced his agricultural operations for the year with twenty hands. Owing to this and other causes he has now but ten, picked up where he could find them, working badly and listlessly, and he told me he never knows at night whether he will have a single hand to go to work on the following morning.

I have no accurate information as to the condition of labor in Southern Georgia; but in this portion of the State there are not more than half the hands at work that there were last year, and those who are at work are said to be less diligent, less tractable, begin later and leave off earlier than former years. In and near the towns they are in crowds, and whenever "a speaking" is announced all the negroes for miles round quit the field, and without a word of notice go to town to see what is going on. During the last month I have known all the male hands on a place which I visit occasionally, to leave in the morning and spend the whole day away, and once in the middle of corn-planting. Neither the manager nor the employer knew anything of their intention, and when they returned they never attempted to offer any excuse, nor did they seem to think they had done anything but spent their freedom.

All this could be corrected if the Bureau would do its duty, and if the Bureau agents were not universally the agents of the Radical Party, using their official authority solely for political purposes, without a passing thought for any other interest. There may be exceptions, but I have seen but one. If a negro steals and is apprehended, the Bureau agent, under the pretence of protecting him against white tyranny and prejudice, becomes his advocate, and however plain his guilt uses all his ingenuity and often arbitrary power, to let him loose and tacitly encourage him to "go and do likewise." If a negro violates his contract he is never punished or compelled to perform it. So long as he belongs to the Loyal League and promises to "vote right" he can do exactly as he pleases. In every controversy between a white man and a negro, the Bureau sets out with the conviction that the white man must be wrong. I know but one agent of the Bureau in Georgia who takes the trouble even to appear to respect a white man's claims, and he is not ubiquitous, and is compelled to trust subordinates, and in his district, which is very large, things are managed very unfairly. So long as the Bureau officials are allowed to mix in politics, use their authority to electioneer for themselves, make political addresses, and help to shove the Radical machine, the institution will be a curse to the community, demoralizing to the negro and ultimately ruinous to his interests, and cruelly oppressive to the whites. In the coming election the Bureau officers are without exception, Radical strikers. How, then, can they judge impartially or do justice when required to do their duty? Well and honestly administered by sensible men who have no connection with politics, the Bureau could prove a useful and benevolent institution which would advance the interests of both races and lay the foundation of future peace. But as it is, it is simply a Radical electioneering shop, encouraging the freedmen to be idle, protecting them when they transgress the law or violate obligations, and promoting dissension, ill will and distrust between them and the white population. Major J. J. KNOX, who resides in Athens, is the only competent district agent I have met. He is, I believe, a Radical, but he is impartial, honest, courteous, and diligent, and does what he can to make both blacks and whites fulfil their engagements to each other. He cannot be everywhere, however, and in portions of his district I have known his subordinates to act very badly.

White immigration from abroad is the one thing needful to set everything right industrially and socially. Everybody says so, and what everybody says must be true. But how to get the white immigration is the question. There is an abundance of land, any quantity of the purest water, logs innumerable to build cabins, hogs are attainable, milch cows are still to be found, and the demand for white labor amounts to a universal prayer to send thousands of Paddies and Hanses, Biddies and Gretchens, and deliver the community from plague, pestilence, famine and niggers. But Paddy and Hans, Biddy and Gretchen will remain in the Bay of Allen and the Schwarzwald rather than come here so long as the present disturbed, uncertain, and unpromising condition of affairs continues. No man who can avoid it will bring either his money or his muscle to this country until life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are more attractively guaranteed than they are here,—until peace and stable government are established, and it becomes morally certain that he who sows will be allowed to reap, and he who builds will be allowed to inhabit his dwelling. When political reconstruction takes place, then it is possible that German and Irish emigrants will prefer this sunny land to the bleak plains of Minnesota and Kansas, and that they will ultimately take the places now filled by negroes. Political security and tranquility are essential to foreign immigration. In the meantime the negro must be the laborer; and if he is well and fairly treated, and well advised, he can be a good laborer, profitable to his employer and to himself, and a useful member of the community.

In a few days I expect to make a tour through the agricultural districts. After the election is over, it is to be hoped that things will settle down, and the situation be accepted.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

GORDON seems to be "away ahead" in the race for Governor in this section of the State. All the white voters are enthusiastically Gordon men, but I have not seen a single negro who said he would vote for him. The invariable answer of the negro about voting when he is questioned by a white man whom he does not know to be a Radical, is, "I don't know nothing about that bus'ness. I can't say who I'll vote for yet," although he knows he is going to vote whatever ticket the Loyal League directs. BRYANT has been recently through this country instructing the Loyal Leagues, of which he is deputy head-centre. QUONDAM.

TENNESSEE.

New Congressman—The Quarrel in the Methodist Church—Political and Miscellaneous News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Thursday, April 9, 1868.

Four weeks from to-day we hold an election in the State for a member of Congress at large There is no doubt as to the result as between the Radical and Conservative candidates—it is even doubtful whether any one will run as a Conservative. The only candidates now before the people are Gen. JOSEPH A. COOPER, of East Tennessee, and Gen. J. B. RODGERS, of Middle Tennessee, both Radicals, and the only question between them is as to the intensity of their Radicalism. Gen. COOPER was the Commander of the State militia during the last campaign, and gave entire satisfaction to his party in that capacity, and will probably be elected, unless some new competitor is announced. The additional member is claimed on the ground of the enfranchisement of forty thousand freedmen, and a surplus on the white vote under the present apportionment. If the apportionment was made upon the number of *voters*, the State would probably lose one member instead of gaining one.

The Kuklux Klan still attracts the attention and provokes the curiosity of the people. In some of the interior counties the most frightful stories of its operations and power are circulated and credited. The weak-minded and superstitious of both races anticipate a fearful harvest of blood and plunder, and accept every story of their mysterious powers, however exaggerated, as literally true. This disordered condition of the public mind is taken advantage of by the party leaders, and the passions and prejudices of the uninformed are ingeniously worked upon. Every opportunity is improved to magnify its powers and misrepresent its purposes. The groundwork is now being prepared for a further demonstration of armed force and still greater depletion of the Treasury. Every indication is that the coming campaign will be a bitter contest, in which the passion of the partisan will outweigh the reason of the citizen. This Kuklux Klan is an opportune pretext for a thorough organization of parties upon a strictly partisan basis. The Loyal League, as an organization, was losing something of its perfect discipline and mobility; for, in the judgment of many of its members, it had accomplished its great purpose. But this new secret and alarming organization has provoked a new life and given a new incentive to the League—a result very much desired by the party leaders.

If we turn from the fierce contentions of the political arena to the strife going on between the two branches of the Methodist Church, we find a more alarming and humiliating manifestation of passion. In this controversy the clergy of both parties shew themselves very felicitous and effective in their imitation of the abusive style of their leaders. The present division in the Church is a political division. There is no other pretext on either side, and no other arguments or inducements are held out by the adherents. The merits of both branches are determined by the merits of their political parties. The Church property in dispute will be contended for upon the legal rights of the parties, and not upon the equity of the case. The Press of the State is filled with intemperate and vituperative articles from the clergy of both sides, and the whole discussion is carried on with the same bitterness and personal abuse as is used in our political controversies. In fact, these two church organizations are the most powerful auxiliaries the politicians have, and they have been used and are now being used by scheming, unprincipled men, for wrong purposes. One of the presiding elders of the Church North is now prominently named as the next Governor of the State, and is one of the delegates at large to the Chicago Convention. Such combinations between churchmen and politicians are more likely to corrupt the Church than purify the State. The leaven of such purity from the Church would hardly leaven the State.

A memorial signed by the Governor and legislators of the State has been forwarded to Congress, praying that the sum of $800,000 spent by the State on a patch of railroad in Middle Tennessee be appropriated by Congress for the benefit of the State, as the railroad was destroyed by the Federal army. The State of Tennessee has made many modest demands on Congress, but this is rather refreshing. I will not say anything concerning the importance of the road or the actual amount spent by the State; but it occurs to my mind that if the State is paid $800,000 in United States bonds for the $800,000 of State bonds appropriated to that road it will be rather a fine bargain. Tennessee bonds are worth about sixty cents, while United States bonds are about par. Rather a shrewd memorial I should say.

The Legislature during its last session provided for Commissioners under the Loyal Indemnity bill, who are to be appointed for each county, and whose duty it is to pass upon all claims made by loyal citizens for damages occasioned by the Union armies. The claims will reach about $3,000,000, and Congress will be asked to settle these bills.

Hon. ALVIN HAWKINS has resigned his position as one of the Supreme Court Judges of the State. Hon. H. G. SMITH, of Memphis, will be appointed in his place. Judge SHACKELFORD resigned some time since, and Chancellor HARRISON, of Middle Tennessee, has been named to succeed him.

The wheat and fruit crops are very promising now, although we have had some heavy frosts, which somewhat damaged the peaches. The Spring has been late, but we have had some good weather, and a great amount of work has been done. If nothing happens, East Tennessee will have an abundant harvest in every respect. OMEGA.

The Kuklux Klan—Its Origin and Character—Political Protection to Disfranchised White Men.

Correspondence of the New-York Times.

GREENVILLE, East Tenn., Thursday, April 9, 1868.

If one could speak from within its walls, no fitter or more interesting subject of correspondence could be chosen than the "Kuklux Klan" so-called, which is now calling forth as many leaders as reconstruction or impeachment. Exactly what the Kuklux is, does or intends, is what all desire, but none seem able to learn. Tennessee seems to have given it birth and nourishment; and from conversation with intelligent persons from various parts of the State, and a personal knowledge of affairs in the political and social world, I am enabled to say something of the probable cause, origin and character of the Klan; and while I cannot justify, I can find a most excellent excuse for the existence of such an organization.

In the Summer of 1866, long after the reorganization of the State Government, and the entire disfranchisement of the ex-rebels, saving only the fortunate few who had voted in the Presidential and Gubernatorial elections, the Union League, a pliant tool of crafty politicians, but a powerful engine of political machinery, began the general organization of the councils throughout the entire State. At first only whites were admitted; but when the ballot was given to the negroes in a lump, (for all, of course, were considered loyal, or better, "loil,") it became necessary to instruct them in the mystery of voting the straight Radical ticket, and of abusing rebels roundly. Though the Unionists had a majority of voters in the ratio of 3 to 1, the pretext for enfranchising the negro had been to keep the State Government out of the hands of the rebels, and now it would never do to let the negroes vote any other than the straight Radical ticket, otherwise some of the offices might be lost. Hence in Middle and West Tennessee hundreds of negro leagues were organized by worthless, unprincipled white men, and the negroes were instructed that their salvation, temporal and eternal, hung upon hating the rebel whom they now had under their feet, and in keeping Radicals in office. And by "Radical" in Tennessee is not meant a Republican with fixed principles guiding him, laboring earnestly for the reestablishment and perpetuation of the Government, but a bloody, red-mouthed, disfranchising, confiscating, rebel-hating individual, whose chief end is to get office. Under these circumstances the ex-rebels were laboring steadily to rebuild their shattered fortunes, hoping for the better time, which has not come; but instead they who constitute one-half the population, and own four-fifths of the property in Middle and West Tennessee, were excluded by legislative enactment from sitting as jurors, and that right, together with the privilege of office-holding conferred upon the ignorant and secretly oath-bound negro, which was too great for their endurance.

Deprived, by the rash and extreme legislation of malignant enemies, of the commonest rights and privileges of citizens and placed under the domination of ignorance and poverty, governed by laws which they could have no hand in making or executing, they became anxious and determined, in some way and by some means, to relieve and protect themselves. Some kind of organization seemed necessary to enable them to meet and oppose the secret political organization of their bitter and relentless enemies. Hence resulted the "Kuklux Klan," but what its character may be, and the means by which it purposes to execute its designs, is a mystery to the uninitiated. Many well informed persons, among them some high officials, think that, at the outset, its design was merely to work upon the lively imaginations of the negroes, and thereby accomplish the double purpose of enjoying fun at the expense of the darkeys, and frightening them from attendance upon Leagues, and contesting the palm of superiority with the whites. Certain it is, their whole proceedings are veiled in a mystery which has a peculiar terror to the fertile imagination of darkened ignorance. Many a poor negro, alone and in company, has been frightened half out of his wits by their mischievous pranks, and the sun-burnt visage of the blackest Ethiopian blanches with terror at the very name of "Kuklux."

Our bellicose Governor, however, takes a widely different view of the matter, thinks, talks and writes of treasons and conspiracies rife in the land, and by warning the Leagues through the columns of the Knoxville *Whig*, over his own signature, determines to have fight out of Kuklux if there is any in it. The Nashville *Banner* promises if BROWNLOW will disband his militia and disorganize his Leagues not another Klan shall ever be heard of in Tennessee. But the Governor refuses, and evidently wants the fight to come off, for he is as anxious, apparently

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEHIND THE SCENES: OR, THIRTY YEARS A SLAVE AND FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. By ELIZABETH KECKLEY, formerly a Slave, but more recently Modiste and Friend to Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. New-York: G. W. CARLETON & Co.

Mrs. ELIZABETH KECKLEY, "formerly slave, but more recently *modiste*," &c., attempts in her preface to justify the publication of this singular book. She had been often "importuned" to write the history of her "eventful" life—especially, we suppose, that part of it which gives piquancy to the volume before us, the four years she passed in the White House as Mrs. LINCOLN's friend; and if it be thought she writes too freely concerning the domestic life of that lady, she does it only from the purest motive," that of setting Mrs. LINCOLN's character right before the world. Furthermore, Mrs. KECKLEY adds: "*My own character, as well as the character of Mrs. Lincoln is at stake*, since I have been intimately associated with that lady in the most eventful periods of her life. I have been her confidante, and if evil charges are laid at her door, they also must be laid at mine, since I have been a party to all her movements. *To defend myself I must defend the lady that I have served.*" Charming simplicity! But Mrs. KECKLEY disclaims the honor of being Mrs. LINCOLN's special champion. "The reader of the following pages," she says, "will discover that I have written with the utmost frankness in regard to her—have exposed her faults as well as given her credit for honest motives. I wish the world to judge her as she is, free from the exaggerations of praise or scandal, since I have been associated with her in so many things that have provoked hostile criticism; and the judgment that the world may pass upon her, I flatter myself, *will present my own actions in a better light*." We cannot see what special *frankness* it requires to expose the faults of another; but then we are not in a position to judge from Mrs. KECKLEY's point of view. The ideas of the responsibilities of a modiste's situation are certainly very peculiar.

Mrs. KECKLEY begins her narrative with an account of her birth. She came into the world the daughter of slave parents, "free in Godlike thought but fettered in action." This happened at Dinwiddie Court-house, in Virginia. Her master was Col. A. BURWELL. At the age of four years ELIZABETH was set to baby-tending, and her first misfortune was to tip the baby out of the cradle. While attempting to hoist back her charge with the fire-shovel she was detected and severely flogged. She never saw much of her father, who was sold away from his family and died in the far West. Col. BURWELL seems to have been a rather humane man, from a Southern point of view. He always liked to see his slaves looking cheerful, and if they didn't he had them whipped. They soon learned that they mustn't look glum and sullen in his presence. When about fourteen years old ELIZABETH went to live with her master's eldest son, a Presbyterian minister with a sickly wife and small salary. Here she had a very hard time; was cruelly flogged, to break her will, and suffered other indignities, the record of which we must pass over. At length she was taken to St. Louis to live with a married daughter of her old master; and while there began the trade of a dress-maker, and for two years supported her owner's family. There she married Mr. KECKLEY, a slave, who turned out to be a worthless, dissipated fellow. After struggling on in this manner for several years she managed to purchase her own freedom and her son's, for $1,200, and soon afterward removed to Washington. There she found employment in the family of Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS, as dressmaker. Mrs. KECKLEY has very little to tell us about Mrs. DAVIS and her husband. The following story of a dressing-gown is all that we find of interest in this portion of her book:

MR. DAVIS' DRESSING-GOWN.

I was in the Winter before the breaking out of that fiot ous and bloody war between the two sections of the country; and as Mr. DAVIS occupied a leading position, his house was the resort of politicians and statesmen from the South. Almost every night, as I learned from the servants and other members of the family, secret meetings were held at the house; and some of these meetings were protracted to a very late hour. The prospects of war were freely discussed in my presence by Mr. and Mrs. DAVIS and their friends. The holidays were approaching, and Mrs. DAVIS kept me busy in manufacturing articles of dress for herself and children. She desired to present Mr. DAVIS on Christmas with a handsome dressing-gown. The material was purchased, and for weeks the work had been under way. Christmas Eve came, and the gown had been laid aside so often that it was still unfinished. I saw that Mrs. DAVIS was anxious to have it completed, so I volunteered to remain and work on it. Wearily the hours dragged on, but there was no rest for my busy fingers. I persevered in my task, notwithstanding my head was aching. Mrs. DAVIS was busy in the adjoining room, arranging the Christmas tree for the children. I looked at the clock, and the hands pointed to 11:45. I was arranging the cords on the gown when the Senator came in; he looked somewhat careworn, and his step seemed to be a little nervous. He leaned against the door and expressed his admiration of the Christmas tree, but there was no smile on his face. Turning round, he saw me sitting in the adjoining room, and quickly exclaimed:

"What you, LIZZIE? Why are you here so late? Still at work; I hope that Mrs. DAVIS is not too exacting!"

"No, Sir," I answered. "Mrs. DAVIS was very anxious to have this gown finished to-night, and I volunteered to remain and complete it."

"Well, well, the case must be urgent," and he came slowly toward me, took the gown in his hand, and asked the color of the silk, as he said the gaslight was so deceptive to his old eyes.

"It is a drab changeable silk, Mr. DAVIS," I answered: and might have added that it was rich and handsome, but did not, well knowing that he would make the discovery in the morning.

He smiled curiously, but turned and waited from the room without another question. He inferred that the gown was for him, that it was to be the Christmas present from his wife, and he did not wish to destroy the pleasure that she would experience in believing that the gift would prove a surprise. In this respect, as in many others, he always appeared to me as a thoughtful, considerate man in the domestic circle.

Mrs. KECKLEY adds: "As the clock struck twelve I finished the gown, *little dreaming of the future that was before it.* It was worn, *I have not the shadow of a doubt*, by Mr. DAVIS during the stormy years that he was the President of the Confederate States."

ANOTHER HISTORIC GARMENT.

Mrs. DAVIS urged Mrs. KECKLEY to go South with her family; but the dressmaker, after mature consideration of the question, decided to remain in Washington. According to her account Mrs. DAVIS also would have been glad to do so, for Mrs. KECKLEY reports her as saying: "I would rather remain in Washington and be kicked about, than go South and be Mrs. President." They parted, however, on friendly terms; and a few weeks before that event Mrs. KECKLEY made her two chintz wrappers. Concerning one of these wrappers Mrs. K. tells the following anecdote:

"In the Winter of 1865 I was in Chicago, and one day visited the great Charity Fair held for the benefit of the families of those soldiers who were killed or wounded during the war. In one part of the building was a wax figure of JEFFERSON DAVIS, wearing over his other garments the dress in which it was reported that he was captured. There was always a great crowd around this figure, and I was naturally attracted toward it. I worked my way to the figure, and in examining the dress made the pleasing discovery that it was one of the chintz wrappers that I had made for Mrs. DAVIS, a short time before she departed from Washington for the South. When it was announced that I recognized the dress as one I had made for the wife of the late Confederate President there was great cheering and excitement, and I at once became an object of the deepest curiosity. Great crowds followed me, and in order to escape from the embarrassing situation I left the building.

MRS. KECKLEY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. KECKLEY had long cherished a desire to work at the White House; her ambition was at length gratified. Mrs. LINCOLN had "upset a cup of coffee on the dress she designed wearing on the evening of the reception after the inauguration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN as President of the United States, which rendered it necessary that she should have a new one for the occasion." Mrs. KECKLEY was recommended as a skillful dressmaker, was presented to Mrs. LINCOLN and accepted. The dress was finished, and —— But we must let Mrs. KECKLEY tell the story in her own words:

Tuesday evening came, and I had taken the last stitches on the dress. I folded it and carried it to the White House, with the waist for Mrs. Grimsly. When I went up stairs I found the ladies in a terrible state of excitement. Mrs. LINCOLN was protesting that she could not go down, for the reason that she had nothing to wear.

"Mrs. KECKLEY, you have disappointed me—deceived me. Why do you bring my dress at this late hour?"

"Because I have just finished it, and I thought I should be in time."

"But you are not in time, Mrs. KECKLEY; you have bitterly disappointed me. I have no time now to dress, and, what is more, I will not dress and go down stairs."

"I am sorry I have disappointed you, Mrs. LINCOLN, for I intended to be in time. Will you let me dress you? I can have you ready in a few minutes."

"No, I won't be dressed. I will stay in my room. Mr. LINCOLN can go down with the other ladies."

"But there is plenty of time for you to dress, Mary," joined in Mrs. GRIMSLY and Mrs. EDWARDS. "Let Mrs. KECKLEY assist you, and she will soon have you ready."

Thus urged, she consented. I dressed her hair, and arranged the dress on her. It fitted nicely, and she was pleased. Mr. LINCOLN came in, threw himself on the sofa, laughed with WILLIE and little Tad, and then commenced pulling on his gloves, quoting poetry all the while.

"You seem to be in a poetical mood to-night," said his wife.

"Yes, mother, these are poetical times," was his pleasant reply. "I declare you look charming in that dress. Mrs. KECKLEY has met with great success." And then he proceeded to compliment the other ladies.

Mrs. LINCOLN looked elegant in her rose-colored moire-antique. She wore a pearl necklace, pearl ear-rings, pearl bracelets, and red roses in her hair. Mrs. BAKER was dressed in lemon-colored silk; Mrs. KELLOGG in a drab silk, ashes of rose; Mrs. EDWARDS in a brown black silk; Miss EDWARDS in crimson, and Mrs. GRIMSLEY in blue watered silk, just before starting down-stairs, Mrs. LINCOLN's lace handkerchief was the object of search. It had been displaced by TAD, who was mischievous and hard to restrain. The handkerchief found, all became serene. Mrs. LINCOLN took the President's arm, and with smiling face led the train below. I was surprised at her grace and composure. I heard so much, in current and malicious report, of her low life, of her ignorance and vulgarity, that I expected to see her embarrassed on this occasion. Report, I soon saw, was wrong. No queen, accustomed to the usages of royalty all her life, could have comported herself with more calmness and dignity than did the wife of the President. She was confident and self-possessed, and confidence always gives grace.

Mrs. KECKLEY soon began to experience the annoyance of high position. She was importuned for White House gossip; and many people, hoping to worm State secrets out of her, affected great friendship for her. We give one anecdote as a specimen:

One day a woman, I will not call her a lady, drove up to my rooms, gave me an order to make a dress, and insisted partly on paying me in advance. She called on me every day, and was exceedingly kind. When she came to take her dress away, she cautiously remarked:

"Mrs. KECKLEY, you know Mrs. LINCOLN?"

"Yes."

"You are her modiste, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You know her very well, do you not?"

"I am with her every day or two."

"Don't you think you would have some influence with her?"

"I cannot say. Mrs. LINCOLN, I presume, would listen to anything I should suggest, but whether she would be influenced by a suggestion of mine is another question."

"I am sure that you could influence her, Mrs. KECKLEY. Now listen; I have a proposition to make. I have a great desire to become an inmate of the White House. I have heard so much of Mr. LINCOLN's goodness that I should like to be near him; and if I can enter the White House no other way, I am willing to go as a menial. My dear Mrs. KECKLEY, will you not recommend me to Mrs. LINCOLN as a friend of yours out of employment, and ask her to take me as a chambermaid? If you do this you shall be well rewarded. It may be worth several thousand dollars to you in time."

I looked at the woman in amazement. A bribe, and to betray the confidence of my employer! Turning to her with a glance of scorn, I said:

"Madam, you are mistaken in regard to my character. Sooner than betray the trust of a friend, I would throw myself into the Potomac River. I am not so base as that. Pardon me, but there is the door, and I trust that you will never enter my room again."

She sprang to her feet in deep confusion, and passed through the door, murmuring, "Very well; you will live to regret your action to-day."

"Never, never!" I said, and closed the door after her with a bang. I afterward learned that this woman was an actress, and that her object was to enter the White House as a servant, learn its secrets, and then publish a scandal to the world. I do not give her name, for such publicity would wound the sensitive feelings of friends, who would have to share her disgrace, without being responsible for her faults. I simply record the incident to show how I was approached by unprincipled parties. It is unnecessary to say that I indignantly refused every bribe offered.

MRS. LINCOLN'S POLITICAL OPINIONS.

Mrs. LINCOLN and her husband did not always agree in regard to the statesmen whom he had drawn about him. We quote from Mrs. KECKLEY's narrative the following conversations relating to several of these gentlemen:

"Her hostility to Mr. CHASE was very bitter. She claimed that he was a selfish politician instead of a true patriot, and warned Mr. LINCOLN not to trust him too far. The daughter of the Secretary was quite a belle in Washington, and Mrs. LINCOLN, who was jealous of the popularity of others, had no desire to build up her social position through political favor to her father. Miss CHASE, now Mrs. Senator SPRAGUE, was a lovely woman, and was worthy of all the admiration she received. Mr. LINCOLN was more shuddling than his wife. He never suspected the fidelity of those who claimed to be his friends. Honest to the very core himself, and frank as a child, he never dreamed of questioning the sincerity of others.

"Father, I do wish that you would inquire a little into the motives of CHASE," said his wife one day.

The President was lying carelessly upon a sofa, holding a newspaper in his hands. "Mother, you are too suspicious. I gave you credit for sagacity, but you are disposed to magnify trifles. CHASE is a patriot, and one of my best friends."

"Yes, one of your best friends because it is his interest to be so. He is anything for Chase. If he thought he could make anything by it he would betray you to-morrow."

"I fear that you are prejudiced against the man, mother. I know that you do him injustice."

"Mr. LINCOLN, you are either blind or will not see. I am not the only one that has warned you against him."

"True, I receive letters daily from all parts of the country, telling me not to trust CHASE; but then these letters are written by the political enemies of the Secretary, and it would be unjust and foolish to pay any attention to them."

"Very well, you will find out some day, if you live long enough, that I have read the man correctly. I only hope that your eyes may not be opened to the truth when it is too late." The President, as far as I could judge from the conversation with his wife, continued to confide in Mr. CHASE to the time of his tragic death.

Mrs. LINCOLN was especially severe on Mr. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State. She but rarely lost an opportunity to say an unkind word of him.

One morning I went to the White House earlier than usual. Mr. LINCOLN was sitting in a chair reading a paper, stroking with one hand the head of little TAD. I was basting a dress for Mrs. LINCOLN. A servant entered and handed the President a letter just brought by a messenger. He broke the seal, and when he had read the contents his wife asked:

"Who is the letter from, father?"

"SEWARD; I must go over and see him to-day."

"SEWARD! I wish you had nothing to do with that man. He cannot be trusted."

"You say the same of CHASE. If I listened to you, I should soon be without a Cabinet."

"Better be without it than to confide in some of the men that you do. SEWARD is worse than CHASE. He has no principle.

"Mother, you are mistaken; your prejudices are so violent that you do not stop to reason. SEWARD is an able man, and the country as well as myself can trust him."

"Father, you are too honest for this world! You should have been born a saint. You will generally find it a safe rule to distrust a disappointed, ambitious politician. It makes me mad to see you sit still and let that hypocrite, SEWARD, twine you around his finger as if you were a skein of thread."

"It is useless to argue the question, mother. You cannot change my opinion."

Mrs. LINCOLN prided herself on her ability to read character. She was a shrewd and far-seeing, and had no patience with the frank, confiding nature of the President.

When ANDREW JOHNSON was urged for Military Governor of Tennessee, Mrs. LINCOLN bitterly opposed the appointment.

"He is a demagogue," she said, almost fiercely, "and if you place him in power, Mr. LINCOLN, mark my words, you will rue it some day."

Mrs. LINCOLN could not tolerate Gen. GRANT. "He is a bother," she would often say, "and is not fit to be at the head of an army."

"But he has been very successful in the field," argued the President."

"Yes, he generally manages to claim a victory, but such a victory! He loses two men to the enemy's one. He has no management, no regard for life. If the war should continue four years longer, and he should remain in power, he would depopulate the North. I could fight an army as well myself. According to his tactics, there is nothing under the heavens to do but to march a new line of men up in front of the rebel breastworks to be shot down as fast as they can take their position, and keep marching until the enemy grows tired of the slaughter. GRANT, I repeat, is an obstinate fool and a butcher."

"Well, mother, supposing that we give you command of the army. No doubt you would do much better than any general that has been tried." There was a twinkle in the eyes, and a ring of irony in the voice.

I have often heard Mrs. LINCOLN say that if GRANT should ever be elected President of the United States she would desire to leave the country, and remain absent during his term of office.

MR. LINCOLN'S FEELING TOWARD LEE AND JACKSON.

Mr. LINCOLN was generous by nature, and though his whole heart was in the war, he could not but respect the valor of those opposed to him. His soul was too great for the narrow, selfish views of partisanship. Brave by nature himself, he honored bravery in others, even his foes. Time and again I have heard him speak in the highest terms of the soldierly qualities of such brave Confederate Generals as LEE, STONEWALL JACKSON and JOSEPH E. JOHNSON. JACKSON was his ideal soldier. "He is a brave, honest Presbyterian soldier," were his words; "what a pity that we should have to fight such a gallant fellow! If we only had such a man to lead the armies of the North, the country would not be appalled with so many disasters."

As this is a rambling chapter, I will here record an incident showing his feeling toward ROBERT E. LEE. The very morning of the day on which he was assassinated, his son, Capt. ROBERT LINCOLN, came into the room with a portrait of Gen. LEE in his hand. The President took the picture, laid it on the table before him, scanned the face thoughtfully, and said: "It is a good face; it is the face of a noble, noble, brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last." Looking up at ROBERT, he continued: "Well, my son, you have returned safely from the front. The war is now closed, and we soon will live in peace with the brave men that have been fighting against us. I trust that the era of good feeling has returned with the war, and that henceforth we shall live in peace."

MRS. LINCOLN ASSERTS HER POSITION.

For the first two years of Mr. LINCOLN's administration, it was his custom at the White House receptions to select a lady to join in the promenade with him, which left Mrs. LINCOLN free to choose an escort from among the distinguished gentleman that always surrounded her on such occasions. This custom, says Mrs. KECKLEY, was at last discontinued by Mrs. LINCOLN.

"LIZABETH!"—I was sewing in her room, and she was seated in a comfortable arm-chair—"LIZABETH, I have been thinking over a little matter. As you are well aware, the President, at every reception, selects a lady to lead the promenade with him. Now it occurs to me that this custom is an absurd one. On such occasions our guests recognize the position of the President first of all; consequently, he takes the lead in everything; well, now, if they recognize his position they should also recognize mine. I am his wife, and should lead with him. And yet he offers his arm to any other lady in the room, making her first with him and placing me second. The custom is an absurd one, and I mean to abolish it. The dignity that I owe to my position, as Mrs. President, demands that I should not hesitate any longer to act."

Mrs. LINCOLN kept her word. Ever after this, she either led the promenade with the President, or the President walked alone or with a gentleman. The change was much remarked, but the reason why it was made, I believe, was never generally known.

MRS. LINCOLN'S DEBTS.

Mrs. KECKLEY says that in endeavoring to make a display becoming her exalted position Mrs. LINCOLN was obliged to run in debt, her husband's salary being inadequate to meet the expenses she incurred. "She bought the most expensive goods on credit, and in the Summer of 1864 enormous unpaid bills stared her in the face." She grew very anxious about the election, and had frequent consultations with "Lizabeth," as she familiarly called her dressmaker, in regard to political prospects. "Lizabeth" cheered her with good words, for which Mrs. LINCOLN was very grateful:

"Your view is a plausible one, LIZABETH, and your confidence gives me new hope. If he should be defeated, I do not know what would become of us all. To me, to him, there is more at stake in this election than he dreams of."

"What can you mean, Mrs. LINCOLN? I do not comprehend."

"Simply this. I have contracted large debts, of which he knows nothing, and which he will be unable to pay if he is defeated."

"What are your debts, Mrs. LINCOLN?"

They consist chiefly of store bills. I owe altogether about $27,000—the principal portion at STEWART's, in New-York. You understand, LIZABETH, that Mr. LINCOLN has but little idea of the expense of a woman's wardrobe. He glances at my rich dresses, and is happy in the belief that the few hundred dollars that I obtain from him supply all my wants. I must dress in costly materials. The people pay a visit, and what I wear with critical curiosity. The very 'act of having grown up in the West subjects me to more searching observation. To keep up appearances, I must have money—more than Mr. LINCOLN can spare for me. He is too honest to make a penny outside of his salary; consequently I had, and still have, no alternative but to run in debt."

"And Mr. LINCOLN does not even suspect how much you owe?"

"God, no!"—this was a favorite expression of hers—"and I would not have him suspect. If he knew that his wife was involved to the extent that she is, the knowledge would drive him mad. He is so sincere and straightforward himself that he is shocked by the duplicity of others. He does not know a thing about my debts, and I value his happiness, not to speak of my own, too much to allow him to know anything. This is what troubles me so much. If he is reelected, I can keep him in ignorance of my affairs; but if he is defeated, then the bills will be sent in, and he will know all;" and something like a hysterical sob escaped her.

Mrs. LINCOLN sometimes feared that the politicians would get hold of the particulars of her debts, and use them in the Presidential campaign against her husband; and when this thought occurred to her, she was almost crazy with anxiety and fear.

When in one of these excited moods, she would fiercely exclaim:

"The Republican politicians must pay my debts. Hundreds of them are getting immensely rich off the patronage of my husband, and it is but fair that they should help me out of my embarrassment. I will make a demand of them, and when I tell them the facts they cannot refuse to advance whatever money I require.'"

THE FURNITURE SCANDALS.

In regard to the scandals about the removal of furniture from the White House, after the death of President LINCOLN, Mrs. KECKLEY is very explicit. The only article taken away by Mrs. LINCOLN was a little dressing-stand, to which Mr. LINCOLN had taken a great fancy, and which was replaced by another. The numerous "boxes" that excited so much suspicion were loosely packed with old dresses and all sorts of "trumpery," which Mrs. LINCOLN had collected during the four years she occupied the White House. Mrs. KECKLEY also states, in further explanation of the scandals current at one time, that when Mrs. LINCOLN went to live in Washington she "discharged the steward, whose business it was to look after the affairs of the household. When the steward was dismissed, there was no one to superintend affairs, and the servants carried away many pieces of furniture. In this manner the furniture rapidly disappeared."

MRS. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE.

When Mrs. LINCOLN resolved to sell her costly wardrobe she found a valuable counsellor in KECKLEY, and made arrangements to meet her at the St. Denis Hotel in this City, for the purpose of carrying out the project. Mrs. KECKLEY's detailed account of that attempt and failure adds nothing of interest to what is already known through the newspaper press. The concluding part of Mrs. KECKLEY's book is devoted to an account of the unsuccessful attempt to exhibit the goods in Providence, and to Mrs. LINCOLN's correspondence with her on this subject. Mrs. LINCOLN is very severe on the Republican Party for not relieving her wants, and expresses her belief that only her darling "Taddie" keeps her from suicide, as the speediest way of ending her troubles.

Mrs. KECKLEY, we also learn, is likewise in trouble. Mrs. LINCOLN is unable to pay her, and she supports herself by taking in sewing—and by writing a book. She would much better have stuck to her needle. We cannot but look upon many of the disclosures made in this volume as gross violations of confidence. Mrs. LINCOLN evidently reposed implicit trust in her, and this trust, under unwise advice no doubt, she has betrayed. But only in a restricted sense can the book be called her own. It is easy to trace, all through its pages, the hand of a practiced writer—of one who has prejudices to gratify and grudges to repay. As mere gossip, the book is mainly a failure. Mrs. KECKLEY really knew very little about life in the White House, and she ekes out her scanty stock of story and anecdote with extracts from newspapers, moral reflections and other expedients of like character. The public will be disappointed when they come to read her book. They will find it less piquant, less scandalous, than was expected, considering its source, while as a literary work it can lay claim to very little merit indeed.

Col. B. C. YANCEY, who declared in favor of Reconstruction under the Sherman bill, early last Spring, and who has since declared his purpose to advocate the ratification of the new Constitution of Georgia, favors the election of Gen. GORDON as Governor, although the latter disapproves the Constitution.

PERUVIAN GOSSIP.

Lima and Callao—Their Men, Women and Donkeys, Customs, Manners and Curiosities—The Tomb of Pizarro—A Collection of Skeleton Incas.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIMA, Peru, S. A., Saturday, March 28, 1868.

The revolution which is constantly agitating the minds of the people has hitherto kept me from a description of Lima, its environs, the people, manners and customs. I purpose, therefore, in the interval of a little quiet, (pending the coming election in April next,) to speak of Lima, and in succeeding letters shall add anything that may occur of interest. Lima, which is now the capital of Peru, was founded by the conqueror, FRANCISCO PIZARRO, Jan. 18, 1535, under the name of "Ciudad de los Reyes," City of the Kings. The city is built something in the form of a triangle, whose base, the longest side, rests upon the river, which divides it into two parts. Barren, rugged mountains, spurs of the great chain of the Andes, lie to the north and east—the highest summit of one, San Cristobal, being twenty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. Lima is situated inland about two leagues from the sea. The soil is sandy, and pebbles are as thick as upon the sea-beach, showing that at some far distant day the sea once covered the entire land. The hills and mountains are bare of vegetation, and their ashy, sandy hue suggests very forcibly the ravages of an earthquake. No blade of grass, no green foliage, but bleak, lovely ashy mountains, upon which it would seem impossible to cultivate the soil sufficiently to sustain life. The climate, especially at Callao, is the most delightful in the world, neither extreme Winter nor Summer, but with a delicious cool breeze from the sea, and without rain, snow or storm of any kind the year around. Summer begins in December, but the fresh breeze from the sea tempers the heat, and never permits it to be as hot as in the United States. The Winter (so called) is not long enough nor severe enough to strip the trees and stop vegetation. There are sixty-seven churches in Lima, including the Cathedral, which is several hundred years old, and is constantly undergoing transformations and repairs.

THE TOMB OF PIZARRO.

Under the solid silver altar of the Cathedral (which altar is nearly as large and massive as the new entrance to Greenwood Cemetery) lies mouldering the bones of PIZARRO. The priests will light you a torch, and unlocking a grated iron door lead you down, down in the darkness, over some mouldy stone steps, and into a dungeon, chill and ghostly. Here lie the ashes of kings, viceroys and archbishops, each tomb engraven with the name and date, and here in a narrow cell, lifting a curtain, they will show you a shrunken skeleton, stretched on an iron frame, which they will tell you is the skeleton of PIZARRO. I demurred to this, as the surroundings, the tattered rags on the body, and the general appearance of the skeleton indicated a more recent date of decease than PIZARRO's; but I looked with awe and solemnity at the other tombs and read the inscriptions of a century ago.

RELIC-HUNTERS.

Connected with these bones of PIZARRO's there are told some laughable incidents. It is said that so eager are the crowd of curiosity-seekers and relic-hunters to take away some relic of the departed PIZARRO, that bits of the old, worn out, worm-eaten garments are purchased at fabulous prices, and that it is with the greatest difficulty that the wardens of the place are able to provide enough suitable ragged and time-stained clothing to cover the remains, the demand equaling the supply and "old clothes" being harder to obtain of a sufficiently antediluvian date to pass as genuine. And in this connection is told the story of a relic-gatherer who, seeing an old and mouldy shoe lying at the foot of the skeleton, was determined to possess it at any price. "Is that the shoe of PIZARRO?" he asked. "Certainly," answered the guard; "worn when he died and buried with him." "I must have it; I will give you ten solis ($12 50) for it." "No, no; it is all there is left;" and the man was merciless. Twenty, twenty-five, and finally thirty-five dollars was offered and taken at last, after much deliberation, and the searcher after relics, wrapping the shoe carefully in his handkerchief, departed delighted and triumphant. Exhibiting it tenderly after his arrival home, and explaining his anxiety lest his trunk might have been lost, or the shoe stolen from him at Panama or on the steamer, one of his friends rubbed the damp and mould from the sole to get a good chance if possible to read some inscription that seemed written on it, when lo! the stamping came out in plain letters, "Lynn, Mass.," and the seeker after curiosities has never heard the last of his "relic of antiquity." Equally as much of a "sell," in my humble opinion, is the fee exacted before a visit can be paid to the skeleton of PIZARRO! But on the *altar* is the date, day and manner of his death, and it is probably true that all that there is left of his bones are buried under it.

SKELETON INCAS AND THEIR WIVES.

There is a fine museum in Lima, and one can spend a day very pleasantly among its relics and curiosities. Peru was formerly celebrated for its mineral productions, and the assortment of these, the old coins and species of money, are really a great curiosity. Here too are the portraits of all the old Viceroys and Incas from the year 1780 up to the present President. And huddled around the rooms, some in large glass cases and some sitting on a small stand or table only, are dozens of skeletons of the old Incas who buried themselves alive at the coming of the Spaniards, long years ago, as they were foolish enough to believe that after the Spaniards had gone away they would come out of the ground again, as fresh as a toad out of a hole where he has slept for twenty years. Nearly every one of them is in a sitting posture, his head between his hands, and his knees drawn under the chin, and the expression on the skeleton face is one of horror, strangulation, smothering and despair all together. More horrible or ghastly sights one cannot imagine. There are women, too, the wives of the Incas smothered alive in the same way, and dying in the same belief. Some of these skeleton women clutch skeleton babies, and it is a singular fact in connection with these mummies, that the long, fine black hair of the women streams from the unsightly skull in perfect preservation.

LIMA AND THE LADIES.

There is a curious old arched stone bridge in Lima, rendered historical from the fact that PIZARRO jumped from it into the river when hotly pressed by ROLLA, and so escaped. The old palace where he reigned, and other Viceroys after him, is a plain two-story building of adobe, painted a dull yellow, as are nearly all the buildings, and the very low ceiling narrow room in which he was assassinated is now used as a police court-room. I stood in the arch under which his murderers hid, and saw the impress of the spur of one of them who fell in endeavoring to escape. It suggested to me the fall of WILKES BOOTH from the catching of his spur as he leaped from the box after his infamous assassination. There are fine shops and stores here, and the goods are quite as stylish and elegant as in New-York. They are all brought from Paris, and the Paris fashions reach here sooner than they do the United States, and are more extensively patronized. The women of Lima are beautiful; cheerful, amiable, and to some extent talented; possess a natural taste for music and dancing, and nearly every one of them, even the poorer classes, play from ear very nicely upon the piano. The ladies of Lima have the "eyes and soft languishing looks of the Italians, the perfect figure and gracefulness of the French, and the natural wit of the Andalusian," as has been often quoted. There is something quite bewitching in their costume and appearance. Always wearing the mants of black, which covers the entire head and often conceals every feature but the eyes, they will give you from those same liquid black eyes, as they pass, a look that would tempt you to wish for a glimpse of the whole face. At the Alameda a long shaded fashionable promenade, when the long tropical evening comes with its magical dusk, which cannot be called night, there is always a fine band and a fountain at play, and the odors of fragrant flowers, and up and down the long shaded paths, stroll lover and maiden, groups of coy young girls, and knots of Spanish young men. Often some beautiful veiled, draped figure, with soft speaking eyes, will attract your admiration, but what can equal the disgust of the young gallant at getting a glimpse still closer under the mants, and finding that the object of admiration was only a Samba, which is a negress with curly hair and the most swarthy of complexion.

THE MARKET-WOMEN.

One of the most attractive sights in Lima is the market. This is held in an open square, and small booths are built for the sale of different vegetables. A stout negress, bare of head, of foot and arms, with clear shining eyes, and the thickest and rosiest of lips, bears on her head a tray of oranges, and another goes striding majestically along with a large jar of the spicy native drinks of the country on her head, while squat upon the ground, sitting on their naked feet, are the native Indian women of the mountains, before them a bright charcoal fire all aglow on some flat stone, and over the red-hot coals stand little iron saucepans on three dumpy legs. In these pans are cooking the various native dishes of the country; dishes compounded of singular messes, and the whole seasoned so strongly with Chili pepper that they would seem to need the throat of a Salamander to swallow, and the stomach of an ostrich to digest. As the fire reddens up the clear olive complexion, quivering on the straight black hair braided always and swinging adown the back, and gleams on the white teeth and dusky cheek, some of these women seem really noble-looking, while all of them have naturally a grave dignified bearing, which dwellers by the sea invariably possess.

DONKEYS AND DONKEY BOYS.

Lima is noted for its donkeys. Donkeys in every street and alley, donkeys laden with bundles of grass as huge as themselves, and looking at the distance like movable hay-cocks, and as they come nearer, permitting you to see the tips of two ears and the droop of a long tail. Strings of donkeys, sure-footed and heavily laden, bearing all kinds of wares, provisions, produce and the like. Donkey boys, noisy, dirty and importunate, belabor them, calling upon Deos and the passers-by for help when they (as often they do) refuse to move. One donkey daily passes my door, laden with casks of water, and tinkling his little bell as he goes. At a certain sharp angle of the street he invariably pauses, sets his four feet as securely as possible at an angle to his body, raises his ears and tail, and obstinately and persistently refuses to move. In vain he is beaten and cudgeled, in vain pulled and kicked; with his head in the air, and his sturdy little body firmly set, there daily he stands and brays and shakes. The donkey-drivers have a way of slitting the ears and nostrils several inches open, on account of the fine dust choking the poor beasts, they say, and when these donkeys bray, the wind rushing through this horrid slit, adds the most distressing and agonizing sound to a never-exceedingly *musical* bray. Once heard, it is never forgotten. Daily, in despair, the poor donkey driver wears out his patience, but the donkey stirs only when he desires to move! I overheard the driver yesterday, having exhausted every Spanish oath and entreaty, and beaten and pummeled the poor brute until his patience was utterly worn out, tilt the obstinate beast that he was a fool, and his mother was a fool before him." And though Sir Donkey did not move, he must have felt and understood the insult, for he gave a most ferocious and prolonged bray.

The houses are all built of adobe, painted yellow, and form inside a hollow square with a paved courtyard, set round with latticed glass doors, and often inclosing a fountain at play, and boxes of white lilies and camellias. The sparkling water-jars which are in use here are often very richly ornamented, and suggest to me the fabled jar in the old legend of the Forty Thieves, when Morgiana immersed the robber in boiling oil; but a further description must be left for another letter.

X. Y. Z.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Assassination of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee—The Suspected Murderer—Retrenchment in Government Expenses.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TORONTO, Saturday, April 11, 1868.

The all-absorbing topic is naturally enough the foul murder of Hon. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE. Apart from the consideration that the country has lost one of its ablest men, the feeling is manifested that the emissaries of the Fenian organization are secretly plotting in our midst; in fact, it is very generally believed that a plan had been devised for the destruction of the Parliament Buildings by the use of nitro-glycerine. That the assassination was premeditated, and the result of a well concocted plan, appears quite evident, but it looks as if there would be great difficulty in tracing out the murderer. Mr. O'REILLY, of Kingston, a Roman Catholic, and personal friend of the late Mr. MCGEE, has taken charge of the matter, and the Government is giving him all possible assistance. The opinion prevails that WHALEN is the man; he is a desperate character, and a well-known Fenian sympathizer, if not a member of the Brotherhood. The facts of his regular attendance in the gallery of the House of Commons for some time previous to the murder, and his being able to obtain tickets so easily as to have had four on Monday night, are very strongly against him. It is also strange that he should have been so intimate with one of the messengers as to hold an hour's conversation with him during the debate on the night in question, showing that it was not altogether to hear the speeches that he attended the House, and absented himself from the gallery four times, once for a full hour. The circumstances are certainly very strong against him, and the authorities assert that they have much stronger evidence yet to submit. There would appear to be very little doubt that he had accomplices in the horrible work.

The sympathy of the public has been strongly manifested, and in addition to the deceased being honored in a marked manner, it is very generally desired that ample provision should be made for his bereaved family, consisting of the widow and two daughters. Mr. MCGEE was looked upon as a sort of pacificator, inasmuch as he had more influence over his countrymen than any other man in Canada. He probably overrated his influence when he boasted that he had 300,000 Irishmen at his back; for it is an undeniable fact that he lost weight with the Irish at the time of the last general election. When acting with Mr. GEORGE BROWN and his party, he failed to bring them the support of the Irish electors in Upper Canada, and it may be doubted if he secured much for his conservative allies after abandoning the Reform Party, as the great body of the Roman Catholics have been with that party since 1854. Mr. MCGEE nevertheless wielded a powerful influence over the minds of his countrymen with regard to Fenianism. Many have doubted the sincerity of his loyalty; but as one who has watched his career very narrowly since he came to Canada, your correspondent makes bold to say that he was thoroughly sincere. It is enough, at all events, to know that he did all a loyal man could do to prove his sincerity. His great usefulness was in counseling and advising his countrymen with regard to the duty they owed to the Crown and Constitution, and this he did in a very effectual manner; for there can be no question that the Roman Catholic Irish of Canada have been less bitter against Great Britain since the advent of Mr. MCGEE. It is equally manifest that he has done much, through his lecturing and writing, to create a better feeling in the community. As a Minister of the Crown, as I have frequently had occasion to state, Mr. MCGEE was not successful; for the simple reason that he lacked administrative ability. His recommendations at times were valuable; and when merely a member of Parliament, he effected more good than subsequently as President of the Council and of the Agricultural and Emigration Bureau. The death of the most gifted man in the Dominion causes a vacancy in the Legislature not easy to be filled, and it will be many a long day ere his equal as an orator is heard among us.

Parliament was to have risen on Wednesday for the Easter holidays, but, owing to the brutal assassination of Mr. MCGEE, the adjournment took place the day before until next Tuesday. On Monday evening the most stirring debate of the session occurred, and extended into Tuesday morning. It was on a motion for the recall of Dr. TUPPER from England, as a delegate against the repeal movement set on foot by Nova Scotia. Mr. MCGEE delivered one of his ablest speeches on the occasion, which was greatly admired. The motion was finally withdrawn. It is said that intelligence has been received from England to the effect that Mr. HOWE and his friends will not be listened to on the subject of repeal, the Colonial Minister having given them to understand that the Confederation arrangement cannot be disturbed. The tariff question is expected to come up shortly, when it is believed some alteration will be made in the sugar duties, and a tax upon petroleum proposed.

The Public Accounts and Contingencies Committees of the House of Commons are determined to make themselves useful at last. The latter have made recommendations effecting a saving amounting to nearly $30,000 in the expenditure of Parliament. The Public Accounts Committee have undertaken to examine into a number of extraordinary items in

THE JUDD DIVORCE CASE.

The Wife of a Baptist Clergyman in New-Haven Sues for Divorce—Her Testimony Against Him.

The New-Haven *Journal and Courier* of Wednesday reports the opening proceedings of a very interesting divorce trial now progressing in that city. The case is that of MRS. ELIZABETH JUDD against Rev. ORIN B. JUDD. The respondent was for two years pastor of the Second Baptist Church in New-Haven, and at one time held a position in the United States Assay Office in this City. The petitioner, who is his second wife, was the widow of the late Mr. E. C. GRAY, a New-York lawyer. She is not unknown as an author of considerable talent.

The trial opened with the evidence of Mrs. JUDD's son-in-law, Mr. HENRY R. TIFT, who testifies that she was treated by her husband with the most revolting cruelty; that he used to beat her, that he kept her in a half-starved condition, and would allow none of her own children to see her. Her own story, as told on the stand is here given as nearly as possible in her own words, condensed from the report in the New-Haven *Journal:*

She testified that she was married in March, 1854, and lived in this city in an elegantly furnished house. She had not been married to JUDD more than a week, she goes on to say, when she discovered that love of money was his besetting sin. On the wedding trip he didn't take funds enough to pay expenses; and when oranges and cakes were brought into the cars, he would invariably say "my dear, you don't want any, do you?" When settled at home, he "acted like a boarder" in the house, never giving his wife money for incidental expenses, and even refusing to supply his aged mother, who lived with them, with sufficient underclothing. She was eighty years old. His wife took off her own for the venerable lady, and took sick in consequence, and lay helpless for many months. During that illness she says: JUDD often complained to me of the family expenses; I had no steady nurse, but my mother and daughter assisted in taking care of me; he never bought me as luxuries as orange in that illness, nor never lent any money with which to buy household or any medicine or anything I might require in his absence; on one instance during my illness he was very angry because my mother cooked some sweet potatoes that he intended to use during the Winter; we were not overstocked with luxuries at the time, and I told my mother to cook them for dinner; he said he did not eat any of them; a small bill for pins and needles, amounting to 75 cents, came to him; he said that I should not run him into debt; I was then able to sit up part of the time with my arm in a sling; he gave me no money; he was angry and went up stairs without saying good night, and went off the next morning without speaking a word to me; he came into my room to comb his hair, and left me to pay the bills best I could, which I did some weeks after. JUDD even refused to pay a carriage hire contracted by himself when courting his wife, and allowed the hackman to dun her for it several times. He showed her the most cruel neglect at the time of her confinement. She asked him for money to procure the necessary outfit for the expected event. He refused, and she was driven to hunt up suitable articles in the trunks that had belonged to his first wife. She says:

I took these articles—they were not sufficient for my purpose—and put them in my bureau in our sleeping-room; at this time Judd was supplying the pulpit of the Second Baptist Church in New-Haven, and had been for two months previous to the event; he had not given me a dollar; for four months I had been asking him occasionally for this purpose; he never answered me, but looked very stern; he had money in his possession, and was earning a salary of $1,500 at the United States Assay Office in New-York; I received some money about two months before the event, through my daughter; she was then about 16; the amount was $10; that was spent by my daughter in purchasing as much as possible of the articles desired; during my confinement Judd was in the habit of buying a pound or a half a pound of crackers at a time and bringing them to me; he would say, "My dear, you must eat hearty and keep up your strength;" I would say sometimes: "I need some more crackers;" he would reply, "Are they all gone already—have the children eaten them?" I did not grow fleshy on the food; he did not bring me any luxuries or delicacies of any kind in his life; he bought nothing but crackers, and white sugar to sweeten them with; on my recovery I needed some appetizer; asked Judd for some money to procure it; he gave me the first Sunday I went to church with the little boy two months old; I went alone to church, across the street, with a borrowed shawl belonging to my cook, Kate, who is in Court; the boy had no shoes; he was very fleshy, and I could not, if I had the money, purchase a pair at a store, and I asked Judd to have a pair made; after much entreaty and urging, he had a pair made; the boy was my idol; I had great difficulty in getting him a hat; Judd would say there is no necessity for it; he never said he was not able, but he seemed indifferent; got a walking cook for him; the boy was my idol; I had great difficulty in getting him a hat; Judd would say there is no necessity for it; he never said he was not able, but he seemed indifferent; got a walking cook for him; the boy had got fourteen; I went into the kitchen, and, searching around, found part of a loaf of bread; I cut off a slice, toasted it, and went into the dining-room; took a seat at the table; reached for the tea-pot, when Susannah jerked it out of my hand; Judd said that if I wanted any tea I must ask for it; I did not ask for it, and had no tea, but took a glass of cold water; after my breakfast of a piece of toast only—none of the other food on the table being offered me—I went to my lonely room, and, bad as I then was, I opened my Bible and read; I went to church, but did not sit with Dr. Judd because I was afraid of him; I went to see Mrs. Gorham in the evening; on going home Judd opened the door for me; Judd said, "Where have you been all night?" I said among my friends; he said "You got friends?" I went to my room and deposited in a drawer some cakes Mrs. Gorham had given me; I then went to prayer-meeting in Carroll's church; on my return I found that the provisions had been taken out during my absence; Judd and Susannah remained in the library, Susannah occasionally singing to the Doctor; Monday morning I was not allowed at the breakfast table to eat the food that was cooked for the rest.

Dr. Judd also found a congenial assistant in persecuting his wife in the person of a Rev. Mr. Sperry who lived in the house; the worthy trio used to send out for beer and drink it together; Mrs. Judd discovered them at it one day, and asked the Rev. Mr. Sperry, who had the meanness to pretend friendliness for her, why he didn't give her some; he said: "I would if I had a chance—if I was not afraid the doctor would find it out, and beer, Mrs. Judd, I think excites your brain."

On Thursday, March 28, she saw Dr. Judd in the library, and resolved to make one more appeal to him. She testifies: "I said to him, "do treat me as if I was a human being and not a brute beast;" Judd was then called out, and he said as he went out, "get out of my library; what are you doing here? I said, "do treat me as if I was a human being;" he gave me a push out of the library; locked the door, and went down stairs, leaving me in the hall; I went into Judd's sleeping room, Susannah was making up his bed; she said, "what are you doing in this room; get out of it;" I replied, "I have a much better right to be here than you have, for I am his lawful wife and you are not;" she came toward me and began to hit me; she gave me two or three blows, and then I said to her, "you have hit me once too often;" I stepped into the hall, Susannah taunting me with these words, "I dare you to come back again; if you do I will give you another pelting;" I went to my room, took a pair of scissors, put them in my pocket, and fearlessly and boldly walked into the room where Susannah was; she said, "you have come back, have you?" I made no reply; I was watching the enemy; my mind was fully made up what I would do if she hit me again; she gave me one blow, and as she did I put my hand in my pocket without comotion; I took out the scissors, (showing a pair about the size;) Judd has the pair; as she raised her arm the second time, I did so, (showing that she thrust the scissors against the forearm;) they said I severed an artery; I saw the blood flow; when I saw the blood flow I felt greatly relieved, as I have done ever since; I think I pricked her four or five times; the first time was very effectual; Susannah screamed—Judd ran; Susannah sang, "doctor, I am stabbed!" throwing her head on his shoulder in a languid manner; Judd replied, "my dear," and assisted her into her own room; the house was in great commotion immediately, and I was the only cool person there; in a few moments I was pitched or pushed into my room by Judd, and the door locked from me; keeping through the key-hole to see what was going on outside, I saw Almira Judd, Henry Judd, Burton Sperry and a surgeon come in the hall; Judd hailed to me, "Now you are in this room I will keep you here;" before he locked the door I yet held the scissors; he took hold of me and Myron Judd helped him hold me, and Benny True jerked the scissors out of my hand, nearly breaking my fingers in doing so; then I was locked in; I raised a window—there was a crowd about the house—and sent for a policeman to come and arrest me; H. Judd came under the window and said be off, boys, we will take care of this woman; the crowd left and I went to work at the door; Judd came to the door and said, "If you break the door I will break your neck;" you know that this is a new house and that we have just moved into it; you are to age enough at the old house, and you can't begin your pranks here;" I made no reply, but kept using a cane and screw-driver, and after some time succeeded in pushing away the lock so that the door was unfastened; just as I was going to get out Judd said, "Quick, quick," and the knob was held by strong hands; a piece of board wedged under the knob, and a piece of rope was tied to the knob and fastened to the bannister; I was then foiled and did not know what to do; the little wit I had left soon came to my aid; I unscrewed the knob and it separated, and the inclining outside fell down; I opened the door and there stood what you call men in this country—Henry Judd, Burton Sperry, Benny True and Dr. O. B. Judd; I was feeling rather comfortable in my mind as that time, and said that bars and bolts did not keep Peter in prison, and they would not keep me; that the God of Peter still lived, and that he lived in the City of New-Haven, as well as his Satanic Majesty; I then had a guard set over me to watch me; Rev. Burton Sperry, O. B. Judd, Benny True, and occasionally Henry Judd, the brother of O. B. Judd, and Elmira Judd coming in to assist them; I think this was the 28th of March, the anniversary of our wedding day, and about the same hour of the day—a memorable occasion; at night a guard of honor was stationed at my door, and a leather bed was suddenly dropped down from above into the hall near my door; some man—what to call a man—slept on that bed as a guard; the first night I wish to say I was not watched; the second night Burton Sperry slept in the room with Susannah; the first night she was too low, and she had to have a female.

I was now closely watched; if I left the room some one followed me; at one time I thought of escaping by jumping out of the window, and for that purpose I threw out a feather bed to jump upon; Almira Judd noticed it; this was Friday; the result of it was, the bed was brought in; while it was being carried in, I said, "well, I will jump out the window without the bed; I don't believe it will break my neck;" Almira replied, "nobody cares if you do break your neck."

At this time Dr. JUDD began to be apprehensive that his wife would begin an action for divorce, if she could get away, and set on Brother SPERRY to find out. She testifies:

"Sperry said I would take care of you;' he said, 'Go on, brother;' said he, 'Do you intend—(he spoke very low)—do you intend to make an application for a divorce?' I replied, 'I will, if the Lord ever lets me go out of this prison. I do;' Judd came in some time in the day and took a seat; he looked very mean, and asked me if I intended to apply for a divorce; I replied, 'I do;' he said you had better consult some of your best friends before you do that;' I said, 'Who are my friends?—I thought I had none—you told me so; I have consulted the best friend I have got—myself;' he said, 'Yes, you have been over to Judge Sanford's house a number of times, and you have lied to me and said that Judge Sanford had advised you to commence proceedings, which the Judge denies, and wants nothing more to say to you;' I said, 'I have been to Judge Sanford's house, for I thought him a friend;' I said 'He has been very cautious and very careful, and he has never given me any such advice; but I did show him my hand and wrist that you scratched, and all he said was, after asking him the question, 'where Mr. Johnson's office was?' neyold me such a building;' Judd said, 'No more of your lying; you did tell me that Judge S. advised you to commence proceedings;' 'No,' I said, 'I never said it, and he never advised me so;' food was brought to me; it was poor coarse food—plain house food I should call it now; more conversation was had about the divorce; the witness said she should apply for it if she ever got out; Sperry said it troubled the Doctor very much; that pleased me very much; I succeeded in getting a note out of the house to Mr. Watrous, by getting Benny True, by giving him a jar of preserves, to give the note to a neighbor, Mrs. Breen, who had called in the kitchen; Mrs. Breen gave me the preserves; I saw Mrs. BREEN leave the house, and she waved her hand as a signal that all was right; Judd came in in a day or two, and asked me if I had sent a telegram to New-York; I said, 'Yes;' he said, 'What are you lying for, you did no send it;' he cross-examined me closely; I said, 'I sent it by proxy;' he wanted to know how I sent it; I said, 'You will find that out soon enough; it will probably be in a court of justice that you will first hear it from my lips;' I said to him when he said 'You lie,' you little knew that when you locked me up here that there were telegraphic wires straight from my room to the Throne of Grace, and also wires that communicated with H. R. Tift, No. 19, Jay-street, New-York City; I said, 'Has my son, McDonald, been up?' he said, 'What do you want with McDonald?' I said 'His Harry been up?' said he, 'What do you mean by Harry?' 'Henry R. Tift I mean—has he been up?' I said; no reply; I said to Sperry, 'Am I forsaken by God and man?'; he had just come in; 'Have my children deserted me, and has my son forgotten his mother?' Sperry said, 'Keep cool, Mrs. Judd, you will hear from some one before long.'"

The result was that Mr. TIFT procured his mother's release by means of a writ of *habeas corpus*. Mrs. JUDD then commenced the suit for divorce, which is still pending.

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF MRS. JUDD.

The testimony given by Mrs. JUDD on Tuesday and Wednesday, when she was cross-examined, brought out nothing new in regard to her treatment by Dr. JUDD. Her account of an interview with prosecuting Attorney JOHNSON and Chief of Police LINCOLN, previous to her liberation on a writ of *habeas corpus*, is certainly remarkable. She testified as follows:

"Either the 1st or 2d day of April, Mr. Johnson, prosecuting attorney, called at my room and said, 'I have come at the request of the Chief of Police to arrest you; I said to Mr. Johnson 'I am glad to hear it—Judd was in the room—for the hour of my release has come;' Johnson said to me, 'do you know what a grave sin you have committed and what is the penalty of your offence;' I said, do you mean by stabbing Susannah?' he said 'yes,' with a great deal of ungnity; I said to Johnson, in the presence of Judd, 'there is not a court in the city of New-Haven, who, after they know the facts, will convict me, and I wish, Mr. Johnson, to be arrested and have a hearing; Mr. Johnson, if I have done anything worthy of imprisonment, death, or of bonds, I refuse not to suffer or to die;' Johnson said, with a great deal of gravity, 'your offence is a State Prison offence;' I said 'well, I had rather go to the State Prison at Wethersfield and weed onions the rest of my life, than stay in this house;' Judd looked up and with perfect calmness and resignation, said 'Mr. Johnson, she does not know what she is talking about;' Johnson replied, 'Doctor, there is no trouble about a divorce in your case—incompatibility of temper will give it to you;' Johnson said, (he was yet very solemn,) 'Mrs. Judd, on account of your children, who you profess (emphasis on profess) to love so much, I cannot cause your arrest;' I said, 'Mr. Johnson, on account of my children, who have been told and written to you that their mother was a drunkard and a vile and bad woman, I desire an arrest and an investigation, not only for my own children but for my children's children, when my head lies low in the grave;' I also said that if I had been a poor woman and an outcast in society, and not the wife of Rev. Dr. Judd, LL. D., I would have been locked up in a prisoner's cell in New-Haven a number of nights ago; I also said, 'God knows I am poor, I have nothing in this world left me but my children;' Judd replied, 'Mr. Johnson, she is crazy or mad—something of that kind;' I replied that 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness;' thus ended that interview; the next person that called was Mr. Lincoln, the worthy Chief of Police; Dr. Judd was present; Mr. Lincoln kindly took me by the hand and said, 'Mrs. Judd, what can I do for you?' I looked up to the chief with astonishment, wondering what he could do with me; I said, 'do I understand that I am now under arrest;' 'No,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I have nothing to arrest; I have nothing to arrest'—he said it twice over; I thanked him for his gentle manner toward me, yet believed he was about to arrest me; I noticed he looked sharply about the room at the furniture, and said again, 'Mrs. Judd is there nothing I can do for you?' I said, 'Mr. Lincoln I am about to be arrested I want some one who loves me beside me; won't you telegraph to Henry R. Tift, my son-in-law, (witness weeping,) and my aged father to come up;' he took out his book and pencil and commenced writing; I noticed that he did not write Mr. Tift's number of his place of business; I told him again; Mr. Lincoln said he would remember it; I said 'put it down, you may forget;' when I spoke the name of Alexander McDonald, my father, Judd said he is an aged man, and I think no word had better be sent to him; that my mother was lying very low, and that he thought Mr. McDonald could not leave her; I told Mr. Lincoln to telegraph to my father; Mr. Lincoln shook me by the hand and left, saying before leaving, 'Dr. Judd is there anything I can do for you?' That opened my eyes; I heard nothing from my telegram sent a few days before, and not one word from those who were dear to me; all this time I was a prisoner, watched all the while; Friday afternoon, while lying on my bed exhausted with anxiety, Judd came in and said get of that bed and be ready to leave this house in five minutes, or I will put you out as you are; I said I could not; he said you understand, do you, you understand; I arose, and Judd said what dress do you want to wear? I said my black merino; what hat do you want? I said my best one; what shawl? the best one; Judd went to his room and brought them to me; I dressed myself, Judd looking on; Sperry brought a strong cup of tea; he said it will do you good; I said, thank you Mr. Sperry, I have lived to see that the world knows not of now; I went down stairs; Judd opened the street door; I did not know where I was going, but supposed they were going to send me to the lunatic Asylum, at Hartford, to keep company with my deaf and dumb daughter in an institution there; he had threatened a number of times to take me there; He never threatened it before Susannah came; I stepped into the carriage, Judd followed, and the door was shut, and the carriage drove off; we drove to the Court-house; on entering, I noticed a number of gentlemen, but not one female among them all; I there saw my son-in-law, Harry; the story was then told me. The witness was rather prolix in her testimony, and the counsel objected, and several minutes were occupied in discussion. A hearing took place, and I was delivered up under a writ of *habeas corpus*, that was issued at first I knew of it, or that Mr. Tift was in New-Haven; being set at liberty, I was allowed to go where I saw fit; I went to the house of Judd with the Chief of Police and my son-in-law, for the purpose of removing my clothing from Judd's house; packed up my clothing—Judd looking on, saying, 'Where are you going?' I answered, 'To Brooklyn;' he said, 'Who are you going with?' I answered, 'With

FINANCIAL.

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We buy and sell at the most liberal current prices, and keep on hand a full supply of GOVERNMENT BONDS OF ALL ISSUES, SEVEN-THIRTIES AND COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES. And execute orders for purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS AND GOLD.

We have added to our office a Retail Department for the accommodation of the public demand for investment in and exchanges of Government Securities, the purchase of GOLD and INTEREST COUPONS, and the sale of INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS.

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Buy and Sell all issues of U. S. BONDS at MARKET RATES, and EXCHANGE 7-30 Notes, April 15, 1865, as follows:

For JUNE NOTES we give the NEW 5-20 BONDS, and pay $6 62 DIFFERENCE.

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Gold, $1.01.

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Issue letters of credit, for travelers' use, on the Messrs. ROTHSCHILD, in Paris, London, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Vienna, and their correspondents in all the principal cities of Europe.

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AMERICAN BANKERS,

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and

No. 8 Wall-st., New-York.

Issue circular letters of credit to travelers in all parts of Europe, &c., &c.

Also, commercial credits.

HOUSTON GAS COMPANY BONDS.

The undersigned offer for sale $40,000 of mortgage bonds of the Houston Gaslight Company, State of Texas. These bonds are part of an issue of $200,000 by the Company, and are secured by a mortgage on their franchise and the entire property of the Company to P. N. Spofford, Trustee.

Interest at 8 per cent. per annum is payable semi-annually at the office of the Company, in Houston, or in this City at the office of the undersigned.

SPOFFORD, TILESTON & CO.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

NO. 59 WALL-ST.,

ISSUE COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELERS' CREDITS FOR USE IN THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD.

TO CAPITALISTS.

The undersigned offer for sale, at par, a limited amount of the BONDS OF THE PORTLAND WATER COMPANY, OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

These bonds bear six per cent. interest, payable in gold, and the principal is redeemable in gold in twenty years. The coupons are payable semi-annually, in Boston, on the 1st of April and October. The Company is chartered by the State of Maine with a capital of $1,000,000, and is authorized to issue its bonds to the extent of $800,000, secured by a mortgage on its entire property and franchise to Ex-Gov. Israel Washburn, Jr., and Mayor Jacob McLellan, trustees. The proceeds of these bonds will be applied in part payment of the cost of the works. The contract for material and the completion of the entire works is with the American Water and Gas Pipe Company, of New-Jersey, whose guarantees and bonds commensurate with the value and importance of the works.

The supply of water is from Lake Sebago and its tributaries, which, together, form a series of 150 miles of navigable waters. The works are based upon a supply for three times the present population of Portland. The water is delivered by gravitation and without machinery, the lake being 267 feet above tidewater, and distant from the city about sixteen miles.

For further information in regard to the bonds apply to Messrs. L. VON HOFFMAN & CO., 54 Exchange-place, New-York, or to G. T. BONNER & CO., No. 20 Broad-st.

UNITED STATES TREASURY.

NEW-YORK, April 13, 1868.

Schedules of (30) thirty or more 5-20 Coupons, due May 1, 1868, will now be received for examination at the United States Treasury. H. H. VAN DYCK, Assistant Treasurer.

$10,000 REWARD.—STOLEN FROM THE Canal Bank, this day, a package made up for the "Southern Express Company," addressed M. Morgan's Sons, New-York, containing FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS of ($50,000) Legal-tender Notes in $1,000 each, all of letter C, and dated March 10, 1862, and numbered as follows: 2,715, 3,119, 3,515, 3,597, 4,017, 4,557, 5,022, 5,695, 6,727, 7,2 , 8,039, 8,961, 9,362, 10,045, 10,205, 10,219, 11,403, 12,019, 12,147, 13,619, 13,905, 14,235, 15,211, 16,543, 16,731, 16,897, 18,023, 19,131, 19,395, 23,133, 23,725, 25,866, 26,326, 28,415, 28,457, 30,253, 30,463, 31,879, 34,511, 37,679, 38,639, 38,747, 39,306, 39,347, 40,519, 40,539, 41,851, 41,949, 45,551. The public are cautioned against trading for the same, and the above reward is offered for the recovery of the money and the arrest of the thief. Apply to M. MORGAN'S SONS, No. 39 William-st., New-York, or GH. JUMONVILLE, Cashier, Canal Bank, New-Orleans.

NEW-ORLEANS, March 26, 1868.

OFFICE OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL CO., NEW-YORK, April 7, 1868.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of this Company, for the election of Managers, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them, will be held at the office, No. 7 Nassau-st., on TUESDAY, the 12th day of May next, at 12 o'clock, noon.

The transfer book will be closed from the morning of the 4th until the morning of the 13th day of May next.

By order of the Board,

ISAAC N. SEYMOUR, Treasurer.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, April —, 1868.

ELECTION NOTICE is hereby given, that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the National Trust Company of the City of New-York, for the election of Directors, and also for the selection of three Inspectors of Election for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the Company, No. 336 Broadway, on TUESDAY, the 28th day of April, 1868, at 12 M. Polls open from 12 to 1 o'clock.

JAMES MERRELL, Secretary.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, CAMDEN, N. J., March 30, 1868.

NOTICE.—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Company will be held in the City of Camden, in the West Jersey Railroad office, on TUESDAY, the 28th day of April, 1868, at 12 o'clock M., for the election of seven directors to serve for the ensuing year.

SAMUEL J. BAYARD, Secretary C. & A. R. R. & Tr. Co.

CITY OF KEOKUK 8 PER CENT. NEW BONDS.—Interest and principal payable at the Central National Bank, New-York. Total issue only $200,000.

These bonds UNDER GUARANTEES and a THREE-FOLD SECURITY, held by Henry A. Smythe as trustee, may be regarded as amply secured, and a safe first-class investment. A small amount for sale. Apply to WM. H. SANDFORD, Cashier, Central National Bank, New-York.

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, NEW-YORK, April 18, 1868.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stock and Bondholders of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before them, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of Chicago, on Thursday, the third day of June next, at 1 o'clock P. M.

The transfer books will be closed at the afternoon of Saturday, the 2d of May, and reopened on the morning of Monday, the 8th of June.

JAMES R. YOUNG, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS in the Evergreen Bluff Mining Company, deferred from March 13, will be held at No. 41 Exchange-place, New-York, on WEDNESDAY, May 13, at 2 o'clock. By order:

F. W. CAPEN, Secretary.

SANDUSKY, MANSFIELD AND NEWARK RAILROAD COMPANY.—The Stock and Bondholders of above Company are requested to call at the office of Mr. WILLIAM A. GUEST, No. 31 Wall-st., New-York.

DIVIDENDS.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON R. R. CO., NEW-YORK, April 14, 1868.

A STOCK DIVIDEND OF EIGHT (8) per cent. has been declared upon the capital stock of this Company, payable May 1 at American Exchange National Bank, New-York. Fractions to be payable in cash at six per cent. The transfer books will be closed for ten days from this date.

F. H. SHORT, Secretary.

MECHANICS AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, April 15, 1868.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. ON the capital stock of this institution has been declared payable on and after the first day of May next, free of Government tax. The transfer-books will be closed from the 20th inst. to May 1. By order,

GEO. W. YOULE, Cashier.

THE CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURG Railroad Company have this day declared a stock dividend of Ten Per Cent., payable on the 2d proximo, at the office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company to the stockholders of record on the 20th inst.

The transfer-books will close on the 20th inst. and open on the 2d proximo.

GEO. A. INGERSOL, Secretary.

NEW-YORK, 16th April, 1868.

SAVINGS BANKS.

ALL DEPOSITS

Made on or before the 20th of April will draw interest from the 1st of April.

THIRD-AVENUE SAVINGS BANK, Corner of 3d-av. and 26th-st.

Six per cent. interest paid free from Government tax on all sums from $1 to $5,000.

Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 P. M.

SPENCER K. GREEN, President.

WM. B. BIRDSE, Secretary.

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK,

Southwest corner of Bowery and Canal street. Open every day for the reception and payment of money, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and also on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings from 5 to 7. SIX PER CENT. INTEREST ALLOWED OF ALL SUMS FROM FIVE TO FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Deposits made on or before April 20 will bear interest from April 1. Interest payable in July or January.

Bank books in English, German and French.

METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK,

Nos. 1 and 3 3d-av., N. Y., opposite Cooper Institute.

DEPOSITS MADE on or before APRIL 20 will draw interest from April 1.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST, free from tax, allowed on ALL SUMS from $5 to $5,000.

Deposits of $1 received.

ISAAC T. SMITH, President.

T. W. LILLIE, Secretary.

DIME SAVINGS BANK OF WILLIAMSBURG,

Corner Broadway and 18th-st.

Deposits made on or before the 20th draw interest from April 1. Six per cent. allowed from $5 to $5,000, free of tax.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 96 WARREN-ST.

INTEREST ALLOWED AT THE RATE of six per cent. on all sums of $2.0 0 and under, and five per cent. on all sums over $2,000, not exceeding $5,000. Money deposited now draws interest from April 1.

Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.

V. L. BUXTON, Secretary.

NEW-YORK SAVINGS BANK, 8TH-AV., corner of 14th-st.—SIX PERICENT. interest, free of tax, paid on all sums from $5 to $5,000; deposits made on or before April 20 will draw interest from April 1.

R. H. MACLAY, President.

R. H. BULL, Sec'y. S. S. CONSTANT, Vice-Pres't.

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, CORNER OF 8th-av. and 42d-st. INTEREST SIX PER CENT., FREE OF TAX. Deposits made before April 21 draw interest from April 1.

SAMUEL NEWBY, President.

JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.

AUCTION SALES.

500

BUILDING LOTS

At Bergen Point, New-Jersey,

AT AUCTION,

under the direction of A. D. Melhek, Esq.

For account of the Central New-Jersey Land Improvement Company.

LEWIS E. WOOD, AUCTIONEER,

WILL SELL,

ON TUESDAY, 21ST APRIL, 1868,

COMMENCING AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,

500 BUILDING LOTS,

BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED ON HIGH GROUND, NEAR THE STATION AT BERGEN POINT, DISTANT 30 MINUTES' FROM THE CITY BY THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW-JERSEY.

For maps and full particulars apply to A. D. MELHEK, at office of Central Railroad Company of New-Jersey, or No. 103 Liberty-st., New-York.

ADRIAN H. MULLER, Auctioneer.

VALUABLE

LEASEHOLD PREMISES

ON EAST 14TH-ST.,

NEAR UNION-SQUARE AND 5TH-AV.

ADRIAN H. MULLER, P. R. WILKINS & CO., will sell at auction on TUESDAY, April 21, at 12 o'clock, at the Exchange Salesroom, No. 111 Broadway:

EAST 14TH-ST.—The lease of 2 lots, together with the first-class four-story brown-stone house thereon, situate on the north side of 14th-st., between 5th-av. and Union-square, and known as No. 11 East 14th-st. The lease is a Van Buren lease, has 21 years to run from May 1, 1867, at an annual ground rent of $2,500, taxes and assessments, with covenant for renewal, to be paid for. Lots 50 by 103 feet 3 inches. This property is very eligibly located for business purposes, and the buildings can, at a moderate cost, be converted into stores. For more full particulars, apply to the auctioneers.

J. BOGART, Auctioneer,

WILL SELL ON MONDAY, APRIL 20, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 17 Great Jones-st., near Broadway,

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Velvet, Brussels, three-ply and ingrain carpets, nearly new, rosewood and black walnut parlor suites in satin broche and reps, French plate, pier and mantel glasses, lace curtains and cornices, rosewood upright piano, stool, black walnut wardrobes, Turkish lounges, reception, easy and Turkish chairs, rosewood marble-top centre tables, bookcases, rosewood and black walnut bedsteads, hair and spring mattresses, rosewood and black walnut marble-top dressing bureau, washstands, cottage suites, dining-room and kitchen furniture. Catalogues at sale.

J. COLE, Auctioneer.

PARTITION SALE OF 160 VALUABLE lots on Fulton-av., Stone and Hopkinson avs., and on Herriman, Livingston, Somers and Hall-sts.

This sale offers great inducements to capitalists, as well as those wishing to purchase for their own residence, embracing as it does the entire Fulton-av. for nearly a mile of its length. To be sold on TUESDAY, April 21, at 12 o'clock, at the City Salesroom, No. 16 Court-st., Brooklyn, by order of the Commissioners.

Maps, &c., are now ready at the office of the Auctioneer, No. 389 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.

By HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.—HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on TUESDAY, April 21, at 10½ o'clock, at the residence No. 246 East 13th-st., HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Full particulars hereafter.

By HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.

ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.—HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on TUESDAY, April 21, at 10½ o'clock, at the residence No. 63 West 33d-st., ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. Full particulars hereafter.

By HENRY H. LEEDS, Auctioneer.

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.—HENRY H. LEEDS & MINER will sell by auction on FRIDAY, April 24, at 12 o'clock, at the Howard Hotel, corner Broadway and Thirteenth-st., by order of the proprietors of the Howard Hotel, UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE, for account of whom it may concern, consisting of trunks, bags, boxes, valises, &c., &c.

E. A. LAWRENCE, Auctioneer.

PEREMPTORY SALE OF ELEGANTLY carved ROSEWOOD and BLACK WALNUT FURNITURE, FRENCH PLATE MIRRORS, &c., &c.—LAWRENCE & SPEIGHT will sell on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1868, at No. 83 Canton-place, at 10½ o'clock A. M., all the furniture of said premises, consisting in part of elegantly carved rosewood and black walnut furniture, in reps and brocatel, elegant French plate mirrors, rosewood bookcases, elegant cane-seat chairs, rosewood Pompeian sofa bedstead, elegant oil-paintings, glassware, bed and table linen, &c.

For catalogues and further particulars, apply at the office of the auctioneers, No. 111 Broadway, basement.

H. HENRIQUES, Auctioneer.

HANDSOME FURNITURE, MIRRORS, CARPETS, &c., AT AUCTION.—ALLEN & BROWN will sell at auction on TUESDAY, April 21, at 10½ o'clock, at No. 105 WAVERLEY-PLACE, the furniture, &c., contained in the house, consisting of rosewood parlor and bedroom sets, of Parisian manufacture; pier and mantel mirrors, velvet and Brussels carpets, chinaware, paintings, engravings, chandeliers, gas fixtures, and one Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine.

LARGE SALE GOVERNMENT CLOTHING, CAMP AND GARRISON EQUIPMENTS.

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14, 1868.

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, on TUESDAY, May 5, under the supervision of Capt. D. G. THOMAS, M. S. K., at Depot of Army Clothing, Armory Square, this City, commencing at 10 A. M., the following described CLOTHING, &c., to wit:

15,000 pairs Bootees, hand-sewed.	62,000 Knapsacks.
3,000 Trowsers, foot.	17,000 Canteens.
1,500 Trowsers, m'd.	10,000 Metallic Shoulder Scales.
12,873 Sack Coats, unlined.	6,300 Camp Kettles.
31,816 Felt Hats.	32,000 Mess Pans.
22,000 Hat Cords.	7,879 Sig Slings.
17,000 Leather Stocks.	1,961 Pick Slings.
2,339 Leather Leggings.	2,426 Hatchet Slings.
3,353 Linen Leggings.	4,916 Pickaxes.
50,000 yards Worsted Lace.	2,370 Pick Handles.
918 Hospital, Wall and Common Tents and Flies, worn.	

About 50,000 N. C. Officers' Chevrons, Eagles, &c. About 250,000 Numbers and Letters. 600 Wall-Tent Poles. 18,9.0 Common Poles, &c.

Lots of Tent Pins, all sizes, &c.

Terms—Cash, in Government funds.

Every purchaser will be required to make a cash deposit on the day of sale.

Catalogues will be furnished on application.

By order of the Quartermaster-General.

J. C. MCFERRAN, Deputy Quartermaster-General, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

ISLE ROYALE MINING CO., No. 44 EXCHANGE-PLACE, NEW-YORK, March 6, 1868.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE RECENT law of Michigan prescribing the method for sales of real estate belonging to mining companies, the Isle Royale Mining Co. will offer for sale, at their business office in the City of New-York, on WEDNESDAY, May 27, 1868, certain parcels of land, with the buildings thereon, lying in the village of Houghton, north and south of Sheldon-st., including dock on Portage Lake. Said property not being needed for the use of the Isle Royale Mining Co., the stockholders of said Company have authorized the directors to make a sale of it, in accordance with law, and all parties disposed to bid for the whole or any part of said property are requested to appear at the time and place above named.

By order of directors,

F. W. CAPEN, Secretary.

FERRY LEASES AT AUCTION.—AT THE City Hall, on THURSDAY, the 7th day of May, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder with adequate security, for a term of ten years from the 1st day of May, 1868.

1. The lease of the ferry as now established from the foot of James-st. to Hunter's Point, L. I.

2. The lease of the ferry as now established from the foot of Jackson-st. to Brooklyn, L. I.

Terms and conditions of sale may be had upon application at the Comptroller's Office.

By order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, Comptroller.

CITY OF NEW-YORK, DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, April 1, 1868.

OLD BUILDINGS AT AUCTION.—THE buildings occupying the circle at Broadway, 8th-av. and 59th-st. will be sold at public auction on THURSDAY NEXT, 23d inst., at 10 A. M. For particulars inquire at the office of the Commissioners of the Park, No. 31 Nassau-st., or at the old arsenal on the Park.

AND. H. GREEN, Comptroller of the Park.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

NEW-YORK, April 15, 1868.

THE FIRM OF STRONG & HIBBARD is this day dissolved by mutual consent, having expired by limitation. SAMUEL STRONG, S. M. HIBBARD.

The business will be continued by the undersigned, SAMUEL STRONG.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE.—AT LARGELY reduced prices. BRAUNSDORF & METZ, manufacturers, Nos. 125 and 127 Rivington-st., between Norfolk and Essex sts., offer their large and well assorted stock of first-class furniture, consisting of sitting-room, parlor, library, bedroom and dining-room suites of the latest styles, to the public at wholesale prices. N. B.—All goods warranted.

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 16th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of WILLIAM HIGBIE SMITH, of Deal, Monmouth County, New-Jersey, carrying on business in the City, County and State of New-York, formerly a member of the firm of Higbie Smith & Co., who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition: that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 1 Beekman-st., corner of Nassau-st., Rooms Nos. 3 and 4, in the City of New-York, before Mr. James P. Dwight, Register, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 9th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of JOHN G. SCHOLBORG, of the City of New-York, and JOHN KOPER, of the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New-York, composing the copartnership firm of Scholborg & Koper, carrying on business in the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, and against the separate estate of each of them who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts, or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, before Edgar Ketchum, Register, on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 1 o'clock P. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 13, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 9th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of GEORGE A. DE LOYNES, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, on his own petition: that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 87 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Isaiah T. Williams, Register, on the 2d day of May, A. D. 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 13, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 10th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of ANDREW W. FICH, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 161 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Mr. Henry Wilder Foote, Register, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 13, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 10th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of JAMES G. HOWES, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 1 Beekman-st., corner of Nassau-st., Rooms Nos. 3 and 4, in the City of New-York, before Mr. James P. Dwight, Register, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 13th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of JOHN G. SCHOLBORG, of the City of New-York, and JOHN KOPER, of the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New-York, composing the copartnership firm of Scholborg & Koper, carrying on business in the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, and against the separate estate of each of them who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts, to them, or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 87 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Isaiah T. Williams, Register, on the 3d day of June, A. D. 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 9th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of GEORGE A. DE LOYNES, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, on his own petition: that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 87 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Mr. Henry Wilder Foote, Register, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 10th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of ANDREW W. FICH, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 161 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Mr. Henry Wilder Foote, Register, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 15th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of JAMES A. WOOD, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 7 Beekman-st., corner of Nassau-st., Rooms No. 3 and 4, in the City of New-York, before Mr. James P. Dwight, Register, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 10th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of WILLIAM H. DEVOE, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 87 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Isaiah T. Williams, Register, on the 2d day of May, A. D. 1868, at 12 o'clock M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 13, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 15th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of JAMES A. WOOD, of the City of New-York, in the County of New-York and State of New-York, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 7 Beekman-st., corner of Nassau-st., Rooms No. 3 and 4, in the City of New-York, before Mr. James P. Dwight, Register, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—THAT ON the 16th day of April, A. D. 1868, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of WILLIAM HIGBIE SMITH, of Deal, Monmouth County, New-Jersey, carrying on business in the City, County and State of New-York, formerly a member of the firm of Higbie Smith & Co., who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition: that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 161 Broadway, in the City of New-York, before Mr. Henry Wilder Foote, Register, on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M.

R. MURRAY, U. S. Marshal, as Messenger Southern District of New-York.

APRIL 18, 1868.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

A NICE SMALL FOUR-STORY AND Basement brown-stone high-stoop house for sale or rent, No. 122 East 27th-st., near Lexington-av.; all improvements and in good order; possession immediately; may be seen without permit from 11 to 3.

JOHN FOLEY, No. 169 Broadway.

STUYVESANT-SQUARE.—FOR SALE, THE very elegant four-story brown-stone house, No. 1 Rutherford-place, southwest corner of 17th-st., near Dr. Tyng's church; house is 20.6 feet wide, fronts the park, and has side lights; one of the finest locations in the City. Apply to HOMER MORGAN, 2 Pine-st.

FIFTH-AVENUE.—FOR SALE, THE ELEgant brown-stone house, No. 328 5th-av., corner of 44th-st. (24x84); lot 125 feet; with stable on 44th-st.; both house and stable are equal if not superior to any heretofore built in this City. For permits inquire of JOHN H. SHERWOOD, No. 322 5th-av., from 8 to 11 A. M.

FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOT NO. 193 ELIZABETH-st., lot 22x94 feet, suitable for manufacturing purposes. Apply to WM. H. ROSS, Queen Insurance Company, No. 117 Broadway.

FOR SALE—BRICK HOUSE AND LOT 123D-st., second house east 3d-av.; near cars and steamboats; price $8,000, part on mortgage. Apply on premises, or to GEO. S. HICKOK, Park Bank.

BROOKLYN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—LARGE BROWN-stone dwelling, 10 rooms, all the modern improvements; lot 20x103; No. 74 1st-place, between Clinton and Court sts., Brooklyn. CHAS. H. SMITH, Room No. 11, No. 171 Broadway, New-York, or WYCKOFF & LITTLE, Montague-st., near Court-st., Brooklyn.

FOR SALE—ON PORTLAND-AV., BROOKLYN, elegant brown-stone house, nearly new, and containing every improvement, burglar alarm, &c.; only $4,000 cash required. Permits from H. MACOMBER & CON. No. 321 Fulton-av.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

PINE AND FARMING LANDS IN MICHIGAN,

17,000 acres choice farming land, from $2 to $20 per acre. 50,000 acres selected pine lands, from $3 to $25 per acre. Inquire of RALPH C. SMITH, Detroit, Michigan.

AT HARRISON, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—Executors' sale of valuable farm. Will be sold at public auction on sixth day, (FRIDAY,) the 24th of fourth month, (April,) 1868, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises, that valuable farm, containing 67 acres, the property and late residence of Samuel Purdy, deceased, situated on Purchase-st., (the road leading from Rye Depot to Rye Lake,) 45 miles from Rye Depot and 35½ miles from the depot at White Plains, and about one mile from the contemplated depot near Rye Lake, on the New-York, Housatonic and Northern Railroad, now partly constructed, to connect Brookfield, Conn., with White Plains. The above farm is very pleasantly situated in a healthy and excellent neighborhood. The dwelling-house is large and comfortable, with good barn and other necessary outbuildings. It will be sold as one farm, or divided into two parts to suit purchasers, each part commanding an extensive and uninterrupted view of Long Island Sound for a distance of over 30 miles, and furnishing splendid building sites. The soil is good and very productive; a good orchard on the farm, and it has a front of near half a mile on Purchase-st., and is considered one of the best in the neighborhood. A part of the purchase-money can remain on bond and mortgage on the premises. Title indisputable. If the 24th should be stormy, the sale will take place on the first fair day. For further particulars, inquire of JOSHUA SUTTON, No. 43 Johnson-st., Brooklyn, or of MELLIS S. TILTON, on Purchase-st., near the premises. Executors.

FOR SALE—IN STAMFORD, CONN., ABOUT 5 to 7 minutes' walk from the depot, on one of the best streets of the town, house and lot; the lot is 80 feet by 350, good garden and fruit; house 25 feet by 50 feet, containing good rooms, good cellar, garret, &c.; gas through the house; the sidewalks are flagged, and gas lamps from depot to house; near five churches and good schools; price $8,000; $5,000 can remain. Apply to JOHN O. PHELPS, No. 75 Dey-st., New-York, or Mr. ST. JOHN, adjoining the premises, Broad-st., nearly opposite Summer-st., Stamford.

FOR SALE—AT NEW-ROCHELLE, ON Lather's Hill, an elegant house with 16 rooms, 4 acres of ground, gardener's house and stable; house has hot and cold water throughout, lavatory, stationary tubs, bathroom, dumb-waiter, built of bricks; 10 minutes from depot; furniture can be had with the house, if desired. Apply to JNO. O. HIGGINS, No. 7 Pine-st., New-York.

TO SELL OR LET—A LARGE AND COMmodious furnished house and three acres of land, with property, carriage-house, gardener's house, &c., situate on York-av., in the City of Paterson. Also carriage and horses and a cow for sale.

PATERSON, April 16, 1868. M. S. CARRICK.

ORANGE, N. J.—VILLAS, VILLA SITES AND farms, a great variety, beautifully situated, one hour from New-York. For sale low, on easy terms, and houses to let for the season or year, by BLACKWELL & SMITH, No. 243 Broadway, New-York, 9 to 11 A. M.; Or